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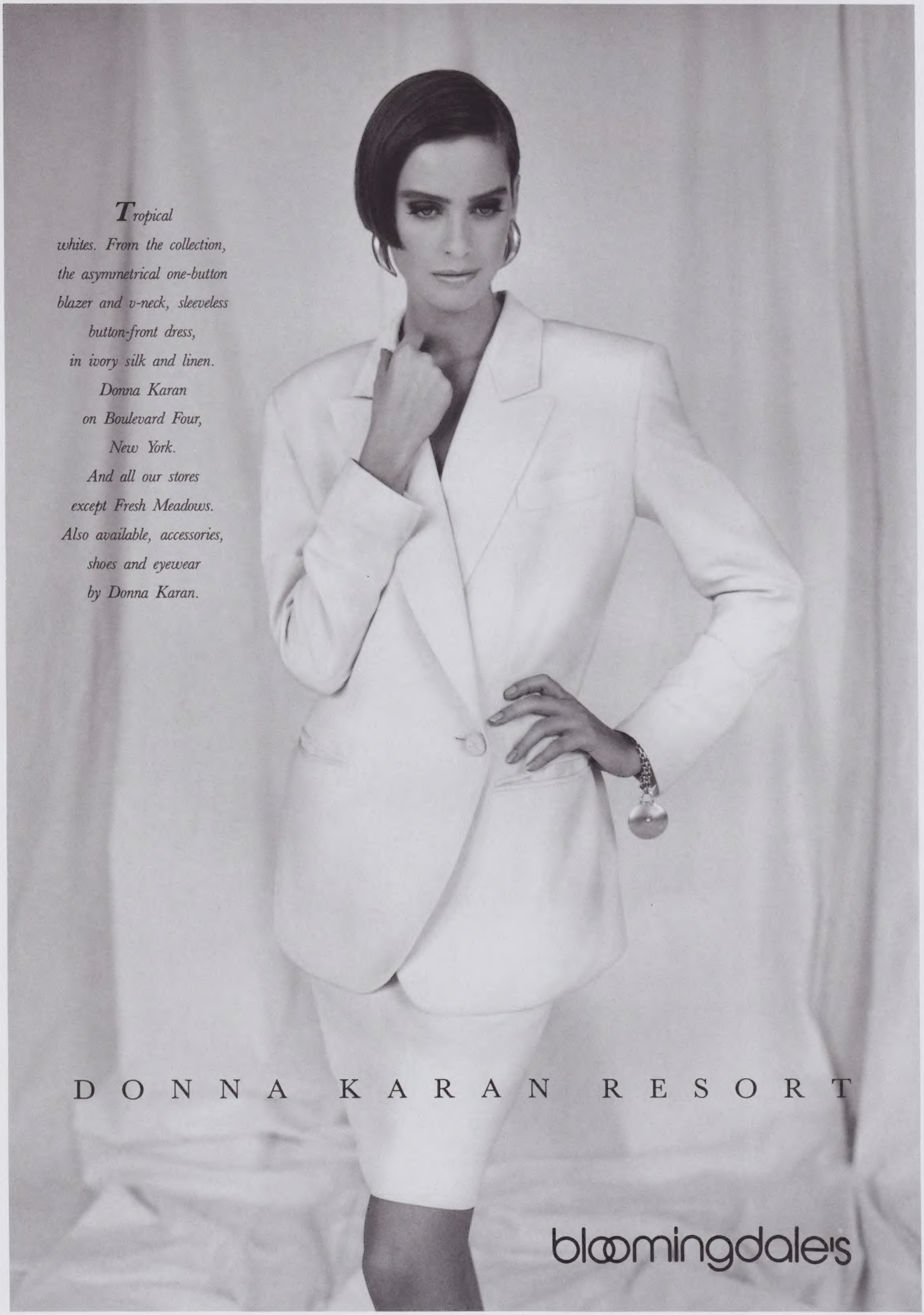
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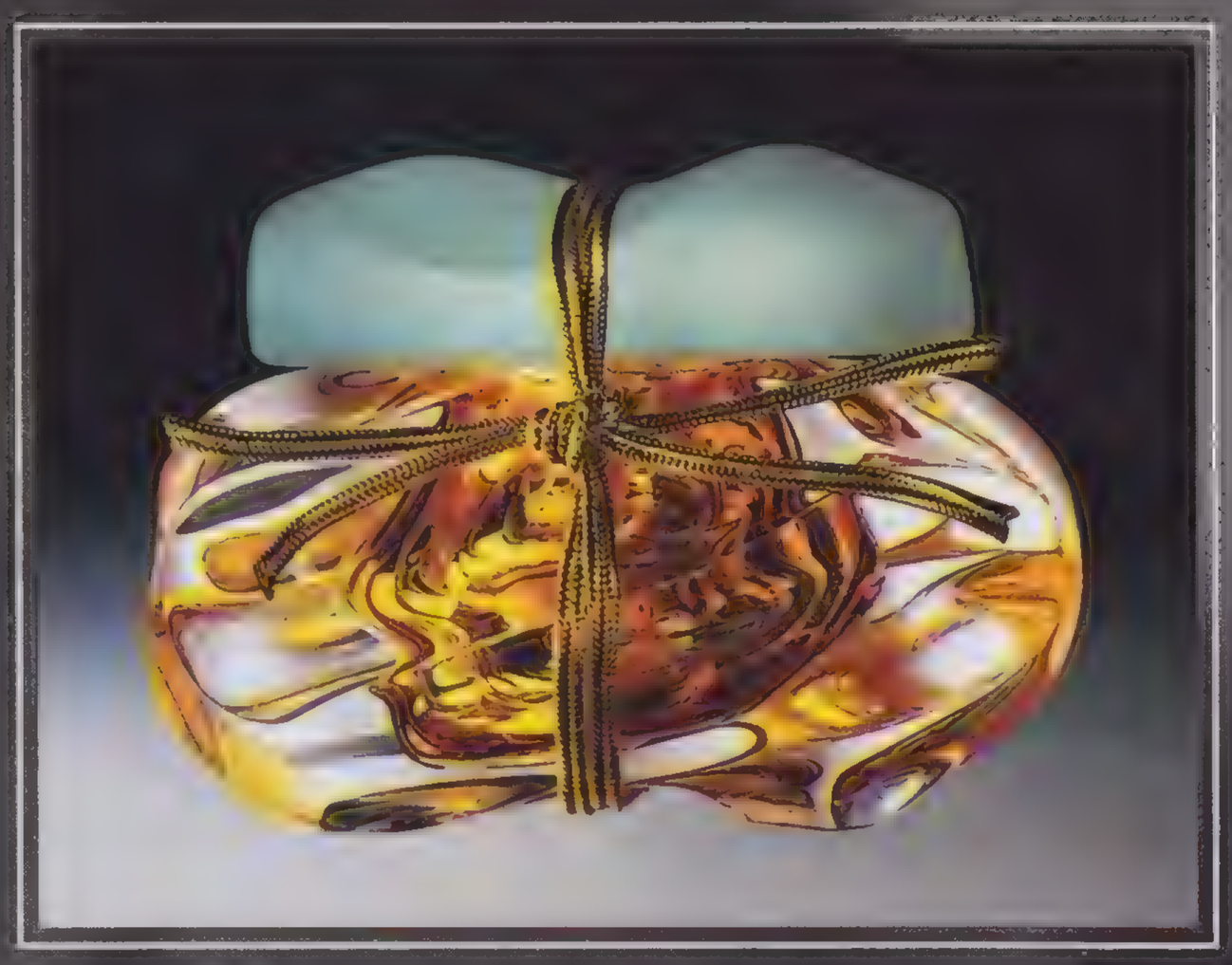

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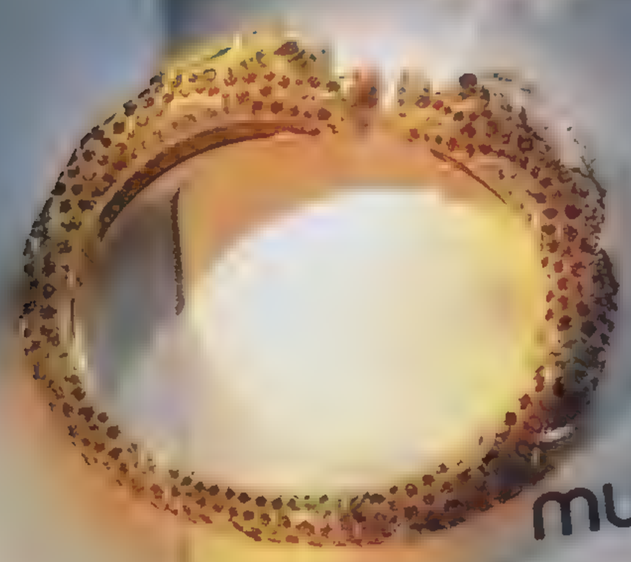

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ITALIAN VOGUE Piazza Castello 27, 20121 Milan
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VOGUE AUSTRALIA is published by Bernard Leser Publications Pty. Ltd.
BRAZILIAN VOGUE is published by Carta Editorial Ltda.
MEXICAN VOGUE is published by Carta Editorial de Mexico

VOGUE is published by The Condé Nast Publications Inc.,
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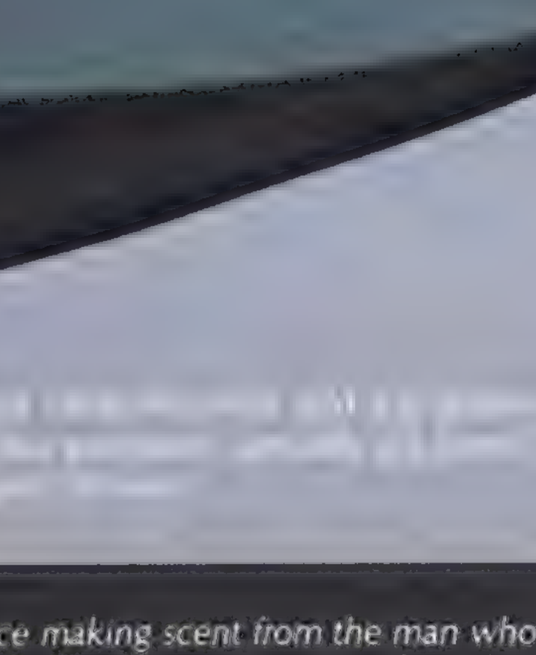

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VOGUE

SHEILA METZNER

Sheila Metzner

Sheila Metzner, who photographed "Special Effects" for this issue, says she chose her art in the back of a taxi. "I was an unsatisfied art director, and a friend said, 'You have a good eye, and you live like an artist. You should become a photographer.' So I did." Both the Museum of Modern Art and the Metropolitan Museum of Art have acquired her pictures for their permanent collections; and she's published a book of her images titled *Objects of Desire*. Most recently, she's completed an extensive portfolio exploring the colorful deserts of the American Southwest.

Whether photographing deserts, diamonds, or dresses, Metzner approaches her subjects with a philosophical eye. "I'm always looking for the archetypical object—the one that is the essence of all. I call my florist saying, Beauty's father brought her one perfect rose from the Beast's garden—*that's* the rose I want. And when I photograph a model, I look for the 'Golden Girl'—an archetype of American beauty that originated in the early fifties, became the California girl, and persists today. She's American, but there's something European about her, too.

"But the past is only a reference. I don't want to do what we *know*, I'm more interested in what's new, what's modern. Fashion photography should document the woman of the present. A picture of mine tells a story—the woman has character. You want to know more about her than what she's wearing."

CONTRIBUTORS ▶ 62

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Michael Chabon

We last heard from Michael Chabon in May of this year, when he and his wife, Lollie Groth, set out to hike the hills of Tuscany. In this issue, Chabon reports from the waywardly romantic outposts of the Florida Keys. "Key West is the kind of place that people imagine in decline, ruined by commercialism and the tourist trade. They always say, 'You should have seen it twenty years ago.' But I found it to be strange and authentic. We had a great time."

Since the success of his first novel, *The Mysteries of Pittsburgh*, Chabon has been writing short stories for *The New Yorker* and is hard at work on his second novel, about which he is understandably enigmatic. "It's set in Paris, and it's about an architect. That's all I can say now."

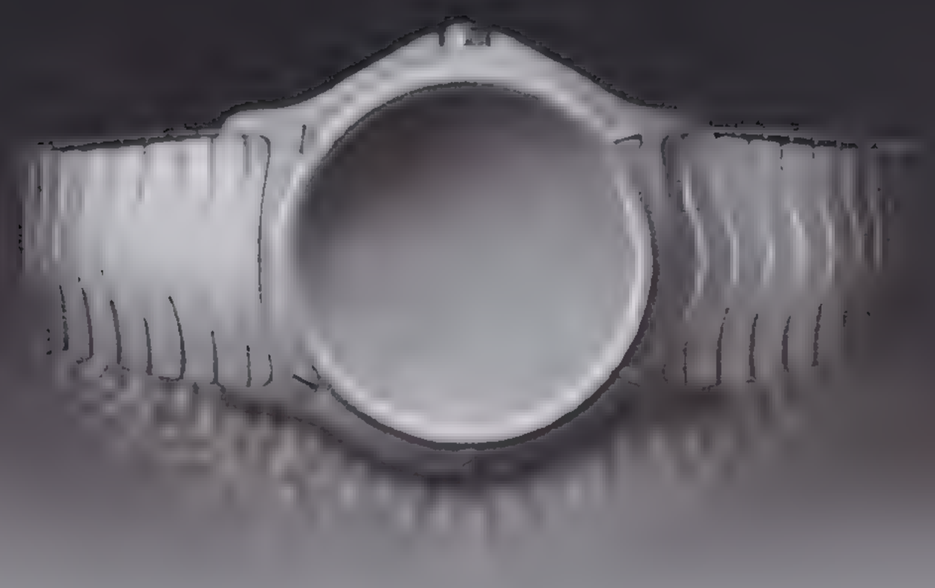
Maureen Dowd

Maureen Dowd, a White House reporter for *The New York Times*, first met Peggy Noonan while researching a story on politically prominent women. In this issue, she profiles the Reagan speechwriter-turned-author. "Noonan's book," Dowd says, "spells out what she couldn't tell me before—what it's like to be a powerful woman in the 'show they call the White House.'" For Dowd, the Bush "show" is turning out to be different from what she expected. "I was hoping for the *Macbeth* atmosphere of the Reagan years, but what I'm finding is a Boy Scout jamboree," Dowd says. "I keep hoping that power really does corrupt absolutely."

Top: LOLLIE GROTH; bottom · JANET FRIES

EBEL

The Architects of Time



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TALKING BACK: letters from readers

Both sides now

To the Editors:

"The Politics of Pregnancy" (September) raises an important and almost unrecognized fact in the ongoing abortion/women's rights battle. Who would have ever thought that women would have to fight for the right to be women? Equality was something we never had, but our womanhood is something we can never lose. We should not be made to explain or apologize for it.

Thank you, VOGUE, for continually recognizing women's uniqueness. It will take more acknowledgments like yours to put reproductive rights back in the capable hands originally intended for them.

Susan Sharp
Los Angeles, CA

To the Editors:

For at least the past several issues VOGUE has examined a number of abortion-related issues. I applaud any publication's decision to explore these important topics. I, however, deplore propaganda in the guise of an objective article. Many bright, articulate women are pro-life. We find the pro-life stance the only one we can choose as compassionate members of society.

I will turn to other magazines to fill the VOGUE void. When your publication decides to publish intelligent and responsible debates on important topics such as abortion, I may reconsider my decision to terminate my subscription.

Lauri Moegenburg
Sheboygan, WI

Animal wrongs

To the Editors:

The headline of Fred Barnes's "Politics" column (September) that says "animal rights groups are now threatening medical research" is a misleading and biased assertion. Animal rights activists are trying to *change* medical research methods from the archaic and cruel to the more reliable and humane.

Animal experimentation is neither the only nor the best way to obtain scientific information. Less than 6 percent of all animal experimentation has a direct influence on medicine. Millions of animals should not have to suffer and die for research when alternative research methods are available.

Trayce Englund
Forest Hills, NY

To the Editors:

Fred Barnes's article on the "threat" to medical research posed by the animal rights movement repeats the most overblown claims of the animal research industry and misrepresents proposed legislation regarding laboratory animals.

Dr. Wyngaarden's claim that "every major achievement in medical research in the past century has depended . . . upon the use of animals" is misleading. In the case of polio, the Nobel Prize–winning work that led to the development of the polio vaccine was done in 1949 using human cell cultures, several years before Salk and Sabin developed vaccines using monkey kidneys.

The article states that the "standing to sue" bill introduced by Congressman Charlie Rose would allow activists to file suit on behalf of "any animal they think is being abused in a research facility." The bill would do no such thing. It would allow individuals to sue the Department of Agriculture to compel it to enforce the federal Animal Welfare Act in cases where demonstrable violations of federal law have occurred. It is worth noting that recent amendments to the act, which would require improved conditions for dogs and primates confined in labs, have been aggressively opposed by the animal research industry, not because the amendments would restrict any type of experiment, but because they would increase the cost of housing and care for the animals.

Doug Percival
Silver Spring, MD

Elegant villain

To the Editors:

I appreciated and even agreed with most of your "Movies" column regarding film villains (August), but I must ask one question: how could you refer to *Die Hard*'s head villain, Hans Gruber, as just another "Euronasty"?

It is Alan Rickman's splendid portrayal of Hans ("Who said we were terrorists?") Gruber that makes me want to see *Die Hard* again and again. The special effects are fine. Bruce Willis is adequate. But Alan Rickman is flawless.

He gives suave, well-educated Gruber all the "dark, malevolent wit" you could possibly ask for. Unlike Robert Davi's cardboard performance in *Licence to Kill*, Rickman's villain is elegant, faultlessly courteous, and in fact, thoroughly likable. And delightfully without conscience.

Robin K. Lynch
Milan, MI

Unnecessary solutions

To the Editors:

I was glad to see an article on environmental activism ("Planet Stricken," September) but disappointed by its inaccurate presentation of Earth First!

The article chose to focus on something minor and tangential. In eight years of publishing provocative environmental writing, *Earth First! The Radical Environmental Journal* has published two articles offering an ecological perspective on AIDS, yet your writers chose to make that central to their coverage of the Earth First! movement. While overpopulation is commonly recognized as one of the driving forces of this planet's destruction, neither the *Journal* nor the movement has endorsed AIDS as "a necessary solution."

We're holding out for something that works faster, kills more, and doesn't discriminate on the basis of race, creed, or sexual preference (though we'd settle for a virus that did best in heavily industrialized societies).

Dale S. Turner
Assistant Editor, *Earth First!*
Tucson, AZ

Mini changes

To the Editors:

Why, as stated in "Images" (August), is the retail community at a loss about the failure of the mini a few seasons back? Have they not heard we've made some changes? Are they not aware that women are still working to establish and maintain their credibility? Miniskirts do not lend themselves to business environments.

Perhaps customers are refusing to have fleeting trends and costly fads foisted upon them. It is the fashion industry's planned obsolescence.

Judith Halle
Beverly Hills, CA

Star search

To the Editors:

With eagerness I purchased the September issue and found it to be one of the best issues of VOGUE I've seen.

I found your "Talking Fashion" piece "There's more than one way stars save face" well written, astute, and amusing. One portion, however, has left me frustrated: "Sid Bass and Mercedes Kellogg's postnuptial lens-dodging."

I don't recognize their names as those of stars as I readily do the others in your feature.

I would very much appreciate your supplying me with the following information.

1. Who is Sid Bass?
2. Who is Mercedes Kellogg?
3. Why do you consider them "stars"?
4. When were they married?
5. Why do they lens-dodge?
6. Who were their former spouses—or were they single?
7. Why were they selected for inclusion in your feature?

I'm considered well informed; however, these two people are not household names on the west coast of Canada!

Name withheld

VOGUE welcomes letters from its readers. Address correspondence to LETTERS, VOGUE Magazine, 350 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10017. Please include a daytime telephone number. Letters may be edited for length or clarity.

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FASHION CLIPS

By Page Hill Starzinger

Newest way to wear a bare dress: with stacks of bright necklaces. Here, red beads by Chanel, red and gold by Isaac Manevitz for Ben-Amun. Brooch with beads, worn as a pendant, by Chanel.

For strapless dressing: enormous beaded necklaces ...Custom swimsuits

Resort clothes have always been spare. And the tradition has been to keep them that way—with a minimum of jewelry. Not so today. Big, bold, beaded necklaces are piled one on top of the other. Those with vivid color, in geometric shapes, look best. Jewelers José and María Barrera, who show Lucite beads in turquoise, call the look "a stroke of color" for bare skin. Find faux coral at Kenneth Jay Lane. . . .It may seem too good to be true, but it's already at eighteen stores across the country. *It* is a camera linked to a computer that calculates your measurements and prints out a custom-fitted pattern for a bathing suit. The video screen shows how the new suit will look from the front and side. You choose the fabric from about one hundred and fifty samples; tailors stitch it up. The minimum cost: about fifty-six dollars. Call Second Skin, (407) 842-0181, for stores in your area.

Going to excess? Barbara Bush pearls—for pets... Gold-appliquéd stockings

As designers look to the nineties, they are merging all categories of style: fashion, housing, cars. So why not pets? Kenneth Jay Lane, the jeweler who created Barbara Bush's signature pearls, is now producing a new collection of necklaces for dogs and cats (major department stores)....Couture is notoriously expensive: those dresses require hours of tailoring and can use yards of expensive brocade. But even the most jaded fashion disciples were shocked by Pierre Balmain's stockings. Made of black nylon, they have hand-embroidered gold-colored appliqués and cost six to ten thousand dollars. Fashion apologists point out that the price is not so bad if you consider that at the first sign of a run, you simply detach the appliqués and sew them onto another pair of stockings.

Designer advice on wearing brocade...The new dress detail: soft, loosely draped backs

Brocade has turned into one of the favored fabrics this winter. But it can look old-fashioned just as easily as it can look modern. When it's made up in solid colors, cut into "sporty young shapes," and unexpectedly paired with casual clothes (such as blue jeans, plain cotton T-shirts), "brocade looks new," says Randolph Duke; he showed his black brocade motorcycle jacket with a T-shirt and a short slim skirt. Makeup, he thinks, should be equally low-key. "What makes brocade modern is bringing it down from its extravagant height."...There's more than one way to get at the body. If close-fitting dresses aren't your thing, designers have invented the draped-back dress. It falls straight on the body and reveals an excess of skin. And it's very sexy. Michael Kors's comes in white washed silk, Anne Klein's in fuchsia washed silk....Robert Lee Morris has developed a dedicated following who clamor for his sensuous, sculptural earrings, bracelets, pins. Now there are belts, unconstructed leather bags, and a catalog with a toll-free number (800/873-7747).

The latest movie to influence fashion: *Scandal*. ABOVE: Bridget Fonda as Mandy Rice-Davies wearing a scalloped suit; Basco's sketched version.

Scandal-ous fashion...Shearling: glamorous and rugged...What's happened to the sarong?

Dangerous Liaisons brought back bosoms, bustiers, and lace. But it's *Scandal* that inspired Lance Karesh, designer for Basco. "The costumes in *Scandal* were clean, sleek, and quiet—easy to wear," the designer says, and unlike those from *Dangerous Liaisons* "relate to modern life." His interpretation: Jackie O–style dresses with short matching jackets, sweet "tea dresses" in daisy-printed cotton voile....An interesting alternative to the long prissy mink coat: a shearling—with fuzzy, unfinished edges and an unconstructed shape. Colored a rich mahogany, it's silk-screened with dark gold (Larissa, at Ultimo in Chicago, Maxfield in Los Angeles, Bergdorf Goodman in New York)....Dorothy Lamour would be proud. The sarong is not only the star piece in many collections, but its influence is showing up in pants, even bathing suits. At Carmelo Pomodoro, an orange maillot comes with a matching Lycra sarong that's meant to go in the water. At Michael Kors, sage silk broadcloth pants have a wrapped waist that ties like a scarf.

ELLEN VON UNWERTH; illustration: LANCE KARESH; courtesy of Miramax Films.

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In the world of fashion, a designer's name can be her most important asset. STEPHANIE MANSFIELD talks with **Rebecca Moses** about the fight to win hers back

Rebecca Moses' resort collection relies heavily on traditional navy and white. It's "classical with the contrast of humor," she says. 1. The new proportion: in silk and cotton/Lycra. 2. The designer, having beaten the odds, is back on top.

THE NAME REBECCA MOSES conjures up simple, streamlined knits in offbeat colors and easygoing, luxurious shapes. But it also has been associated with one of the nastiest Seventh Avenue battles in recent history. In court papers Moses stated that her former partner, Victor Coopersmith, repeatedly characterized her as a "disorganized, mixed-up artistic designer who expected to be treated like a queen, who refused to work and had no business sense." But last February the court ruled in her favor: Moses KO'd Coopersmith and is now making a comeback.

At thirty-one, this soft-spoken, neatly cropped kid from North Bergen, New Jersey, has been in and out of work more times than Cybill Shepherd, and she has the psychic scars to prove it. "It affects your creative spirit," Moses says. "You need *guts* to be in this business."

Moses is on the phone to Italy, trying to determine the whereabouts of her samples for the upcoming resort collection. Because of production problems, she will have to cancel the show, inviting buyers and the fashion press willy-nilly to her high-tech showroom off Seventh Avenue. Her perseverance and determination have won her the respect of her peers and a place among the new wave of independent American designers who are proceeding more cautiously than predecessors like Stephen Sprouse, Seventh Avenue's supernova who flamed out twice in less than five years.

Naturally, there was more than idle interest in the outcome of the Moses lawsuit. ▶ 94

3. While eighties swimwear bared all, Moses believes the nineties will herald a more covered-up era. 4. Moses' trademarks: simplicity and versatility. Case in point: skinny cotton pants slipped under a blue and white pinstripe tunic. Details, last pages.

1 REBECCA MOSES; 2 GEORGE LANGE; hair and makeup, Judith O'Connor; 3, 4 WILLIAM GARRETT; hair and makeup, Cris Galjour for Oribe at Parachute

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VICTORIA'S SECRET

VIEW: rebecca moses

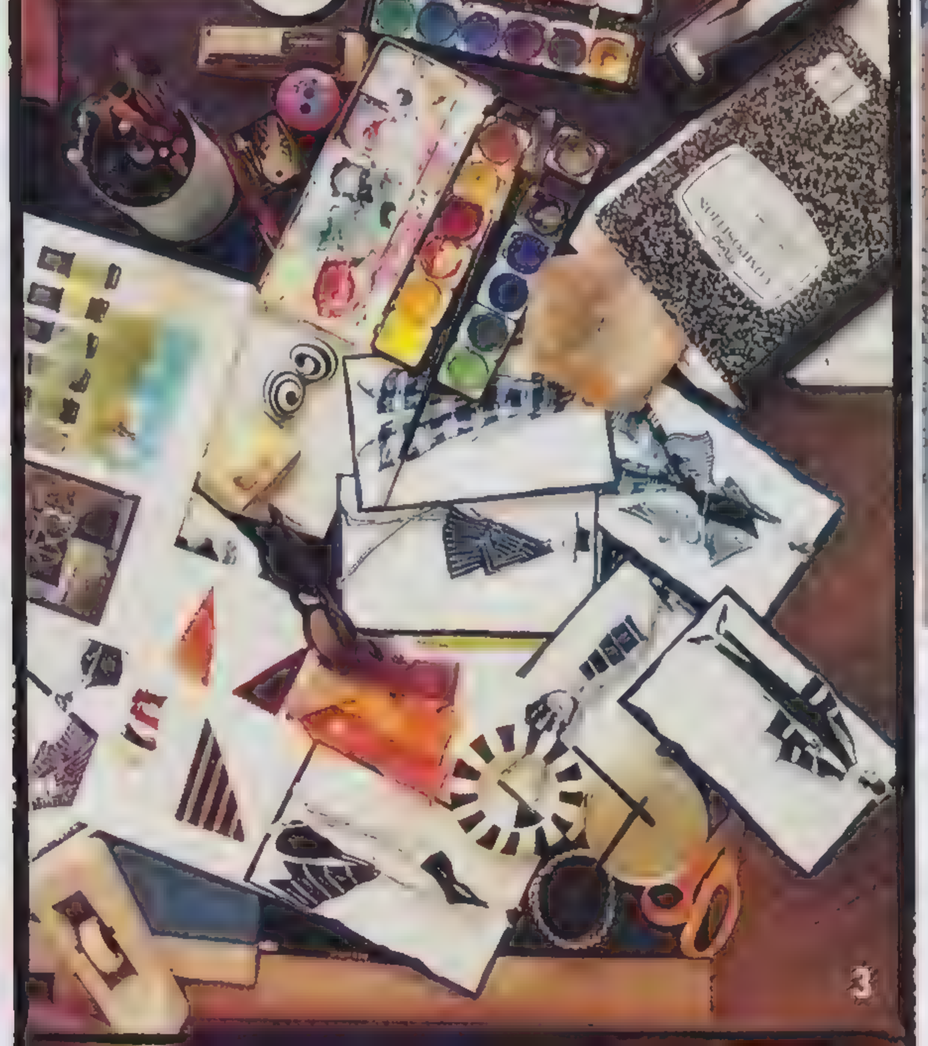
"This is a very dog-eat-dog business," says hat designer Eric Javits, a friend and collaborator of Moses'. "I think she's someone who's standing up for herself."

Along with Isaac Mizrahi and Charlotte Neuville, Moses has decided to postpone lucrative licensing deals in favor of keeping her business—and her image—under control. "Every one of these people would like to be Calvin Klein some day," Deborah Moses, Rebecca's sister, points out. "But they want to do it in a stable way. We just turned down dress and fur licensing offers. We're not ready for them yet." Keeping it simple also means keeping it in the family; Rebecca's mother, Barbara, serves as her administrative assistant, Deborah as vice president.

Rebecca Moses herself talks about an "evolution" in the fashion industry and "a changing of the guard." But for now she is content to be designing under her own name, building up her clientele.

Moses, the daughter of a New Jersey construction superintendent, was a skinny kid who sat in front of *I Love Lucy* sketching outfits in a school notebook. ("She always had a crayon in her hand," says Deborah.) As teenagers, Moses and her sister made jewelry from telephone wire her father brought home. She got her first taste for retail by selling the designs in front of a Steak n' Shake. She sold hand-painted T-shirts in high school and then enrolled in the Fashion Institute of Technology, graduating in 1977 after winning the ILGWU's Future Young Designer's Award. ▶ 100

1. Moses believes that very bare tops require the balance of fullness below. Here, a bra top with a sheer, double-layered skirt. 2. Designed to be the foundation for a wardrobe all year round: a cotton/Lycra unitard. (Moses likes it simple or layered under "something lavish" like an elegant sarong.)



3. On the creative process of her work, Moses says, "I like to do all my own sketches. If I gave it up I would be giving up the thing I enjoy the most about being a designer." Details, last pages.

1, 2 WILLIAM GARRETT, hair and makeup, Cris Galiour for Oribe at Parachute. 3 GEORGE LANGE

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THE NEW FRAGRANCE FOR MEN

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VIEW: rebecca moses

Her first backer was Tomio Taki, who went on to join forces with Donna Karan. Shortly after, Moses met Victor Coopersmith, who had formerly worked with Adrienne Vittadini.

Coopersmith and Moses were in business together from 1982 to 1986. Coopersmith also backed Andrea Jovine, a designer friend of Moses'. During that time, Moses says she became increasingly unhappy with the direction her company was taking. "Victor thought designer was a dying business," says Moses, who ended up in the lesser-priced "bridge" department. There was another wrinkle: Coopersmith and Jovine began dating. Says Moses: "It became an unhealthy environment. . . . I was losing everything I had originally set out for."

In 1986, she left the company. Coopersmith argued that the terms of her contract stipulated that for two years she could not set up a business of her own. Coopersmith continued to produce a Rebecca Moses line designed by two assistants. Frustrated and angry, she retreated. She married Louis Perlman and spent time with her basset hound, Goose. It was a painful interlude. "A lot of people thought, 'How did she give her name away?' It was difficult for me because no matter how secure you are, you do care what other people say. People say, 'How did you get into such a mess, Rebecca?' " She sighs. "I was very young and naive."

More navy: one-piece dressing for beach or city

But Moses went back to the drawing board and began designing under the name Moses Collection, which she planned to show in the spring of 1988. Coopersmith tried to stop her. When the lawsuit was finally settled, Moses had won the right to use her own name. Her first collection, she says now, was "too proper, too ladylike. I wanted to prove that I was a designer." She has since come around to a more personal approach. "I try and think about my own wardrobe. I don't keep a lot of clothes. Only very principal pieces. What I'd want to live in. My needs aren't so strange. I get up and go to work every morning, come home and have to worry about my husband, my friends, and my life."

Moses' talent is for pairing the unobvious—knife-pleated chiffon skirts with oversize sweaters and a pair of Keds—and seems inspired by a Sabrina-like sensuality: double-chiffon skirts, oversize shirts with sequins over stretchy pants, silk tunics and black-and-white pinstripe jackets with fluid, wide-cut trousers.

The phone is ringing. It's an overseas call from Italy. Moses is polite but firm: "Do you know what I'm saying? This is a problem. Instead of throwing his hands up in the air, he has to deal with the situation. These shirts that are coming in are *late*."

Whether Rebecca Moses can overcome her past mistakes is anyone's guess. Fashion is a fickle business. Survival depends on creativity as well as knowing the bottom line. But she is still fiercely determined to show her soft, subtle designs her own way. "My mother keeps trying to make me put shoulder pads in everything," she says, rolling her eyes. "It's a tough sell without shoulder pads." VIEW ▶ 106

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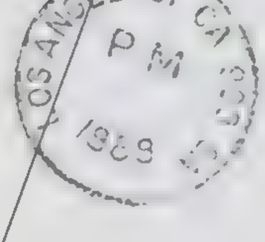

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american independents

After decades of looking to Europe for inspiration, American designers are turning back to their roots. **Caroline Milbank** reports

ALTHOUGH SPORTSWEAR HAS BEEN RELAtively dormant during the dressy 1980s (a period that will likely go down in history as a time of incessant trendiness), it has again risen to the forefront of fashion. Lavish, opulent Reagan-era bustles, bows, ribbons, and frills look back to an age gone by. Spare, modern sportswear looks unblinkingly toward the twenty-first century.

One of sportswear's great appeals is that it transcends the word's literal meaning, clothes intended for active sports, into clothing for active lifestyles—and American women have been leading active lives since the pioneer days. "American women's priorities are the most clearly defined in the world," explains Isaac Mizrahi. "The functionality of their clothes is a given." And today, those priorities extend far beyond the workplace. Says Charlotte Neuville: we've progressed to the point where the phrase *career dressing* is antiquated.

Interestingly enough, American fashion designers shine brightest when faced with the greatest adversity. The golden age of sportswear, the 1940s, occurred not, as many think, at a time when designers were merely cut off from French inspiration, but when they were cut off from virtually every raw material known to man. Faced with all manner of wartime shortages and government restrictions, American designers devised the most appealing, practical, and stylish clothes in the world. Their only limitation, it seems, was the independent-minded American woman. Never one to be dictated to, she has always demanded clothes that won't become obsolete, while rejecting novelty, uncomfortable corsets, bones, and other tricks of the trade.

She was, and still is, a bundle of contradictions, insisting on value even when she can afford to pay the moon, and on perfect fit even when she can't be bothered with fittings. Her favorite looks—blazers, ► 112

Ease and comfort are themes that run through American sportswear history. 1. Donna Karan's new little black bathing dresses in knitted cotton Lycra. 2. Tina Leser's knitted sunning/swimming pieces, 1950.

3

"Trying to make something familiar look new is a challenge," says Michael Leva. Giorgio di Sant'Angelo gave Claire McCardell's greatest hit (3), the diaper suit (1945), a new kind of swing as a halter dress for resort '90 (4).

5

6

"In modern times the simplest thing might be the most luxurious," says Isaac Mizrahi, who picks up the string-tie detail of McCardell's 1946 wool jersey baby-doll dress (5) in his back-slung evening dress (6). 7. Michael Kors turns it into a tent dress. Details, last pages.

7

1, 4, 6, 7 PIERRE SCHERMAN, 2 HORST, 3, 5 LOUISE DAHL-WOLFE, courtesy of Staley-Wise Gallery

ANNE KLEIN MEN

ACCESSORIES

Art Direction: Marc Balet

ANNE KLEIN MEN

ACCESSORIES

VIEW: american independents

sweater sets, kilts, shirtwaists, camp shirts, trousers—have remained so consistent throughout the decades that they've actually become the building blocks of the American fashion vocabulary.

Unlike European designers who might become frustrated by such stubborn, boring, or provincial demands, American designers have been stimulated by the innate casual elegance of the women who make them. Calvin Klein has spoken con- ►116

The classic shirtwaist dress: 1. Carolyne Roehm rethinks it in organza. 2. Carolina Herrera does it in polka dots. 3. Gingham as it was in 1946 by Vogue Patterns; as it looked for fall '89 by Isaac Mizrahi (4). Details, last pages.

Europeans did it first–or so many Americans think. But Yankee ingenuity's responsible for everything from pantyhose to pyramid dresses

Though pants were already firmly established as acceptable at-home and beach wear by the 1930s, American designers began showing **culottes** as part of daytime suits for windy streets in 1931. Balenciaga later regenerated the idea in Paris....The Egyptians built the first pyramids of stone, but Claire McCardell designed the first **pyramid dress** of fabric in 1938....Yes, it was Dorothy Lamour who popularized the **sarong.** And yes, it was Hollywood costumer Edith Head who designed it....DuPont invented **nylon stockings** in 1939 because they were capable of much greater sheerness than silk.... McCardell and Mildred Orrick introduced **leotard dressing**.... McCardell and Valentina promoted the first flat **ballet slippers** as street wear....And the wartime stocking shortage helped popularize **T-strap** flat sandals.... Norman Norell introduced the first **chemise** dress in 1950, seven years before French couturiers showed "the sack."...**Knee-grazing** hemlines appeared in sportswear by McCardell and Norell starting in 1949; Arnold Scaasi showed the first knee-baring evening dress in 1958....McCardell experimented with unconstructed **bathing suits**....Rudy Gernreich invented the stretchy **no-bra bra** (1964).... American designers introduced the **midi** (1967)....The popularization of **pantyhose** in the mid-sixties finally freed women from restricting garters....Anne Klein built wardrobes around the **body-blouse**....Ralph Lauren and Calvin Klein pioneered separates in **natural fibers** in 1971–72....Betsy Johnson expanded the idea of leotard dressing with a collection of **Lycra** bodywear (1978)....Norma Kamali created whole collections based on **sweatshirting**

1,2 PIERRE SCHERMAN; 3 HORST; 4 Illustration by ISAAC MIZRAHI

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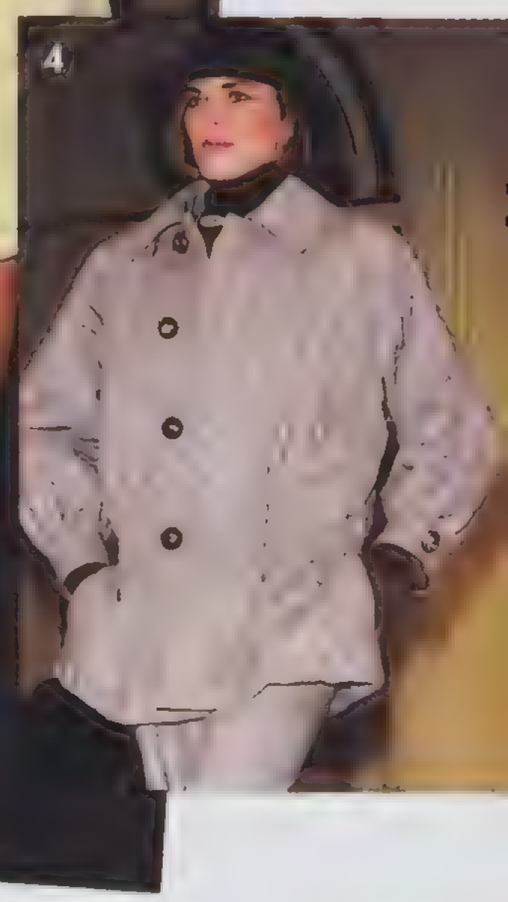
VIEW: american independents

Marc Jacobs calls sweater sets and anoraks "pop icons." Mainbocher set a new direction in 1939 by refabricating a work jacket in gold (1).



The modern fallout:
2. Shamask's anorak.
3. Calvin Klein's safari jacket in washed silk. 4. Carolyne Roehm's trouser suit.

tinually and reverentially of Katharine Hepburn, who, he says, in her trousers and sweaters embodies the idea of style as opposed to fashion. Mizrahi has praised the American woman who, "in a tweed skirt, cashmere pullover, and pair of crocodile flats," effortlessly outshines every woman in the room. And "dressing down" is a part of our national consciousness. It began with the Gibson Girl of the 1890s, who established the idea that women should wear their clothes, rather than the other way around. Her shirtwaists and skirts (the first true American sportswear) could be worn, and were, by every woman in the country, from shopgirls on up to those who posed in them for paintings by Sargent.

As a result, *classics with a twist* has become the catchphrase of American fashion. ("There's a reason why the classics are classics," quips Carolyne Roehm.) And the best American designers are still taking those classics and updating them today. Surely it's no coincidence that most designers describe their work not as starting from scratch but as "recreating," "reproportioning," "reworking," and "redefining." ▶120

The evening sweater, cozy yet opulent, made its debut in 1942, at Mainbocher (6).
It reappeared in the 1989 fall collections: 5. Marc Jacobs for Perry Ellis revamps it as a turtleneck for evening. 7. Bill Blass paired a sweater set with a lamé on silk chiffon skirt. Details, last pages.

1 HOYNINGEN-HUENE; 2,3,4,7 PIERRE SCHERMAN; 5 illustration by MARC JACOBS, 6 LOUISE DAHL-WOLFE, courtesy of Staley-Wise Gallery

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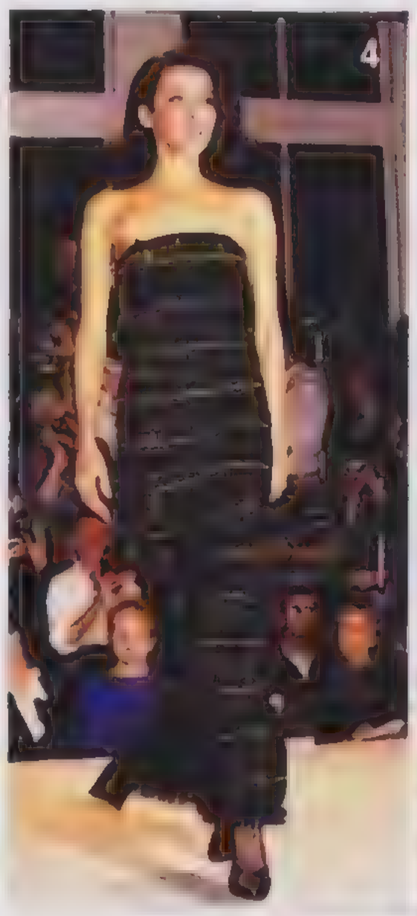
VIEW: american independents

The jumpsuit then, now: 1. By Claire McCardell, circa 1950. 2. By Rebecca Moses, 1990.



Rethinking the evening kilt: 3. Claire McCardell, 1950. 4. Isaac Mizrahi's version, fall '89. Details, last pages.

Fueling the current resurgence of sportswear is the modern American woman's desire for ease and comfort. Bodies that Jane Fonda spent a decade whipping into shape wouldn't be caught dead in clothes that restrict movement. "Sportswear *is* clothing that performs on the sports figure," reminds Geoffrey Beene, and while not every consumer is an athlete, all benefit from cuts that liberate.

Sportswear also allows a certain amount of mental comfort, the kind that comes from not having to think about one's clothes once they're on; it's an idea best embodied by Donna Karan's body-blouses that stay put all day. Comfort comes by way of familiar shapes as well. As children, Americans donned parkas, jeans, and kilts for school or for sports, so it's not surprising that we feel equally comfortable in those clothes again. For many women, a soft, unconfining bathrobe coat is the sartorial equivalent of baby food.

What makes these classic items look fresh (and what makes us want to buy more when we already own them) is what Mizrahi calls mixing a little fiction in with the function. The fiction might be a new proportion, a new arrangement of color or of fabric. One popular, very American invention is the switching of day and evening ideas. Ever since Mainbocher introduced the gold lamé lumberjack jacket and Norman Norell scattered sequins across a silk jersey T-shirt, American designers have been translating sportswear into luxurious clothes for night, and not accidentally assuaging the inherent American fear of being overdressed. European designers such as Franco Moschino tweak couture status symbols like Chanel jackets. The American icons that designers bring into play, such as jeans and parkas, are hardly haughty. The exclusivity of European couture separates the haves from the have-nots; democratic American sportswear unites them.

VIEW ▶ 126

1, 3 © The Mark Shaw Collection/Photoresearchers; 2, 4 PIERRE SCHERMAN

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VIEW

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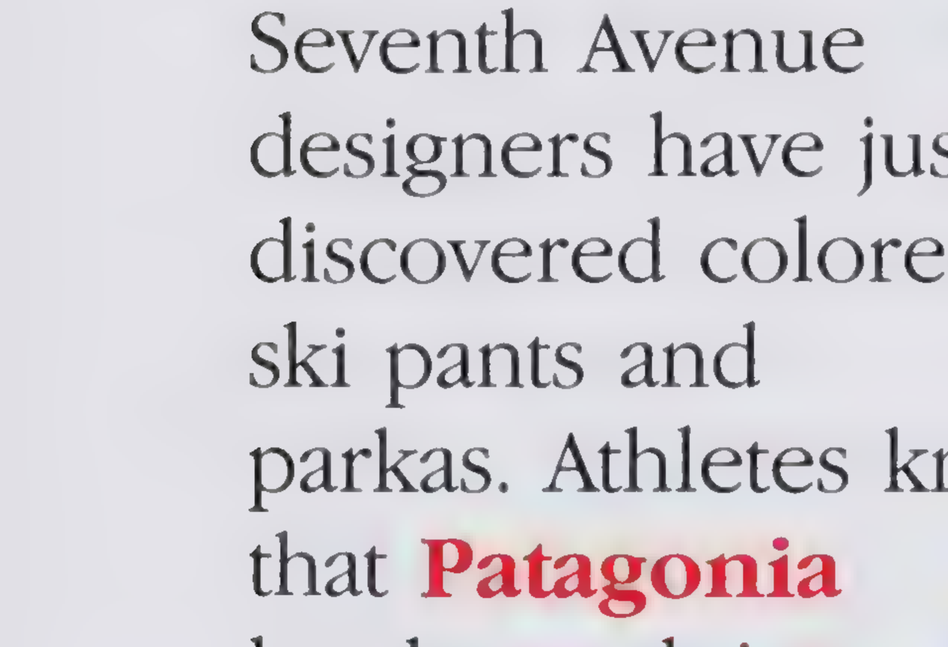

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1 GREG EPPERSON; 2,4 DEWEY NICKS; hair and makeup, Beth Katz for Cloutier; 3 WALTER CHIN; hair and makeup, Akira Mitani

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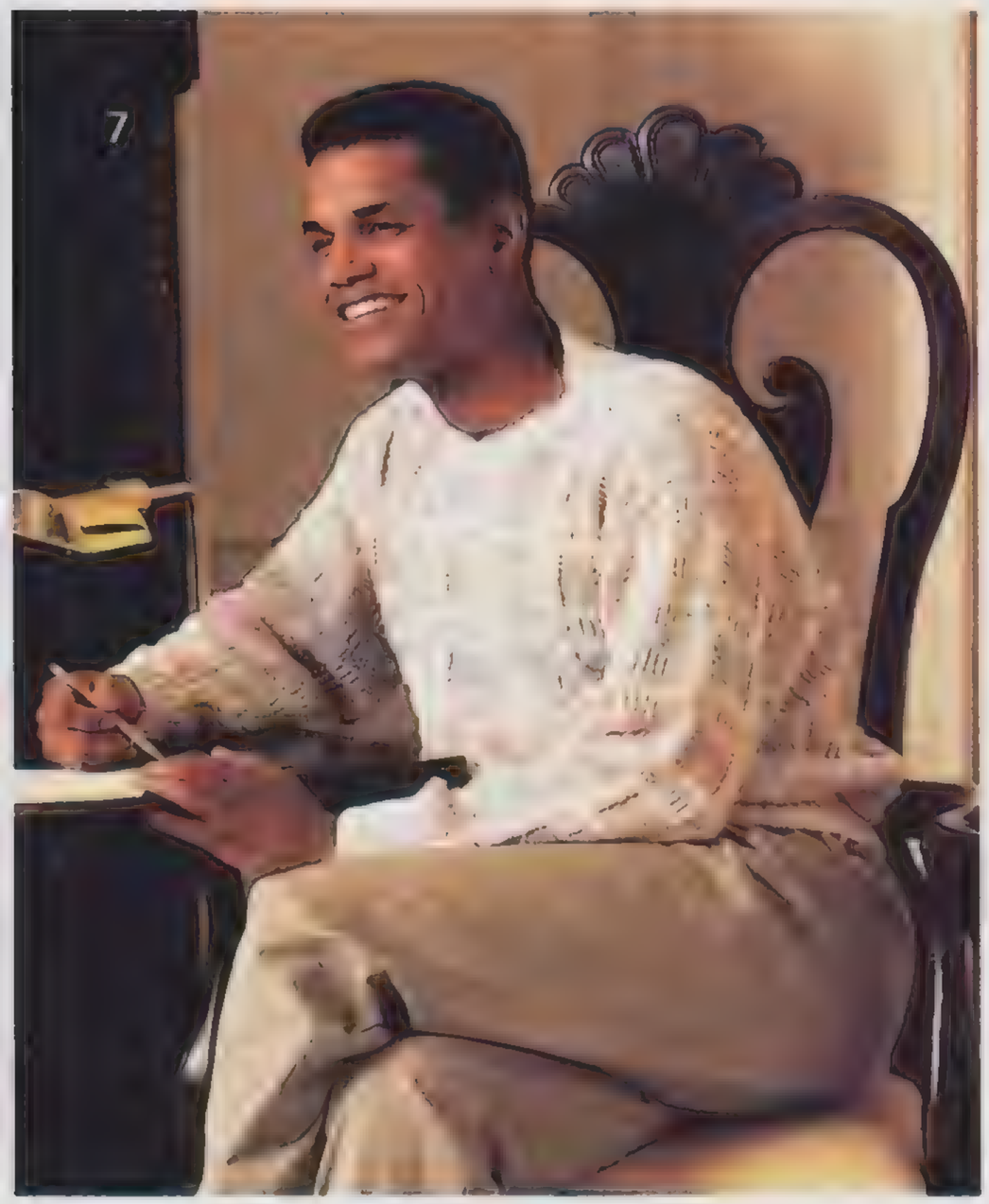
6. Another holiday get-together, another new fragrance to wear. The Spiegel gift set for men includes six miniature bottles of: Furyo Eau de Toilette, YSL Pour Homme Eau de Toilette, Royal Copenhagen, Azzaro Eau de Toilette, Kanon cologne, Lapidus. Made in USA and imported.

N21 697 2010–(1 lb. 3 oz.) . . . . . Set $20.00



8. Let him lounge in style with the gray CHRISTIAN DIOR loungesuit. Top has a knit collar and cuffs, single-button placket and contrast trim. Black inset across chest and sleeves has white logo. Pants have an elasticized waist with drawstring and elasticized ankles. Side pockets and back zip pocket. Polyester/rayon/cotton knit. Machine wash. Imported.

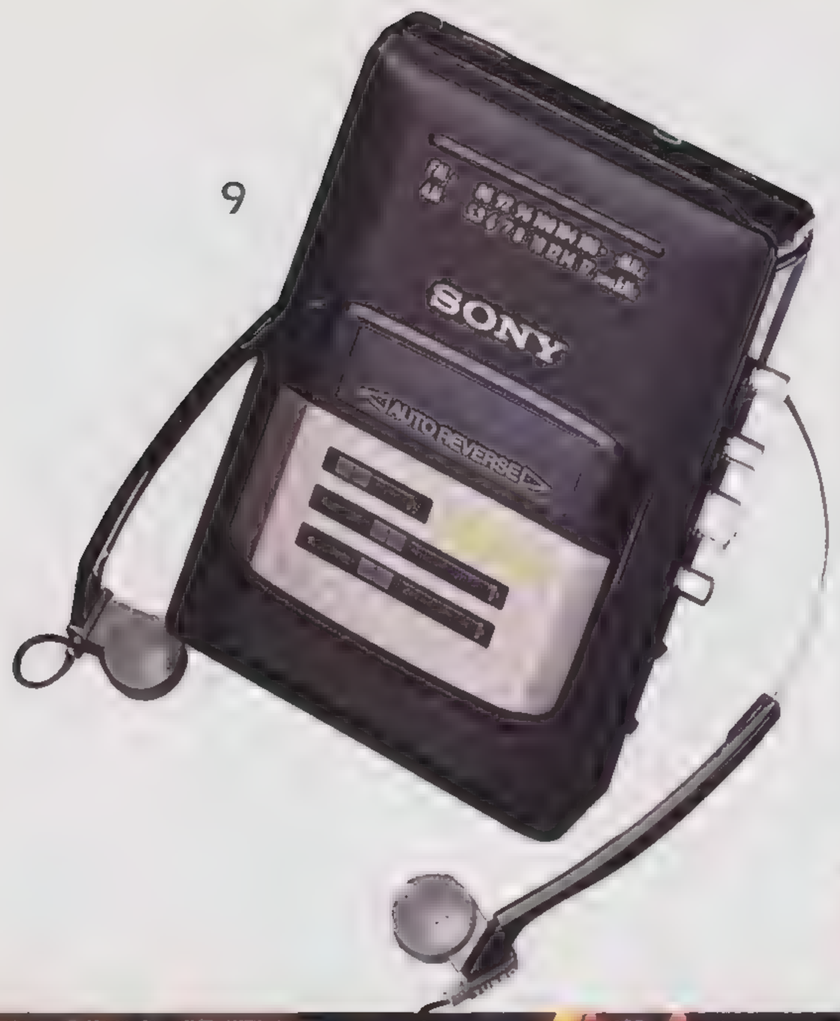
M(Waists: 32-34; Chests 40-42);
L(Waists: 36-38; Chests: 42-44);
XL(Waists: 40-42; Chests: 44-46).
A43 697 4664–
State size letter.
(2 lbs. 8 oz.) . . $60.00

7. The crossover crew neck sweater comes in a dusty color palette sure to please him. From CROSSINGS. Intricately knit in natural, dusty pink, taupe and aqua. In a unique texture for sophisticated tastes. Dropped shoulder; ribbed collar, cuffs and bottom. Cotton. Hand wash. Made in USA.

Chests: S(34-36); M(38-40); L(42-44); XL(46).
A42 697 4545–State size letter.
(2 lbs.) $59.90

WE GIFT WRAP

When you call, ask your order taker for the distinctive mauve Spiegel gift wrapping, which includes a gift card with your personal message (shown at left). All for just $4 per item. Call before 4:00 P.M., Central Time December 19 for Christmas delivery.



9

9. SAVE $10 ON SONY WALKMAN.® AM/FM stereo cassette player has adjustable Mega Bass™ for rich low tones. Lightweight stereo headphones are your connection to all the brilliant sounds provided by the built-in AM/FM tuner. Cassette automatically shuts off when the tape ends. Auto reverse. Metal tape compatible. Uses 2 "AA" batteries (not incl.). Can also be used with rechargeable battery system (not incl.). Includes belt clip.

5¼"W x 1½"D x 3¾"H
Warranted.
N76 697 9324–(1 lb.) . . . . . .
Reg. $79.90 Now $69.90

10. Our lovable POTPOURRI BEAR will fill any room with a lovely floral scent. Designed with an exquisite attention to detail, this perfect holiday gift is trimmed in satin and lace, with a necklace of miniature simulated pearls. Gift boxed. Approx. 8" tall. Imported.

N07 697 4015–(1 lb. 3 oz.). $14.90

11. Have them fishing for goodies from the tackle box filled with gourmet jelly beans. Eighteen delicious flavors from Jelly Belly® and Teenee Beanee® create a rainbow of colors to choose from. Tiny metal scoop included.

2 lbs. 14 oz.–N82 697 9877 (4 lbs. 8 oz.) $28.00
1 lb.–N82 697 9878 (2 lbs. 2 oz.). $15.00

12. One-of-a-kind comfort. The oversized, ornamented sweatshirt is the perfect gift. With appliqué and cording detail. Ribbed at neck, cuffs and hem. From Ken Done. Cotton/polyester; machine wash. Made in USA. One size fits misses 4-14.

N09 697 3003–(1 lb.11 oz.). $49.90

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The ideal gift! Available in any amount from $20 and up in $5 increments, they're mailed without delivery charge in an impressive envelope ready for giving, followed by the latest Spiegel Catalog.

N97 697 5000

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FOR YOUR INFORMATION

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This isn't just lipstick color. It's a new lipstick creation. A breakthrough formula that absorbs light to create an incredible semi-matte texture.

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And they stay that way. After 6 hours of wear the color is still precisely where you put it, feather-free and full of life.

MAX FACTOR

Shade shown is Refined Rose. © 1989 Max Factor & Co. Available in Canada

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ELEMENTS

Editor: Candy Pratts Price

Say goodbye to the traditional clutch. Designers are rethinking the **evening bag** with color, softness, shape, and swing

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Picking up on the move toward black and gold in clothing—evening bags with chains, jewels. Not-so-basic black: 1. Velvet and leather pouch by Jill Stuart. 2. Medallion-studded black satin by Gerard Yosca. 3. A new Chanel classic.

6

No fabric, feather, or color is too luxurious for evening. 4. A drawstring bag in gold satin by Prada. 5. The perfect holiday gift: a wrap-and-tie bow of a bag in red silk gazar by Donna Karan Accessories. 6. A bag with a more constructed shape: the body is covered in red feathers, the top and strap in satin, by Renaud Pellegrino. Details, last pages.

ELLEN FORBES BURNIE; hair and makeup, Robert Snow.

Calvin Klein
UNDERWEAR

As Scholars of Attire, we've always drawn on the wisdom of history to create our clothing. Those times when fine apparel was the rule rather than the exception—when natural fabrics and attention to detail were foremost.

Our Suede Skirt is a perfect instance of that art. Its shapely drape is enhanced by the supple, lightweight lambsuede from which it's made. With a close-fitting waist and hip yoke, and a long, flowing skirt. An utterly timeless style, which ensures that you'll be wearing it for years to come. And, like all of our clothes, it possesses the luxury and appeal of true quality.

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Travel and Safari Clothing Company

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RARE FINDS AND OPULENT DELIGHTS...OUR 1989

A. Exquisite 18 karat gold necklace enhanced with 3.65 carats of diamonds. $9150

B. Coordinating 14 karat gold earrings. Diamonds total .90 carat. Clip/post. $2175

C. Dazzling 1.45 carats of diamonds set in an 18 karat gold ring. $1750

D. Hearts entwined. 18 karat white and yellow gold pin with a total of 2.60 carats of diamonds. $2795

E. Charming 18 karat gold bracelet with 3.75 carats of diamonds. $5750

F. Marquise and baguette shaped diamonds totalling four carats, set in an 18 karat white gold ring. $5750

G. Elegant 18 karat yellow gold ring with four carats of diamonds. $5750

H. Sparkling diamonds totalling three carats set in a 14 karat gold ring. $2775

J. Earrings sparkle with rows of diamonds totalling 2.65 carats. 14 karat gold. Clip/post. $2350

K. 14 karat gold eternity necklace. Diamonds total 5.25 carats. $5595

L. Pear shaped emerald surrounded by 1.65 carats of tapered baguette shaped diamonds in an 18 karat gold ring. $4750

M. Elegant emerald and diamond pendant on a 14 karat gold chain. Diamonds total .85 carat. $1495

N. Unforgettable. 14 karat gold elephant pin with an emerald eye, diamond accented trunk. $750

P. Emeralds and 3.50 carats of diamonds set in a 14 karat gold bracelet. $5995

Q. Pretty 14 karat gold earrings set with marquise-shaped emeralds and .70 carat of diamonds. $1595

R. Beautiful emerald and diamond drop on a 14 karat gold link necklace. Diamonds total 1.65 carats. $2295

On the cover: Sensational diamond collar adorned with a sapphire and over fifty carats of diamonds. The detachable sapphire and marquise-shaped diamond drop may be worn alone as a pendant. 18 karat gold. $100,000

Back cover: Pure splendor. These diamond and sapphire earrings are elegant and versatile. Wear the diamond top alone or the sapphire drops as dangling earrings. 18 karat gold. Diamonds total five carats. $35,000

HOLIDAY JEWELRY COLLECTION

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WILD . . . SOMETHING WONDERFUL . . .

A. Our exclusive Avignon™ 14 karat gold watch with mother-of-pearl dial, surrounded by diamonds on an elegant diamond bracelet. Swiss quartz movement. Diamonds total 2.60 carats. $3150

B. Today's most wanted bracelet. 14 karat gold with a total of 3.30 carats of diamonds. $2750

C. Exquisite 1.60 carats of diamonds set in a 14 karat gold ring. $1500

D. Diamonds totalling 2.45 carats centered on a 14 karat gold necklace. $2500

E. Diamonds totalling one carat add dash to a 14 karat gold bangle bracelet. $1495

F. Romantic diamond heart pendant on a 14 karat gold chain. Diamonds total 1.30 carats. $1750

G. Diamonds add dazzle to a 14 karat gold ring. Diamonds total one carat. $1095

H. Handsome 14 karat gold and diamond cuff links. $725

J. Men's textured 14 karat gold and diamond shirt studs. Set of four. $950

K. Men's 14 karat gold and diamond ring. Diamond totals .35 carat. $1095

L. Versatile diamond stud earrings total one carat set in white or yellow 14 karat gold. $1895

M. Diamond stud earrings total one-half carat set in 14 karat white or yellow gold. $550

N. For a change. 18 karat gold earring jackets set with a total of one carat of diamonds. $1250

P. Sensational 14 karat gold, diamond and enamel leopard pin. Diamonds total 3.85 carats. $5950

Q. Contemporary 14 karat gold pin with an accent of .55 carat of diamonds. $825

R. Sparkling pave-set diamonds totaling 1.85 carats set in 14 karat gold earrings. $2350

S. Pave-set diamonds wrap a 14 karat gold bangle bracelet. Diamonds total 1.40 carats. $2500

Diamond studs are available in a variety of sizes.

BRILLIANT SENTIMENTS OF THE SEASON

A-D. Sleek 18 karat gold jewelry sparked with diamonds. Crafted in Italy. . . designed by Augusto, exclusively for Fortunoff.

A. Bold and shiny 18 karat gold necklace highlighted with diamonds totalling 1.50 carats. $4995

B. Graceful. Flattering 18 karat gold and diamond earrings. Diamonds total .75 carat. $1595

C. Diamonds totalling 1.25 carats enhance an 18 karat gold bracelet. $3250

D. Fluted 18 karat gold ring with diamonds. $995

E. A fabulous bracelet of cabochon gemstones: amethysts, citrines, pink, green and blue tourmalines set in 18 karat gold, accented with 2.60 carats of diamonds. $12,500

F. Sophisticated 18 karat gold heart earrings topped with diamonds and pink and green tourmalines. $2250

G. Ring of green and pink tourmalines enhanced with .60 carat of diamonds. 18 karat gold. $4500

H. European style 14 karat gold earrings set with citrines, accented with cabochon emeralds and diamonds. $795

J. Coordinating 14 karat gold bangle bracelet. $795

K. Citrine ring accented with cabochon emeralds and diamonds. 14 karat gold. $575

L. Options. 18 karat gold necklace, 31 inches, set with citrines and peridots may also be worn as a 7-inch bracelet and 24-inch necklace. $13,500

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OUR ANSWER TO THE ''HOLIDAY BLUES''

A. Regal sapphire necklace accented with diamonds totalling 3.25 carats. 14 karat gold. $5795

B. Sophisticated sapphire, diamond and 18 karat gold earrings. Diamonds total .60 carat. Clip/post. $1795

C. Sapphire and diamond open cuff hinged bracelet. 18 karat gold with total 2.20 carats of diamonds. $6000

D. Matching 18 karat gold ring with sapphires and .50 carat of diamonds. $1695

E. Beaux art. 18 karat gold bow pin "tied" with diamonds, total 6.30 carats. $10,500

F. Oval two carat diamond set in platinum with pear-shaped diamonds in an 18 karat gold ring. $11,000

G. Marquise-shaped diamond of 2.11 carats in an 18 karat gold setting with baguettes and marquises totalling 1.60 carats. $24,000

H. Round brilliant diamond of 1.80 carats with tapered baguettes and rounds totalling one carat in an 18 karat gold setting. $20,000

J. Uniquely designed 18 karat gold ring with round brilliant and tapered baguette diamonds that total six carats. $11,000

K. Pear-shaped sapphires, set amid a total of six carats of diamonds, form a dramatic bracelet. 14 karat gold. $7350

L. Oval sapphire dazzled with tapered baguettes, diamonds set in an 18 karat gold ring. Diamonds total 1.85 carats. $5500

M. Pretty sapphire and diamond earrings set in 14 karat gold. $495

N. Graceful 14 karat gold pin set with sapphires and diamonds. $475

P. Classic sapphire surrounded by diamonds in a 14 karat gold ring. $425

Diamond solitaire engagement rings are available in a variety of shapes, styles and prices.

Ladies' rings are available in stock size 6. Most rings can be sized or ordered from sizes 5 through 7. Men's rings are sized 8, 9 and 10. Other sizes may be specially ordered.

A. Bold and beautiful. The San Marco necklace of 14 karat gold. $2450

B. Matching 14 karat gold bracelet. $675

C. Tailored 14 karat gold earrings. Clip/post. $350

D. Mosaic inlaid black onyx, malachite, lapis lazuli, mother-of-pearl, coral and diamonds create a sensational 18 karat gold bangle bracelet. $5250

E. Matching 18 karat gold mosaic inlaid earrings. $1795

F. Coordinating ring. Sizes 5 thru 7 only. Please specify. $1050

G. Tailored necklace with cabochon ruby, sapphire and emeralds sparked with two carats of diamonds. 14 karat gold. $4500

H. Cabochon ruby, sapphire, emerald and diamond earrings. Diamonds total 1.75 carats. 18 karat gold. $4500

S P L E N D I D

J. Beautiful 18 karat gold ring to match. Diamonds total 1.50 carats. $3725

K. Flexible 14 karat gold bracelet set with cabochon ruby, sapphire and emerald, accented with diamonds. $1500

L. Sleek cabochon ruby ring with emerald and diamond accents. Diamonds total .50 carat. 14 karat gold. $900

M. Dangle earrings of 14 karat gold with diamond teardrops. Diamonds total .55 carat. $750

N. Graceful 14 karat gold diamond teardrop necklace with a total 1.25 carats of diamonds. $2100. Also available: P. Bracelet. $1525

Q. Elegant rows of 1.60 carats of diamonds set in a 14 karat gold ring. $1775

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A. A time to remember. Our Avignon™ fob watch set with rubies and diamonds totalling two carats. 14 karat gold. Swiss quartz movement. $3195

B. Pear-shaped ruby and diamond pendant on a 14 karat gold chain. Total .70 carat of diamonds. $1025

C. Flexible 14 karat gold bracelet linked with rubies and diamonds totalling 1.40 carats. $4350

D-F. 18 karat gold rings, each set with precious gemstones and accented with diamonds totalling .65 carat.

D. Sapphire ring. $1595

E. Ruby ring. $1825

F. Emerald ring. $1850

G. Deco-inspired 14 karat gold pin set with rubies and diamonds. $875

H. Cultured mobé pearl earrings surrounded by .60 carat of diamonds. 14 karat gold. $825

J. Essential. 7x6½-millimeter cultured pearl necklace. 24-inch length. $625

Cultured pearl necklaces are available in a variety of sizes and lengths.

K. Pretty diamond heart necklace enhancer. Diamonds total .80 carats. $775

L. Bold cluster ring with a total one carat of diamonds. 14 karat gold. $995

M. Triple strand 7x6½-millimeter cultured pearl bracelet accented with diamonds and 14 karat gold. $1495

N. Pretty 14 karat gold pin set with a total of 1.10 carats of diamonds. $995

P. Cultured pearl and diamond ring. 14 karat gold. Diamonds total .80 carat. $895

Q. This beautiful necklace combines cultured pearls, one carat of diamonds and 14 karat gold. $1575

R. Striking cultured pearl dangle earrings sparkle with a total of one carat of diamonds. 14 karat gold. $1050

S. Fabulous 14 karat gold earrings with a total of one carat of diamonds. $1195

T. A total of 1.20 carats of diamonds enhance this beautiful 14 karat gold link bracelet. $1650

U. Marquise and baguette diamonds total one carat in a 14 karat gold ring. $2050

V. Elegant diamond cluster ring totals .85 carat. 14 karat gold. $895

Charge purchases 6 ways: American Express, MasterCard, VISA, Discover Card, Diners Club and Fortunoff Charge.

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A. Contemporary black onyx earrings surrounded by a swirl of 14 karat gold. $165

B. Your best basic. Black onyx bead necklace with 14 karat gold "knots". $350

C-D. Bear in mind. Textured 14 karat gold Teddy Bears with sapphire eyes, ruby nose.

C. Baby Bear pin. $150

D. Mama Bear pin. $200

E. Indispensable. A not-to-be-missed 14 karat gold 30-inch necklace. $2500

F. Light links. 14 karat gold drop earrings. $195

G. A new twist. 14 karat gold bangle bracelet. $275

H. The bigger, the better. Satin and shiny 14 karat gold hoop earrings. $150

J. The right touch. Satin and shiny 14 karat gold flexible bracelet. $495

K. Form. Fluted 14 karat gold earrings. Clip/post. $225

L. Beautiful braided 14 karat gold ring. $225

M. Texture. Woven 14 karat gold bangle bracelet. $400

N. Neat, knotted. 14 karat gold pin. $135

P. Elegant link 14 karat gold earrings. $295

Q. Flexible, flattering 14 karat gold sleek link necklace. $1395

About our earrings: post and hoop earrings are for pierced ears only. Clip/post offers extra security for pierced earring wearers. For non-pierced ears we remove the post, leaving a comfortable clip back.

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HIGHLIGHT THE SEASON WITH STROKES OF GENIUS

A-F. Created for us alone, in 14 karat gold: the Avignon™ watch. Each a unique design with Swiss quartz accuracy.
A. Classic rectangular face with a shiny bracelet. All 14 karat gold. $895
B. Diamonds totalling .75 carat create the face of this 14 karat gold sleek link bracelet watch. $2500
C. Classic 14 karat gold watch with rope bracelet. $495
D. Striking watch with mother-of-pearl dial surrounded by diamonds on a link bracelet with diamond accents. Diamonds total 1.25 carats. $2995

E. Diamonds totalling .75 carat surround the face of this beautifully tailored 14 karat gold watch. $1695
F. Beautiful 14 karat gold link bracelet watch highlighted with .50 carat of diamonds. $995

All Avignon™ watches come with a 2 year limited warranty and lifetime battery replacement. They can be serviced at any Fortunoff location by our watchmakers, right on the premises.

G. Cultured mobé pearl earrings of ribbed 14 karat gold. $295
H. Tailored 14 karat gold and cultured pearl bar pin. $160
J. Necklace of 3½x3-millimeter cultured pearls centered with a pavé set heart with a total of .50 carat of diamonds. $725
K. Cultured pearl and diamond cluster set in a 14 karat gold ring. $295
L. Swirl earrings of 14 karat gold set with cultured pearls and diamonds. $395
M. Pretty 14 karat gold love knot earrings with .80 carat of diamonds. $895

N. A perfect match. 14 karat gold and diamond pin. $500
P. Fluid necklace of .60 carat of diamonds and 14 karat gold. $795
Q-S. Precious gemstones se in 14 karat gold with diamonds that total .75 cara
Q. Sapphire ring. $1025
R. Ruby ring. $1150
S. Emerald ring. $1195
T. Pretty 14 karat gold necklace holds sparkling diamonds of .49 carat. $995
U. Delicate 14 karat gold an diamond bracelet. Diamond total .90 carat. $995
V. Bangle bracelet of 14 kara gold and .55 carat of diamonds. $795

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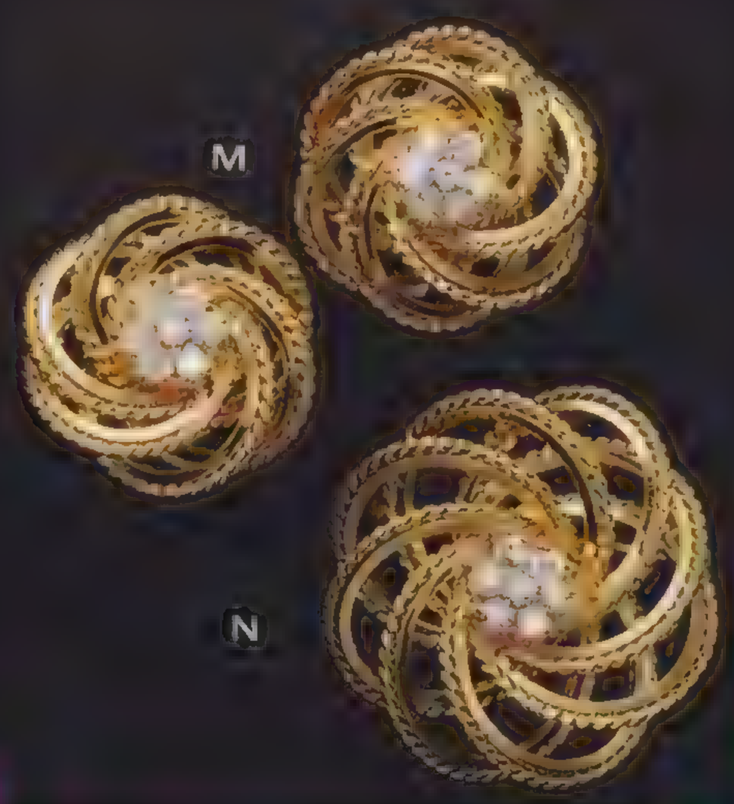
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SPLASHES OF INSPIRATION

A. Rich luxurious color. Amethyst, hematite, malachite, black onyx and 14 karat gold beads create this necklace. $650

B. Grand strand. 48-inch hematite, black onyx and 14 karat gold bead necklace. $125

C. Malachite earrings trimmed in 14 karat gold and black onyx. $150

D. Coordinating ring. Sizes 5 thru 7 only. Please specify. $395

E. Quick change artistry. 14 karat gold buttons with interchangeable black onyx, malachite, lapis lazuli and cultured mobé pearl centers. Travel set includes 14 karat gold clip/post earrings, four pairs of easy to change precious stones. $695

F. Black onyx and hematite earrings rimmed in 14 karat gold. $200

G. The many facets of 14 karat gold are best seen in these earrings. Clip/Post. $595

H. Bold faceted 14 karat gold ring. $350

J. Prediction: snowflakes. Festive 14 karat gold pin. $195

K. 14 karat gold snowflake earrings. $175

L. A cut above. Faceted black onyx, cultured pearl and 14 karat gold 30-inch necklace. $295

M. Elegant cultured mobé pearl and black onyx dangle earrings with diamond and emerald accents. 14 karat gold. $600

N. Faceted black onyx and 14 karat gold earrings with cultured mobé pearl centers. $225

P. Classic. Black onyx and 14 karat gold ring with diamond highlights. $235

All jewelry is 14 karat yellow gold and actual size unless otherwise indicated.

A. Ribbed 14 karat gold and diamond tie tac. $150

B. Handsome 14 karat gold and diamond ring. Sizes 8 thru 10 only. Please specify. $525

C. Textured 14 karat gold knot tie tac with diamond center. $75

D. Matching 14 karat gold knot cuff links with diamond center. $325

E-G. Diamond accented 14 karat gold accessories.

E. Airplane tie tac. $150

F. Tie bar. $240

G. Golf bag tie tac. $225

H. Simply great. Black onyx and 14 karat gold cuff links. $150

J. Coordinating black onyx and 14 karat gold shirt studs. Set of four. $300

K. Black onyx and 14 karat gold ring accented with a row of diamonds. Sizes 8 thru 10 only. Please specify. $475

L. Classic 18 karat gold link bracelet. $1050

M. Distinctive 14 karat gold bracelet. $475

N. Ribbed satin and shiny 14 karat gold tie tac. $85

P. Coordinating 14 karat gold cuff links. $395

Q. Handsome 14 karat gold I.D. bracelet. $495

R. Bold sterling silver earrings. 14 karat gold posts. $75

S. Shiny and flexible sterling silver necklace. $350

T. Sleek sterling silver 24-inch necklace. $80

U. Beautiful bow earrings combine matte finish sterling silver and 18 karat gold. 14 karat gold posts. $165

V. Matte finish sterling silver and 18 karat gold bow pin. $225

W. Colorful. Garnet, amethyst, citrine, blue topaz and peridot set in a sterling silver bracelet. $175

X. Whimsical porcupine pin of sterling silver with ruby eyes and 14 karat gold accents. $160

Y. Sterling silver dangle earrings. 14 karat gold posts. $65

Z. Sleek amethyst and sterling silver earrings with 14 karat gold accents. Sterling silver clip/14 karat gold posts. $250

AA. Smooth domed cabochon amethyst in a sterling silver ring with 14 karat gold and citrine accents. Sizes 5 thru 7 only. Please specify. $125

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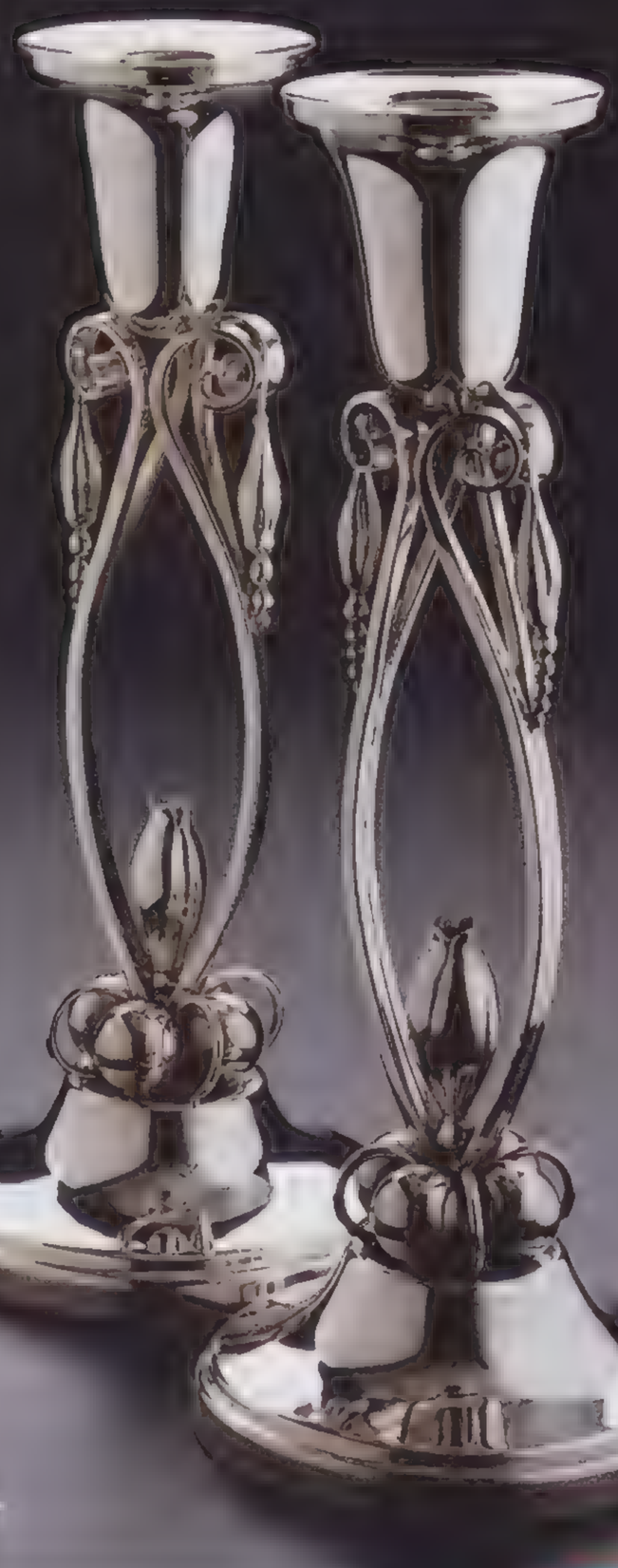

A. Linden's exquisite Kundo anniversary clock chimes Westminster or Ave Maria on the hour. Rotating pendulum of Swarovski crystal. Quartz movement. 10½"Hx8¼"W. $180

B. Silverplated clock with Roman numerals. 5"Hx5"Wx1¾"D $125

C-D. Contemporary silverplated vases from Reed & Barton.
C. 8¾". $65 D. 6½". $50

E. Elegant sterling silver candlesticks. 10¼" tall. $950 pair.

F. Chelsea desk clock. White Roman dial. 5¾"Hx4½"W x2½"D. $235

G. Regency pattern 3 piece sterling silver dresser set by Gorham. $385

H-L. Sterling silver frames from Italy and England. Also available in other sizes.

H. Gadroon sterling silver Hallmark frame from England. 5"x7". $110

J. Classic ribbed sterling silver frame from Italy. 5"x7". $170

K. Classic sterling silver frame from Italy. 5"x7". $170

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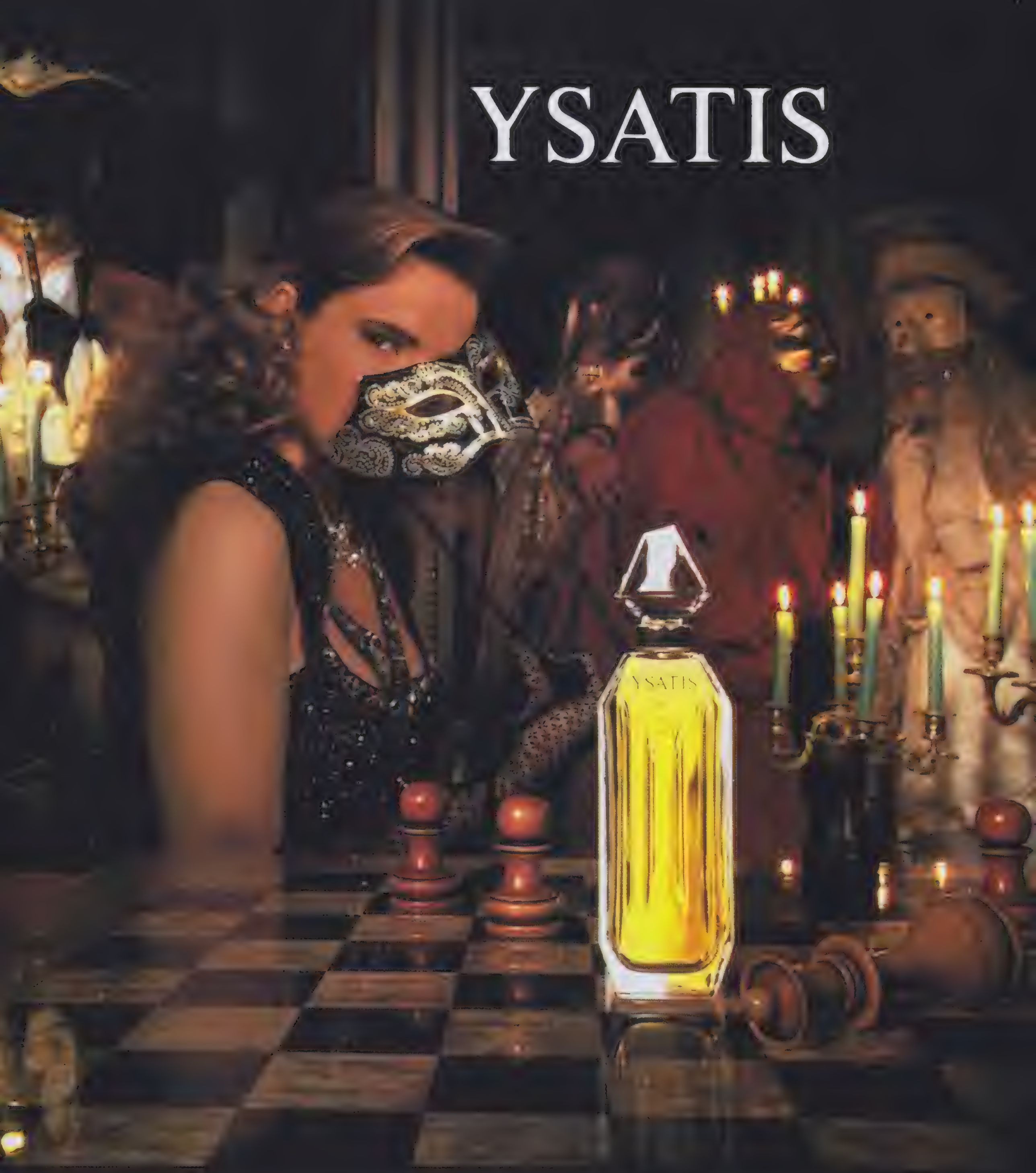

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IMAGES

Editor: Shirley Lord

JOAN JULIET BUCK unravels the complex structure of **Italian style** and makes some astonishing discoveries

Italian style on and off the runway. CLOCKWISE FROM TOP: **Giorgio Armani's red suit for fall; actress Giulia Boschi; brown shearling, Mario Valentino; actress Valeria Golino. Details, last pages.**

ITALIAN STYLE IS MYSTERIOUS. WHEN you haul a four-year-old piece of Italian clothing out of a back closet, you don't ask, "Why did I ever buy this?" You ask, "What *is* this?"

Over the years I have come across Japanese-inspired cross suspenders of red cotton, shawls shaped like geometric demonstrations, brogues embroidered with gold thread, and a blouse made of dark silk that was in texture and sound exactly like a twelve-vehicle accident.

At the back of the medicine chest, veteran souvenirs of my years in Italy are a tincture called AntiHysterical water, a toothpaste made of salt and grit designed to eliminate plaque, gums, and teeth, and a tiny vial of narcissus oil that is the most potent drug I have ever encountered, capable of inducing states of near psychosis if used as perfume for two consecutive days.

Italian style is a mixture of imagination, craftsmanship, and folk wisdom. If it weren't for the crafts- ▶ 144

Clockwise from top left: GUY MARINEAU; ROBERTO GRAZIOLI/Grazia Neri; WALTER CHIN; hair, Ronnie Stam; makeup, Sonia Kashuk; E. CATALANO/Grazia Neri

IMAGES: italian style

manship, you could call it a dangerous, primitive manifestation. Certain gestures and attitudes of Italian women reveal it more surely than cut or color; the girls you see on the street in Rome in the late afternoon may be wearing dreary little dresses, torn jeans and dirty T-shirts, or Valentino, but they will all have a curl to their arms that implies that whatever they are carrying is booty, hastily rescued from a fire or the looting of a small town. Dogs, particularly the small, hairy variety, are clutched in the crook of the arm. Fur coats, particularly the large, hairy variety, are rolled into a ball and clutched as if they were dogs, unless they are casually slung over one shoulder and held in place by the heavy strap of an oversize shoulder bag.

The hair is long and tangled, or short and pure, the eyes rimmed in something dark, the nose often unpowdered. The feet take on a peculiar importance in Roman street allure: it may be the cobblestones or the traffic jams, but for the last twenty years the Italians have been obsessed with cheap, indigenous American footwear. It used to be Frye boots, purchased and worn with all the seriousness of a mission. "I only wear Frye boots," I remember a young countess saying, as if she were telling me the house in the country needed a new septic tank. These were replaced by Top-Siders, which in Italy were made in raucous combinations of colors and textures. Now it's Timberland boots. You sense some great nostalgia for the land and the mud in these choices.

Italians are obsessed by style, but style is not only clothing and interior decor. Another young countess dominated a dinner in Los Angeles some years ago by repeatedly announcing, "I am addicted to raw fish." They become addicted to Biedermeier, to Napoleon III, to batik, to shell necklaces, Buddhism, modern dance, S&M, whatever is the right thing to become addicted to. If I sound a little ungenerous and impatient with these addictions, it is because when I lived in Rome I worked for an American fashion newspaper, and my contact with Roman ladies was limited to their telling me they could *only* live in hand-striated walls done just for them, or in Frye boots, or between helpings of polenta. Each wanted desperately to be defined by her style, which changed every year. It was exhausting and demeaning to keep listing whatever they now said was the only thing, the only shoes, garment, table, chair, knife, or school for the children.

Yet it was an Italian woman of style and means who taught me how to wash cashmere sweaters, a pro- ▶ 146

CLOCKWISE FROM ABOVE: Gianfranco Ferre's "tiger" T-shirt, cardigan; actress Asia Argento; squirrel fur by Fendi; real-life Italian style: short on skirt, long on legs. Details, last pages.

Clockwise from far left: PETER LINDBERGH, hair, Julien d'Is, Paris; makeup, Stéphane Marais for l'Agence Bruno, Paris; FABIAN/Sygma; GUY MARINEAU; CHANDOHA VALENTINO

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IMAGES: italian style

cess as lengthy, if not quite as rewarding, as making a soufflé. It's the twentieth time you change the cold rinsing water that you begin to flag. But, as my Italian friend pointed out, it's better than sending the sweater back to the manufacturer in Scotland, which she had done, which is how she learned the right way to wash a sweater. She also employed a woman in Florence to embroider her sheets.

The image of Italian style is embodied by the long-haired woman in a savagely hacked coat made of the fur of some improbable animal (rain forest woolly muskrat, say) bounding off a plane with a hundred pieces of Fendi luggage, and making a pasta dinner for fifty in a friend's apartment the night of her arrival. Luxury here is an extension of sensuality. "When you're depressed, you *need* linen sheets," they like to say, or, "You look great in this red squirrel ankle-length coatdress, you're insane not to buy it." The Italian woman is a combination of cook, laundress, and houri. When I lived in Italy I found myself appalled and embarrassed to be wearing an English jacket with a machine-stitched collar at a dinner one night. Every other woman was hand sewn. One offered help: "My seamstress can resew the collar for you," she said.

Italian men think a woman should be a mother, an houri, a cook

Mirella Petteni is a former fashion model and a great beauty who married her husband, she says, "after we'd been together for twenty years and our son was nineteen." Petteni is immaculately in and of her own style and adventurous about things such as mud hair masks and face packs. She decorates her houses in Rome, Venice, and London with nineteenth-century paisleys that she also wears as shawls, and wears her collection of suits made by her husband's tailor with T-shirts "that have little edges of hand embroidery. A T-shirt takes ten years off the face, and the embroidery makes it feminine." When she had her hair cut a little too short one year, her son looked at her and said in disgust: "Mamma! You look like a working woman!" A remark that betrays the Italian male's idea of what a woman should be: a mother, an houri, a cook, but not an impersonal cog in a large organization. The Italian woman is the essential part of a small organization called a family, and no matter how unconventional that family is, the main job is mother, whether or not there happen to be any children.

There are unsuspected strengths of practicality in the Italian character, an odd lacuna. When I had an ulcer (my Italian days were fraught), Anna Piaggi, the highly eccentric fashion editor who is known for wearing dead fish as hats and dresses as scarves, took to cooking me all-white meals while wearing a hamster jumpsuit.

You take a country shaped like a boot that protrudes almost to North Africa, settle it with Greeks, give it to martial Romans, bring in the Vandals, then God and the church, let it simmer for two thousand years, and you get a society where ruins are part of life and ambition is an avid curiosity about everything going on at the top of the boot.

Only in Italy could so rapid a machine for copying trends as Fiorucci evolve, and only in Italy could a subclass of domestic servants still exist to mend and cross-stitch and reline ▶ 148

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clothes, iron sheets, and know how to fold Japanese-inspired red cotton cross suspenders. If it weren't for the infrastructure of artisans who restore palazzi, stipple walls, mock up marble, hand pleat lamé, crenellate fur edges, and hand stitch leather, Italian style would be very different. And all these are the people who can't get out of the boot unless, as in recent years, they are flown to New York to carry out lightning repair work.

Historically, whatever rigor there is in the Italian character has come from the north. The nearer you get to the south, the nearer you are to North Africa and languor. "My real beauty treatment," says Petteni, "is a nap every day. It cuts the day in two and makes you another person at night."

When I lived in Rome I learned that between the end of lunch and four in the afternoon, you slept. Any attempt to do otherwise, including reading a book, failed. The Rome climate demands it, and so, after a while, do you. It's no wonder Italian women always look haphazardly dressed. It's the after-nap bleariness. In Milan, of course, you do not take naps. Depending on your age and status, you are massaged; you have your hair tinted; you redecorate your roof garden; or you see your doctor.

For people whose maids stand panting to embroider their underwear and whose furrier is busy crossbreeding mink with cobra, the attainment of a sober personal style is tantamount to scaling a Dolomite. I once watched an Italian woman friend unpack in Los Angeles. Eight identical white silk shirts, all brand-new in their cellophane, hit the bed, and seven beige suits were hung in the closet. "It would be ideal to dress like a man, have few things, all perfect, and get dressed in twenty minutes," says Petteni, who has two closets in her Venice house for two Capucci evening gowns—one to a closet.

It is perhaps for this reason that she states Italians only like plain cloth coats, "beige or black or camel cashmere, made by the husband's tailor." Furs are necessary only for New York, although Fendi furs are irresistible.

I remember in Rome being rather jealous of a young girl who had a small Fendi afternoon bag in pink alligator. Some things just stick in your mind. While the French seek durability, practicality, and black box calf, the Italians want and get excitement. This often translates as overstatement, which can be viewed as a hallmark of great personal style, or silliness. Designer Laura Biagiotti wears only white—white cashmere—and coral, strands and strands of it. This works. But there was a time when leather, bronze, and gold were the rage, as were flat shoes with bows on the instep. I shall never forget a woman journalist who wore bronze leather from head to foot and announced that she liked only bronze leather, really it was the only thing. Opportunism, of course, but the kind of statement people involved in fashion are wont to make. Those who *make* fashion talk about it less but color their lives with their preferences. In Rosita Missoni's northern Italian house, everything is striped and muted at the same time, so that in some way every stripe everywhere else in the world is hers. The Fendi sisters, draped as Romans, caped as cavemen, furnish a world where astonishing prowesses of *manodòpera* just keep coming.

In Italy you easily fall into worshiping things, the golden calf, the bronze leather calf, the pink alligator. You watch your hostess's velvet gown move in the light, covet it with unseemly greed, and while you are figuring out how to get one for yourself, she cooks you dinner.

It has often been noted that the Italians have never produced a world-class cosmetics or fragrance house. Eve of Roma lasted too short a time, and the perfumes of the designers do not have the same compelling fascination as the clothes, the shoes, the bags, the furniture, the jewelry. Perfume is, after all, merely a liquid; you can't work it like silk, leather, gold, marble, or fur. The one cosmetic that I recall with longing from Rome was a skin tonic by Perlier, made of sage and rosemary. It smelled exactly like dinner. IMAGES ▶ 150

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Jewelry by David Webb. © 1989 Max Factor & Co.

IMAGES: cal-a-vie

The smaller the spa, the more personal the attention, as ROSAMOND BERNIER learned, working out and resting up at California's **Cal-a-Vie**

Spa life: A.M., nonstop exercise, from a 6:00 A.M. hike to yoga to noontime aerobics; P.M., blissfully passive with European treatments. BELOW: One of the pink-tiled, neo-Provençal guest cottages at Cal-a-Vie; from the balcony, the panoramic "Chinese scroll of a view, with receding ranges of hills softened by pockets of early morning mist."

THERE IS A MACHINE THREE thousand miles away that knows all too much about me, and certainly much more than I would care to reveal, even to my best friend. It goes like this. You step onto a treadmill that is moving at a very smart pace. Devices have been attached to one's body that are in cahoots with a computer, which has already been fed with personal details. Age, weight, measurements—all are somewhere inside it, together with my address, my occupation, and for all I know, my unlisted telephone number.

Green lights go on and off. Wheels whir. And then, with what I consider rather an arrogant flourish, it spits out three sheets of paper filled with startling (to me) information about my percentage of fat (humiliating), my lean body mass, and (in pounds avoirdupois) my extracellular water, intercellular water, muscle, and—very laconic, this—other. ("Other" means bones, etc.) Finally, there is that most dour of all statistics: total fat in pounds. I'm not giving that away.

The place in which all this goes on is anything but disagreeable. It's the gym of the Cal-a-Vie spa, niched in 125 acres of a remote and glorious wooded valley some forty miles north ► 152

Top: ARTHUR ELGORT, hair and makeup by Giorgio for Suga Salon; bottom left and right: MAX AGUILERA-HELLWEG/Onyx

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IMAGES: cal-a-vie

of San Diego. A gentle young giant (male) officiates at this "personal evaluation," which is a prerequisite to "personal programming."

He makes encouraging noises. After further tests (Personal Fitness Assessment), he reviews my gluteal muscles with all the concentration of a philosopher reviewing Kierkegaard's concept of phenomenology.

That concern, that supportive enthusiasm that leads to a constructive program, are all typical of Cal-a-Vie. And it has the great advantage that it has been deliberately kept very small. A neo-Provençal cluster of buildings, pink-tiled cottages prominent among them, Cal-a-Vie can house exactly twenty-four people. The staff is so kind, so young, and so staggeringly fit one feels one simply cannot let them down. One's possibilities (or limitations) are carefully calculated, though, and there is no drill sergeant around to bark exhortations to shape up and keep going. "If it hurts, stop," they say. And—as I'll tell you later—it works.

ABOVE: Spa cuisine from the chef's forays into Provençal and American Southwest cooking. RIGHT: the main building.

Opened three years ago by Bill Power, who has a long background in building and administering hospitals, Cal-a-Vie is stunning, with rolling mountains all around. Coursing down the middle of the complex is a limpid stream, fed through a system of locks, cascades, and level pools. More soothing gurgles you've never heard, but these most natural of sounds are really a triumph of artifice, devised for the delight of guests by a combination of acoustician and hydraulic engineer. The air is clear, the sun is kind, there are flowers everywhere and jasmine by every cottage door.

Bill's wife, Marlene, a slim, pretty dynamo, is a hands-on owner. You never have to worry about what to wear. Everything is provided: warm-up clothes, jackets, T-shirts, shorts, bathrobes, waterproof sandals to wear to the bathhouse, even rain gear. Laundry is done on the double, and fresh outfits appear daily.

The spa day begins with a before-breakfast walk—for the fittest, a rampage up the mountain at 6:00 A.M. The less fit (like me, who had been immobilized by a car crash) start at 6:15 for an up-and-down lope around the golf course.

After two days, I graduated to a modified mountain walk. The hills were covered with pale mauve clouds of ceanothus in bloom. I had struggled to nurture just one bush of ceanothus in my garden in France, but here it grows, literally and wildly, all over the place. At the top of the mountain, there is a panoramic Chinese scroll of a view, with receding ranges of hills softened by pockets of early-morning mist.

Even breakfast, at 7:30 A.M., was an adventure. There was the ritual orange juice, but with it came unexpected treats—one day a warm raspberry muffin, another, hot kasha cereal with apple juice and sliced bananas, yet another, a really zingy Mexican-style omelet complete with tortilla.

I soon discovered that Cal-a-Vie's Belgian chef, Michel Stroot, puts a new spin on the word *innovative*. The food that he prepared was simply delicious, with unexpected snap and sparkle, from forays into Provençal and American Southwestern cuisines. He is ever on the hunt—Japan is next on his list for a visit—for whatever will give his palette a new color.

Much of his raw material comes from the spa's gardens, and astute juggling of calories over the day's menus makes it possible for him to offer treats as remote from traditional diet food as pasta, potatoes (I admit very small portions), and even an occasional slice of wonderfully crunchy bread.

Tabs were kept on a big board in the kitchen on the progress of each of us, and dietary quirks were noted, along with target goals. At the midweek mark, our weight was chalked up on the Domesday board.

With breakfast came a fan-shaped card with details of my program for the day until 6:00 P.M. It always started with a neatly balanced menu of exercises, warm-ups and stretching first, with the tempo picking up for exercises for specific sets of muscles (not least the abdominals), and then on to pulse-raising, aerobic-style, keep-moving classes led by good-natured young women with thighs and buttocks of steel.

I particularly liked a low-impact aerobics class that, the moment the music stopped, involved dashing from one station to the next with a certain type of gymnastic equipment at the ready. One-person trampolines ▶ 154

Top: NEIL BROWN; bottom: MAX AGUILERA-HELLWEG/Onyx

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IMAGES: cal-a-vie

were part of the course. I was swept along by the insistent beat and the general exhilaration and, without knowing it—for I have never been to a disco—I seem to have done quite a credible Mashed Potato.

Merciful breaks for grapefruit sections punctuated the morning, and at 10:50 there was a "revitalizer"—a delicious hot vegetable concentrate with crudités on the side.

Life at Cal-a-Vie makes it possible for each person's preferences to be monitored, and I found the staff always ready to adapt, adjust, or change one's schedule. For instance, I don't care for volleyball, so I was given water exercises instead.

The program mix was different every day, with no chance of monotony. Everyone enjoyed the yoga class, with its weightless emphasis on breathing, posture (my pelvic tilt is practically built-in by now), and relaxation. No matter how active we were, *relaxation* was the operative word at the spa, and stress-banishing techniques were emphasized.

The program mix was different every day, with no chance of monotony

Thanks to the Powers, afternoons were blissfully passive, taking treatments that Bill and Marlene had researched at one great European spa after another.

Among them were treatments inspired by the Institut de Thalassotherapie in Quiberon, Brittany. One, hydrotherapy, plunges you into a large tub, bubbling furiously with a mix of reconstituted seawater and marine plants from underwater jets. As you loll happily, an attendant massages your neck and mops your brow with sweet-smelling unguents.

Another Quiberon specialty transplanted to Cal-a-Vie is a body wrap that paints you green from neck to toe and smells like a Brittany beach at low tide. The cycle of wrapping, warming, and cooling off leaves you feeling relaxed to the point of irresponsibility and—for a while—as smooth as a rose petal.

The week also included three first-rate facials that drew on a whole keyboard of French products called Yon Ka–Paris, derived from flowers and plants. My dry skin responded so gratefully that I took home not only a batch of creams but Yon Ka's telephone number (800/533-6276), as the products cannot be bought through the normal channels. Three exemplary massages were also high on the pleasure list as well as something called aromatherapy, which involves being rubbed down gently with the appropriate aromatic oils for your condition—among them, lavender or orange for calming tension, juniper for retained water, apricot for insomnia.

Before dinner the first evening, a committed young woman demonstrated these oils and unguents and detailed their respective properties. Paper cups filled with aromatic substances were handed around. "This one soothes, that one stimulates." Having come from Vienna, where I recently saw the exhibition devoted to the Holy Roman Emperor Rudolf II, I thought how much he would have enjoyed the demonstration. For this was a man who kept a full-time alchemist at his court in Prague and believed that powder from the enlarged gallstone of a llama would cure anything if swallowed with just a splash of water. I saw the stone; it was immense.

It's easy to be skeptical, yet no one who has seen how ► 160

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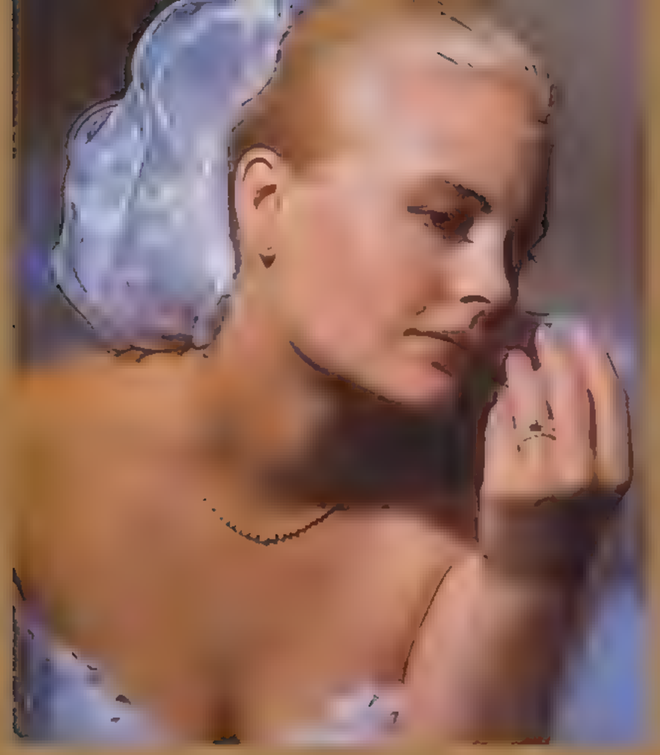

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For years, almost half of the guests at Tucson's renowned Canyon Ranch have come from the East.

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Fans of Tucson's Canyon Ranch will find the same unique spa at Lenox, Mass. The spa that Travel and Leisure Magazine calls "one of the best equipped in the country."

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Vogue best sums up the reason for Canyon's years of success: "Not a fitness factory or fat farm...you go anticipating short term results – return with long term resolve...a chance to opt out of over-fat, over-stressed, under-exercised syndrome long term."

That's why Canyon Ranch is so unique. That's why 3 out of 4 of its guests return (almost half of the guests are men).

Canyon Ranch goes on helping you look and feel fit, and perform better long after you leave Tucson or Lenox. It's truly the spa that never leaves you.

We're open and taking reservations. Don't be disappointed. Reserve early. Call 800-742-9000.

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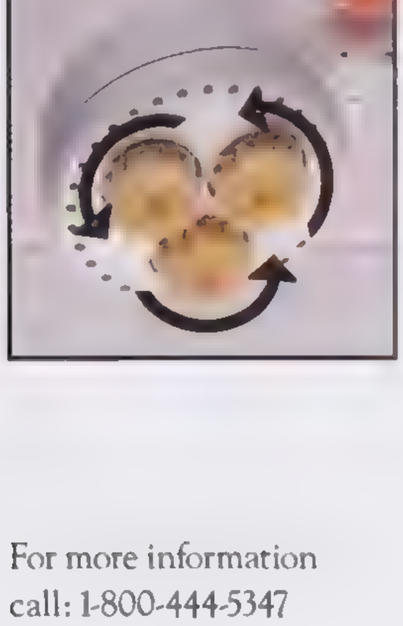
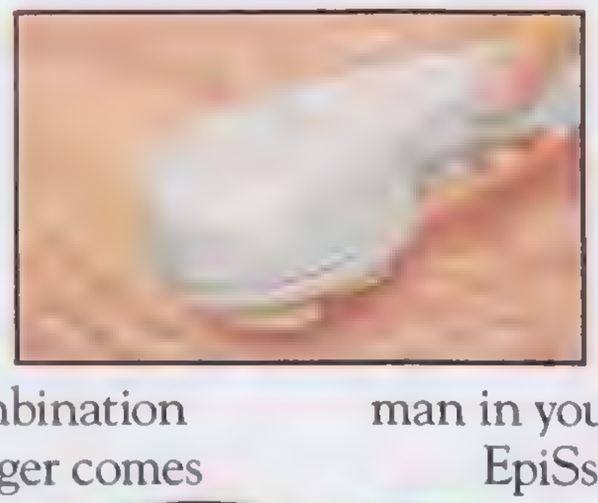
Next time you shower, you can do more than just cleanse your body. You can make it beautiful. With EpiSsage,™ The Revolutionary Waterbrush Massager, you can minimize the appearance of cellulite.



The EpiSsage combination shower head and massager comes with unique rotating brushes.



It cleanses, massages and exfoliates your skin. It also reduces the appearance of cellulite, leaving your body with a smoother look.

The EpiSsage can be hand held or stationary. It can even be used by the man in your life.

EpiSsage. You won't just feel the difference. You'll see it.

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Life was hairy before Epilady Ultra

Oh, what we went through! Medieval, messy shaving and waxing. Ugly stubble. Cuts, scars, abrased skin. Until Epilady Ultra.

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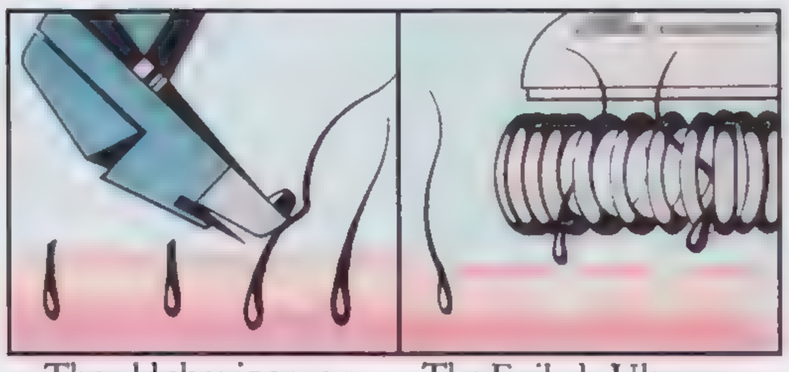

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Unlike razors that cut, Epilady Ultra removes hair safely and naturally from the root with a tiny, flexible "revolving coil." Hair grows back slowly after weeks, softer and finer.

Cordless Epilady Ultra Has 3 Speeds.

It adjusts to your hair type. Short hair? Use the low speed. Average hair? Switch to medium. Coarse hair? Begin with full speed, vary for comfort. Circle gently, and hair's gone with a little tingle. If you experience some discomfort, be patient at first. Discomfort decreases with use. And you're *always* smooth and hair free!

A Complete Hair Removal System.

Dermatologist approved; your rechargeable Epilady Ultra comes with EpiMitt, EpiSsentia Lotion, a cleaning brush, and travel pouch. Now available at fine department stores.

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Touch-ups are heavenly, because you can remove hair that's only 1/16" long with Epilady Ultra. Millions of legs love the sexy weeks-long freedom of Epilady Ultra.

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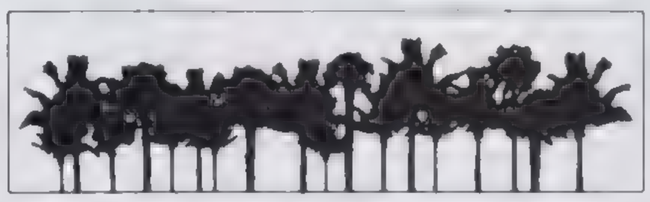

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IMAGES: cal-a-vie

seasickness can simply be kept at bay with those patches that people put somewhere behind their ears can deny the effect of healing substances on the skin.

Friday evening at Cal-a-Vie, there is always a combination of cooking class and dinner. Tables in the kitchen are set with fresh flowers and cheerful linen, and Michel, with his cohorts in attendance, prepares a many-coursed but strictly dietary meal with all the panache of a practiced performer. When a rich but mysteriously low-calorie blueberry mousse came out of the blender, we practically shouted "Olé!" We came away with a thick sheaf of recipes for delicious and healthful dishes, one or two of which I have since tried with great success.

I found the contrast between Quiberon—where my husband and I have been several times—and Cal-a-Vie hugely amusing. In Brittany, good manners call upon one to ignore the other clients. Famous people, from cabinet ministers to movie stars, pad around in their Porthault bathrobes as if Siegfried's *tarnhelm* had made them invisible. At the end of a week of bobbing up and down in the communal exercise pool, shoulder beside shoulder and thigh beside thigh, a very slight inclination of the head—"Bonjour, Monsieur" "Bonjour, Madame"—is the most that is allowed.

You never have to worry about what to wear. Everything is provided

In the Quiberon dining room, nothing but food is discussed. "There's a little bistro outside Nantes where the beurre blanc is simply . . ." says one solid matron to another. Then, "I always use the whole foie gras, macerated in cognac." Naturally the French find it a terrible trial to do without bread. As for doing without wine, *n'en parlons pas!*

At Cal-a-Vie, everyone was immediately on a first-name basis. Everyone appreciated the food, but apart from one or two nostalgic references to junk food, there was never a word about food in the abstract. The great subject of conversation was real estate—buying, selling, building, what a lot had cost last year, and what it was worth now. Nobody missed bread, but only a few could stomach the whole bottle of mineral water that we were meant to drink every day at room temperature. "Who ever drank water without ice?"

By week's end, stroked, smoothed, scrubbed, prodded, poked, stretched, and burnished, one felt as glossy and as coddled as a Kentucky Derby winner. Hands and feet were fresh from paraffin baths. Hair had a new luster.

In less than a week—I had arrived a day late because of a speaking engagement—I felt relaxed, purified, elated. I had also lost four pounds and, no less important, seven and a quarter inches here and there.

Since then, asked to describe my Cal-a-Vie stay "warts and all," I have had trouble finding the slightest protuberance. If pressed, I admit I could certainly have done without the so-called soothing music piped into the treatment rooms: drifting, amorphous puddles of sound gave new cogency to Erik Satie's term "wallpaper music."

And I questioned the serving of a pungent, even sweet, herbal tea before dinner. *Before dinner!* But I did have a perfectly wonderful time. ♥

SPA LISTING ▶ 162

SALON SELECTIVES
FROM HELENE CURTIS

LIKE YOU JUST STEPPED OUT OF A SALON

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Dry, damaged hair. That's no way to live. A fresh new start. That's what Salon Selectives Deep Moisturizing Treatment gives you. Developed in the salons of Helene Curtis, this Treatment's special creme formula Type D penetrates deep. Intensively deep. To soothe and strengthen weak strands. Health is restored. More than simply beautiful, this is salon beautiful. Here's to your new life.

L G U Also try new Salon Selectives Leave-In Conditioning, Clarifying Cleansing and Hot Oil Treatments.

Feel salon beautiful every day.

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Now when you bring a friend to Palm-Aire Spa Resort, you'll each get 25% off our Mini Spa Vacation Package.*

That means you'll both enjoy European beauty treatments, state-of-the-art fitness and nutrition programs, and the personal attention of our friendly staff.

And while you and a friend share a room, you don't have to share a bathroom because there are two in each room.

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PALM-AIRE SPA RESORT

Pompano Beach, Florida

*Offer valid through December 31, 1989. Subject to availability. Some restrictions apply. © 1989, Palm-Aire

IMAGES

Spa Update

American spas offer a number of different programs and rate plans. Here, a coast-to-coast list of the best of both small and large spas. It's best to call well in advance to book.

SMALL (50 GUESTS OR FEWER)

Hilton Head Health Institute, P.O. Box 7138, Hilton Head Island, South Carolina 29938; (800) 292-2440; occupancy 44; lifestyle change; stress-reduction/weight-loss/stop-smoking programs.

The Greenhouse, P.O. Box 1144, Arlington, Texas 76004; (800) 637-5882; occupancy 39; women only; comprehensive, nonpermissive programs; attentive staff; elegant rooms.

Tucson National Resort and Spa, 2727 West Club Drive, Tucson, Arizona 85741; (602) 297-2271; occupancy 50; highly professional staff; à la carte spa plan; tennis, golf; Russian baths/Swiss showers.

The Phoenix (coed first week of each month), 111 North Post Oak Lane, Houston, Texas 77024; (713) 680-1601; occupancy 15; excellent fitness/beauty programs; sophisticated track/exercise equipment.

Jane Fonda's Laurel Springs Retreat, Star Route, Santa Barbara, California 93105; (805) 964-9646; occupancy 6; emphasis on teaching health maintenance through diet and exercise routines; very personalized.

Cal-a-Vie (men's weeks, 6 a year; couples, 26 a year), 2249 Somerset Road, Vista, California 92084; (619) 945-2055; occupancy 24; personal programming (see page 150).

Golden Door (men's weeks, 8 a year; couples, 5 a year), 777 Deer Springs Road, San Marcos, California 92069; (619) 744-5777; occupancy 39; expert personal, disciplined programs. "Ask for anything—the only thing they'll turn down is your bed," says Pam Martin Sarnoff in her excellent new survey, *The Ultimate Spa Book* (Warner Books, $24.95).

Norwich Inn & Spa, 607 West Thames Street, Route 32, Norwich, Connecticut 06360; (203) 886-2401; occupancy 30; pleasant, relaxed ambience; top-caliber equipment and classes.

Sonoma Mission Inn and Spa, P.O. Box 1447, Sonoma, California 95476; (707) 938-9000; occupancy 50; good beauty and fitness services; wine country.

Le Pli Health Spa and Salon at the Charles Hotel, Charles Square, 5 Bennett Street, Cambridge, Massachusetts 02138; (800) 882-1818; occupancy 10; quality service; one-on-one personal trainers.

Topnotch at Stowe Resort and Spa, Mount Mansfield Road, P.O. Box 1248, Stowe, Vermont 05672; (802) 253-8585; occupancy 40; brand-new equipment; clean air, views, mountains; tennis, skiing; excellent food.

Two Bunch Palms, 67-425 Two Bunch Palms Trail, Desert Hot Springs, California 92240; (619) 329-8791; occupancy 44; Hollywood hideout; natural hot mineral springs; privacy (no exercise program).

Marriott's Desert Springs Resort & Spa, 74855 Country Club Drive, Palm Desert, California 92260; (800) 228-0848; spa occupancy 50; excellent facilities. ▶ 164

She tugged on his hand anxiously.

They passed a bank of hemlock trees sculptured as perfectly as the gardens at Villa D'Este.

"I've been coming here since I was five," there was an eagerness in her voice he found touching, "but I've never brought anyone else."

He smiled, glad to be sharing her secret.

GUCCI
Nº3

macy's

IMAGES

LARGER SPAS (OVER 50 GUESTS)

Canyon Ranch, 8600 East Rockcliff Road, Tucson, Arizona 85715; (800) 742-9000; occupancy 250; superb fitness, stress-reduction programs/instructors; hiking; every kind of sport; great food; fun.

Canyon Ranch in the Berkshires, 91 Kemble Street, Lenox, Massachusetts 01240; (800) 326-7100; occupancy 220; the new "Canyon Ranch in the East"; glass-enclosed walkways to gyms for winter stays; hiking, biking, sports.

Palm-Aire Spa Resort, 2501 Palm-Aire Drive North, Pompano Beach, Florida 33069; (800) 327-4960; occupancy 80; expert staff; new spa facilities; 37 tennis courts, 5 eighteen-hole golf courses.

Safety Harbor Spa and Fitness Center, 105 North Bayshore Drive, Safety Harbor, Florida 34695; (813) 726-1161; occupancy 320; mineral water treatments; excellent beauty treatments/exercise accommodations.

The Oaks at Ojai, 122 East Ojai Avenue, Ojai, California 93023; (805) 646-5573; occupancy 82; well-trained staff; good, nutritious food; value for money.

The Palms at Palm Springs, 572 North Indian Avenue, Palm Springs, California 92262; (619) 325-1111; occupancy 84; no-frills accommodations; exercise, beauty programs.

Doral Saturnia International Spa Resort, 8755 N.W. 36th Street, Miami, Florida 33178-2401; (800) 331-7768; occupancy 96; excellent exercise equipment/instructors/golf; water therapy.

Elizabeth Arden's Maine Chance, 5830 East Jean Avenue, Phoenix, Arizona 85018; (602) 947-6365; occupancy 61; women only; indulgent, caring service; first-class beauty, food (less emphasis on exercise).

La Costa Hotel & Spa, Costa del Mar Road, Carlsbad, California 92009; (800) 854-5000; occupancy 500; 400-acre fitness resort; his-and-hers first-rate exercise facilities; great climate; golf and tennis; pampering.

Sheraton Bonaventure Resort and Spa, 250 Racquet Club Road, Fort Lauderdale, Florida 33326; (800) 327-8090; occupancy 200; nutritionist; exercise programs; golf and tennis; comfortable hotel rooms.

Gurney's Inn Resort, Old Montauk Highway, Montauk, Long Island, New York 11954; (516) 668-2345; occupancy 250; oceanside; thalassotherapy; Olympic-size indoor saltwater pool; undemanding regime.

The Greenbrier, White Sulphur Springs, West Virginia 24986; (800) 624-6070; occupancy 180; deep-country surroundings; excellent sports; Sulphur Springs water treatments; fine spa equipment.

Snowbird Spa at the Cliff Lodge, Snowbird, Utah 84092; (800) 453-3000; occupancy 60; skiing in winter/hiking in summer; full-service beauty salon; massage hydrotherapy/parafango treatments.

The ANARA Spa at the Hyatt Regency Waikoloa, Big Island of Hawaii 96743; (808) 885-1234; spa occupancy 60; new facilities; state-of-the-art fitness center. IMAGES ▶ 166

JAY FEINBERG

COUTURE JEWELRY

NEIMAN MARCUS

SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

IMAGES: beauty answers

Electrical devices for everything from hair removal to facial steaming are proliferating, and other **"plugged in" beauty ideas** are on the way. Here, the pros and cons

REMEMBER WHEN A TOOTHBRUSH WAS a toothbrush, and a razor was a razor, and skin care meant soap and water?

Welcome to the modern age. Today, toothbrushes are often electrically propelled and called "plaque removers," hair removal can be carried out with a variety of electric pluckers, and skin care can easily mean electric massagers and at-home facial saunas. What do these new products really have to offer?

When plaque became public enemy number one in the early eighties, it wasn't surprising that soon after, electric plaque removers became big sellers. Today, you can take your pick from a wide array of options, among them Braun's Oral Care Center OC3O; Interplak; Windmere's Plak Trac; and Water Pik WP30W. A good toothbrush costs about $1.50; all of the machines mentioned cost more than fifty dollars. Is it worth spending the money?

"If these products encourage someone to brush more thoroughly than they might with a manual toothbrush, they're valuable," says Charles Schoenfeld, D.D.S., Ph.D., assistant secretary, Council on Dental Materials, Instruments, and Equipment for the American Dental Association (ADA). "Many have received the ADA's Seal of Acceptance for being safe and effective."

Many women, tired of the expense (and pain) of waxing and electrolysis, or the tedium of shaving, are trying some new options.

Epilady and Emjoi are both devices that remove hair at the root by plucking it out with electrically driven rotating parts, coils for Epilady, rubber threads for Emjoi. "Epilady has received varied reactions; women like its long-lasting results, but some find it painful to use," says Loren Krok, an executive vice president for EpiProducts. "Women who are used to waxing are more likely to accept Epilady, which, because it pulls hair out at the root, can be uncomfortable. Its advantage is that hair doesn't grow back for weeks."

Benjamin Raab, M.D., assistant professor of clinical dermatology at Northwestern Medical School, adds this caution: "The deeper you go in the hair follicle without destroying it (as in electrolysis), the greater your chance of ingrown hairs. So electric pluckers and waxing have a higher chance of causing ingrown hairs than shaving does."

One growing trend is the use of electrically heated body massagers for post-exercise muscle relief. These can make you *feel* great, but claims that they can "combat cellulite" are met with skepticism. "There's no scientific evidence that the fat deposits under the skin can be reduced through anything that's applied topically," says Dr. Raab. "The only proven ways to remove excess fat under the skin are through diet, exercise, and liposuction."

At-home facial saunas should also be used with caution, advises Dr. Raab. "Skin will look red after using a facial sauna because blood vessels are dilating in response to the heat of the steam, which causes pores to expand a bit to allow for perspiration, but steam probably isn't enough to cleanse pores."

Facial saunas are not recommended for those with acne. The heat and sweating can aggravate it. Also, if used too frequently, steam saunas, like too-hot electric blankets or any lengthy exposure to heat, could potentially cause permanent dilation of blood vessels.

—LAURA FLYNN McCARTHY

IMAGES ▶ 170

An independent new fragrance for men
Christian Dior

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L'HOMME INFINIMENT.

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SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking Causes Lung Cancer, Heart Disease, Emphysema, And May Complicate Pregnancy.

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Rich, satisfying taste.

Only 9 mg tar.
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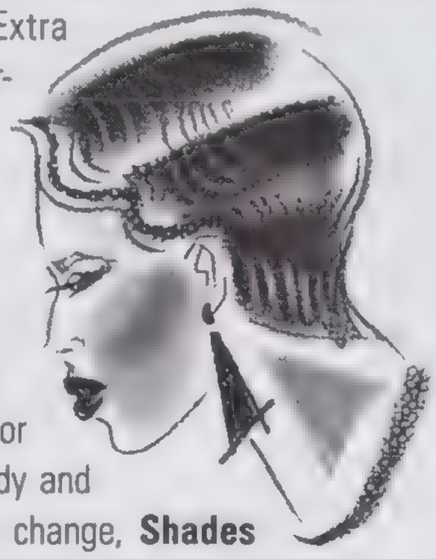
REDKEN

hair tips

Ornamental Chic...
Shades of the Season...
Signature Holiday Style

It's the peak of the holiday season and whether you're "weathering" winter or "resorting" to more tropical climes, the look for December is multi-dimensional dazzle. According to Ann Mincey, Redken's corporate spokesperson, black is no longer basic and neutrals aren't non-descript any more. The holiday fashion focus is on ornamentation—baubles, bangles and *brilliance.*

Now is your time to shine...with **Shades EQ™ Equalizing Conditioning Color Gloss**—translucent ornamental color without the long-term commitment. Choose from 13 shimmering "shades" or have your stylist custom-blend one especially for you. Extra gentle and extra versatile, **Shades EQ** can be used during and after perming, to blend grey or enhance natural color. Its no-lift formula is actually *good* for your hair. For extra body and shine without a color change, **Shades EQ Crystal Clear** will make holiday hair sparkle.



When social schedules and the shopping crunch threaten to dampen your festive spirit, *take 5*—**Velocity 5™ Permanent Wave.** Redken has added "Synchron-E™" to give you quick, conditioned curl in just 5 minutes—without sacrificing body, shine or manageability.

Shades EQ and Velocity 5—the signatures of the season. Visit your Redken salon and welcome winter...with style.

FOR MORE INFORMATION OR TO HAVE YOUR HAIR QUESTIONS ANSWERED–write to Ann Mincey at Redken Laboratories, Dept. H, 6625 Variel Avenue, Canoga Park, CA 91303. For free samples of Redken Classic haircare products or the name of the Redken salon nearest you, call 1-800-542-REDKEN.

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IMAGES: hair answers

Are all shampoos created equal? No. Making the right choice is often what makes the difference in the way hair looks and behaves

MAKERS OF LESS EXPENSIVE SHAMPOOS CLAIM THAT THE only difference between their products and "prestige" shampoos is cost; the makers of prestige shampoos, often with designer labels, would have you think the reason your hair isn't perfect is because you're using a cheap product.

"All shampoos have certain things in common," is one answer from David Cannell, Ph.D., corporate vice president of technology for Redken: "surfactants, necessary to clean away oil, perspiration, and dead cells; foam-stabilizing ingredients to enrich the lather; conditioning ingredients, often proteins or botanicals; thickeners to give the right viscosity to the product; and preservatives, fragrance, and color for eye appeal. However, it's still the specific formulation that makes one shampoo more or less effective than another."

Studies today prove that women want shampoos that leave something behind—elements that make hair easier to comb, or body-building polymers that coat the hair to make it appear thicker, but these "bonus effects" can also backfire. For instance, Neutrogena carried out studies that proved that because of residue buildup, hair could look worse, not better, after cleansing. Paul Mitchell's Awapuhi Shampoo, Redken's Hair Cleansing Creme, Vidal Sassoon's Solutions Revitalizing Deep Cleanser, and Neutrogena Shampoo all concentrate on thoroughly cleansing, not conditioning.

There are also an increasing number of shampoos to match hair type, but how do you determine what hair type you've got? "You go with the dominant trait," says Dr. Cannell. "If your hair is only slightly highlighted, choose a body-building shampoo; if it's more damaged from color, opt for the one for color-treated hair. Because people shampoo frequently, the usual designations of oily, dry, and normal are not as important today. All shampoos will clean the hair and scalp." In fact, blind studies in *Consumer Reports* magazine state that people with oily or dry hair often prefer shampoos meant for exactly the opposite type of hair from their own!

Scalp condition, however, is important in shampoo selection. "Seborrhea and dandruff are usually controllable by shampooing with an antidandruff shampoo, but active ingredients in dandruff shampoos vary," says Ronald Savin, M.D., clinical professor of dermatology at Yale Medical School. "Some use salicylic acid to improve scalp exfoliation (Sebulex); others use antibacterial/antiyeast agents like pyrithione zinc (Head & Shoulders), or tar (Neutrogena's T/Gel), though nobody knows exactly how tar works."

Happily, Dr. Savin notes that allergic reactions to shampoos are rare, probably because they are rinsed away right after they are applied. —**LAURA FLYNN McCARTHY**

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FITNESS

skin thin

Ex-athletes, today's new activewear designers, are revolutionizing outdoor gear by providing **warmth without bulk**

WALTER CHIN. Hair and makeup, Akira Mitani.

THERE'S A NEW CATEGORY OF sports clothes coming from a new breed of activewear designer—ex-athletes who understand that function leads to form. One result: activewear that allows for movement and warmth without bulk, making the puffy down ski parka obsolete.

Patagonia's stretch Synchilla gear, for instance, inspired by company founder/mountaineer Yvon Chouinard, combines a special pile-like fabric—known for its warmth, toughness, and quick drying—with Lycra for elasticity and a slim cut. The "solar alpha" jacket from Bogner (a company headed by Willy Bogner, Jr., a former member of the West German Olympic ski team) is made of a fiber that absorbs and stores the sun's heat.

But warmth isn't the only factor these designers have down to a science. Descente's ski unitard, actually cut in the tucked position of a downhill racer, is built for speed, and its fiber mix is virtually impermeable to moisture.

Another plus of the new active gear: jackets and tights that once worked only on the mountain trail can now be worn on both the running track and the cycling lane. There's also real value to the bright colors of the new sports clothes: they allow athletes to be safely spotted.—**HOPE HANSEN** **FITNESS ▶180**

1. Descente's aerodynamic suit built for ski-slope speed. 2. Hot stuff: Bogner's solar-heated jacket. 3. Patagonia's reversible jacket and soft Synchilla tights in high-visibility neon green. Details, last pages.

FITNESS NOTES

Have spa, will travel: on the road with The Spa at The Crescent

Most spas offer guests an escape from the hustle and bustle of everyday life. Dallas's Spa at The Crescent, which operates like a private club, promises that, too—plus something more. For members who feel ready to face the "real" world once again, the Spa at The Crescent offers luxe excursions to high-excitement events like the Academy Awards and the Kentucky Derby. The Spa at The Crescent has even sent members to New York City for a pre-Christmas shopping extravaganza. Fitness-oriented trips are also an option: this fall's choice was a bicycle tour through Provence, France, led by exercise maven Toni Beck, the spa's executive director. Future plans include a walking tour of the Swiss Alps and a journey to the 1992 Barcelona Olympics.

News from the target heart-rate zone

This month, Precor will introduce its state-of-the-art heart-rate monitor, used by exercisers to help them adjust the intensity of workouts. The most accurate monitors currently on the market measure heart rate with electrode-embedded chest straps, which can be uncomfortable and inconvenient; Precor's wrist model picks up on heartbeat-generated electrical impulses transmitted through the body. The price: $199 . . . . Although more and more exercisers are paying attention to their heart rates, the numbers may be misleading for women who participate in aerobics classes. University of Maryland, College Park, researchers measured the heart rates of women performing aerobic dance, then monitored the same women jogging on a treadmill. The women generated higher heart rates during aerobic dance than during running, even when performing these activities at equal intensities (as measured by oxygen consumption). A woman monitoring her heart rate during an aerobics class, then, might not be getting as strenuous a workout as she thinks she is. Although researchers can't explain the body's response, they do advise women to aim for a slightly higher heart rate during aerobic dance than during other types of exercise.

Diet school

Residential weight-loss centers are now eschewing their fat-farm image in a struggle to attract the fitness-minded and moderately overweight and thus claim a bigger share of the $33 billion diet market. One such facility currently getting lots of attention is the sixteen-year-old Duke University Diet and Fitness Center, located in Durham, North Carolina, a city referred to as the diet capital of the world. What's special about the Duke Diet Center's no-frills approach: its emphasis on education rather than pampering or gimmicks. The program begins with a thorough physical examination and a barrage of tests to assess everything from blood cholesterol levels to kidney, liver, and thyroid health; it then swings into a constant series of lectures, strategy seminars, and one-on-one sessions, all aimed at hammering home the message that healthy eating and exercise habits *can* be learned. Included in the program are meal planning and preparation classes, restaurant-dining workshops, even grocery-shopping field trips. The cost: $1,700 for five days; $2,600 for two weeks (longer visits can also be arranged). For more information, call 919-684-6331.

Executives sweat for success at the Canyon Ranch spas

More and more CEOs are sinking big bucks into corporate wellness programs in order to boost morale and reduce absenteeism in the company ranks, and spas are rushing to find ways to take advantage of this exceedingly profitable interest. Canyon Ranch, for one, lures workaholic execs to its Executive Health Program in Tucson and in its recently unveiled facility in Lenox, Massachusetts. The four-day program—open to both individuals and corporate groups—takes the standard company physical and pushes it one critical step further: execs not only receive a thorough examination but are taught how to translate their doctors' health recommendations into specific diet and exercise practices. The program's strength is that it applies corporate America's can-do ethic to the task of building healthy corporate Americans. The price: $1,200–$1,500; for the executives' spouses or companions, $380 (medical not included).

Aspiring CEOs who dream of making it to the top might be well advised to take advantage of such fitness opportunities. According to a new survey conducted by James Rippe, director of the Exercise Physiology and Nutrition Lab at the University of Massachusetts Medical Center, Worcester, more than 60 percent of company CEOs who responded to his questionnaire reported exercising on a regular basis, compared with only 20 percent of the population as a whole. The payoff: three out of four CEOs said they were ill fewer than three days last year; half did not take a single sick day.

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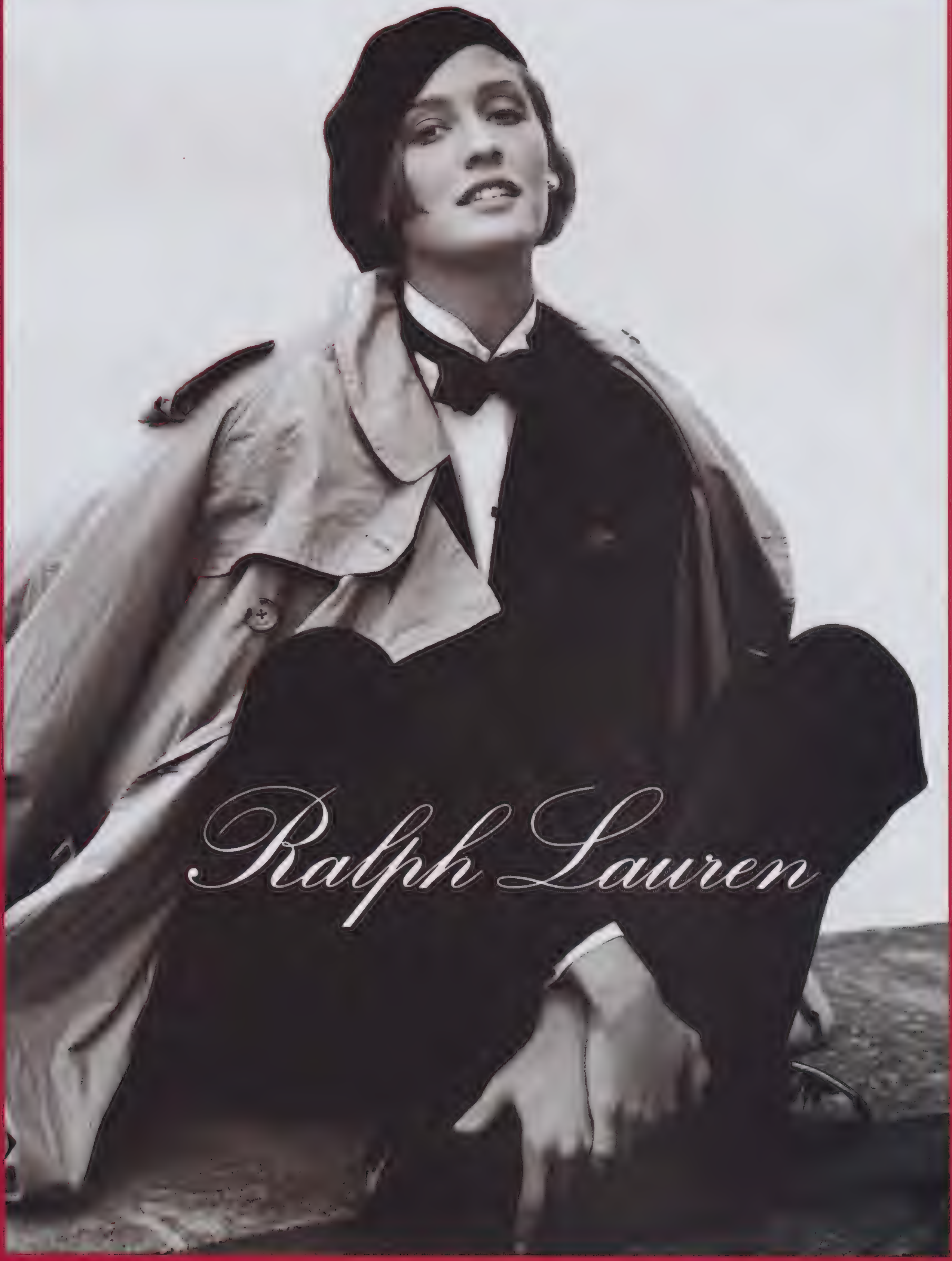
the woman.

ELIZABETH TAYLOR'S

PASSION

MACY'S

Jewelry by Harry Winston
Photo by Norman Parkinson


Ralph Lauren

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . .

SEASON'S READINGS In this season of hope and charity, one should follow the First Lady and join the fight against illiteracy—give books for Christmas. Social columnist Billy Norwich reports that **Brooke Astor's choice** is *The Reader's Catalog*, an annotated selection of more than 40,000 books. Not just for high minds, the categories range from Japanese Literature to True Crime. For those who like their literature low, there's *The Kennedy Encyclopedia: An A-to-Z Illustrated Guide to America's Royal Family* (New American Library). Covering three generations of **Kennedy trivia,** this can't-put-it-down book lists everything: "Cadillac Eddie" was Ted Kennedy's nickname in law school; "the roped horse" was Gloria Swanson's description of Joe Kennedy in bed. And for those friends teetering on the cutting edge: a charter subscription to *Garbage*. Subtitled "The Practical Journal for the Environment," it's printed on recycled paper with nontoxic ink and includes features on natural pest controls, the risks of eating seafood, and, true to its name, a preponderance of items on how best to dispose of garbage. . . . **FALLEN ANGELS** Yes, Virginia, there is a God. Jerry Falwell's Moral Majority has collapsed, Jimmy Swaggart's audience has dropped by half, and a convicted **Jim Bakker** emerged from under his lawyer's couch guilty on twenty-four counts. A TV movie is already in the making—Art Harris, whose stuff in *The Washington Post* was by far the most entertaining, is scripting *God and Greed*. Until then there's *Forgiven: The Rise and Fall of Jim Bakker and the PTL Ministry* (Atlantic) by Charles Shepard, who broke the story and won a Pulitzer for *The Charlotte Observer*. . . . Who's filling all those empty pulpits? None other than **Ollie North,** on the circuit to defray his multimillion-dollar legal bills. For $25,000 a pop, on an average of twice a week, North denounces the Left's "political hot tub" and cracks jokes about "Mickey" Gorbachev. At a recent dinner, North shared the bill with a raffle for a semiautomatic weapon. "In twenty-twenty hindsight," said one of the organizers, in what is surely a motto for the age, "Maybe [the gun raffle] was an error." . . . **HIGH TIMES** Drug czar **Bill Bennett** may have dated **Janis Joplin** in college (she sang him a thirty-minute version of "Me and Bobby McGee" and he never asked her out again), but that's not enough for some folks. In a piece for *The New Republic* called **"What Crack Is Like,"** Jefferson Morley urges Bennett and the boys to "facilitate a certain realism about the conflict" and smoke a little crack. Never mind that in his own realistic state he thought his air conditioner was going to fall on his head and developed this piece of logic: crackheads are no worse than yuppies, except they favor $25 rocks over expensive CD players. Besides, "it's great." Meanwhile, *The New York Times* reports that affluent addicts are more likely to deny their problem. Mmmm. . . . **HOPE SPRINGS** We may have lowered our expectations, but Americans never lose hope. *The First Really Important Survey of American Habits* (Price Stern Sloan) reports that 88 percent of all Americans have entered a sweepstakes, 79 percent have bought lottery tickets, and 70 percent have bet on a sporting event. . . . Just when you thought there was no one left to nip, tuck, or chisel, the nation's most successful hope merchants, **plastic surgeons,** are hustling patients in the nation's junior highs. The Facial Plastic Surgery Information Service is offering a free pamphlet, *Facial Plastic Surgery for Teens: A Parent's Guide*—a must, says the FPSIS, when your "child expresses an interest in or seems to have a need for facial plastic surgery." . . . **HEART STRINGS** is one of those rare AIDS benefits that provide education and inspiration along with the cold filet. In an emotional musical production traveling to thirty cities, local and national performers present a series of narratives based on interviews with patients, doctors, parents, and lovers, followed by music and dance. Last fall in Nashville, Rosanne Cash, Minnie Pearl, and Janis Ian took to the stage; next stops include L.A. in January, Houston and Miami in February. Sponsored by the Design Industries Foundation for AIDS, the event's final stop is Manhattan in March.—**JULIA REED**

BAGGING IT

The Paris Chanel boutique is so besieged by ravenous Japanese tourists, the sales staff has been forced to set a three-per-customer limit on the quilted signature bag they crave. Undaunted, the status-conscious Japanese, who are forced to pay enormous tariffs on foreign goods at home, stand outside and beg to buy from exiting customers.

POST WARS

After years of discussion, Washington Post Company chairman Katharine Graham has agreed to do her memoirs for Knopf—but she may have been goaded by a source other than her publisher. Former *Washington Post* reporter Loren Jenkins, who won a Pulitzer for the paper, is doing his own book on Graham, her family, and their paper for Little, Brown, due in 1992.

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from
Marlboro Country

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Kings: 11 mg "tar," 0.8 mg nic
mg "tar," 1.1 mg nicotine—10
1.2 mg nicotine—Kings Box:
nicotine—Menthol
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1.1 mg nicotin

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dressed for

Which movies defined the look of the eighties? Six designers respond

DONNA KARAN

DANGEROUS LIAISONS—"The eclecticness of it! It had a blasé decadence that was very modern. The nightgowns had a casualness and seductiveness. The fantasy and decadence were handled in a natural way—with natural makeup."

DESPERATELY SEEKING SUSAN—"Madonna made the thrift shop look very important."

TOP GUN—"Kelly McGillis epitomized the timeless look women want to have today."

CHARIOTS OF FIRE—"Influenced the college look and also softened spring and summer clothes—an airy, feminine quality."

MARC JACOBS

WOMEN ON THE VERGE OF A NERVOUS BREAKDOWN—"Madcap, with wacky women—I always like that. The girl dating the terrorist was wearing miniature espresso pots as earrings."

SOMETHING WILD—"The madness of this movie was so great. Those African bracelets! That customized ghetto blaster!"

BETTY BLUE—"The idea of wearing that red T-shirt dress with high heels and no stockings. There was just something nutty, sexy, and gorgeous about Béatrice Dalle."

THE GREAT ROCK AND ROLL SWINDLE—"This film was important because it told the story of the last great musical innovation. The punk influence is still strong."

CAROLYNE ROEHM

DESPERATELY SEEKING SUSAN—"With Madonna's help, it single-handedly brought back the brassiere."

URBAN COWBOY—"It gave us the country and western look."

RISKY BUSINESS—"It resurrected the Ray-Ban Wayfarer from the grave."

GEOFFREY BEENE

FATAL ATTRACTION—"The color black."

DANGEROUS LIAISONS—*"La belle poitrine."*

THE NAME OF THE ROSE—"The most inspiring film of the decade: monastic severity and hoods."

WORKING GIRL—"What not to wear."

WHITE MISCHIEF—"Alluring garden-party clothes."

CAROLINA HERRERA

RISKY BUSINESS—"Ray-Bans."

ELEPHANT MAN—"Influenced the world of plastic surgery."

RAIDERS OF THE LOST ARK—"The return of trench coats, bomber jackets, and soft brown fedoras."

BILL BLASS

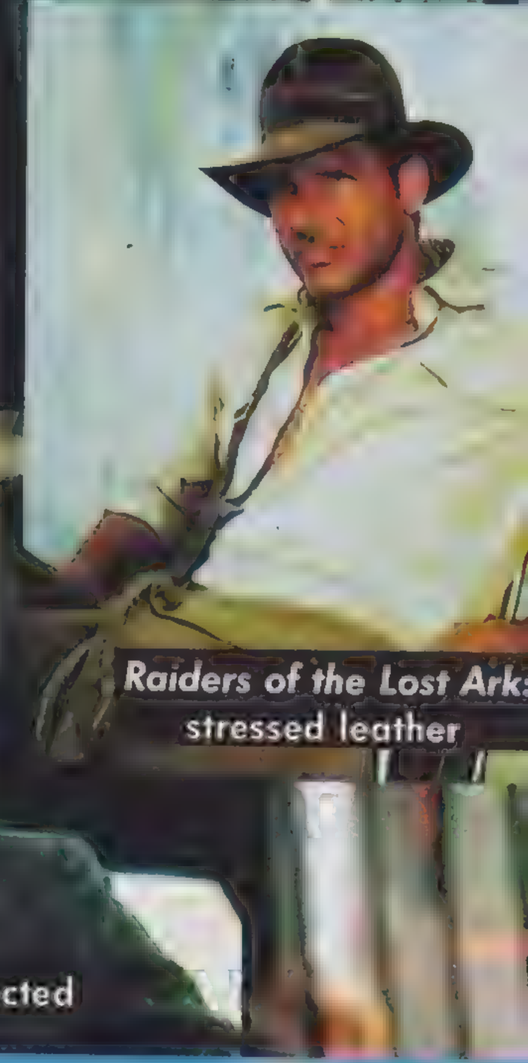
THE LAST EMPEROR—"A rare peek into the unseen opulence of the Forbidden City."

DANGEROUS LIAISONS—"Illustrated an almost slavish attention to luxury and detail."

DESPERATELY SEEKING SUSAN—"Brought downtown into the mainstream."

Top Gun: she loved a man in uniform

Fatal Attraction: black magic



Raiders of the Lost Ark: stressed leather

Risky Business: Ray-Bans resurrected

White Mischief: safari, so good

excess

In eighties movies, style was all. **David Edelstein** decodes the looks of a dizzy decade

Blue Velvet: a fetish for fabrics

Chariots of Fire: the empire style

Desperately Seeking Susan: singlehandedly brought back the brassiere

Dangerous Liaisons: décolletage

ON THE SURFACE, AMERICAN MOVIES WERE NEVER MORE STYLISH than in the 1980s. Visually homogenized, aurally synthesized, the trendsetters were seductive vacuums; they seemed to unspool in a bell jar, far removed from the grit and hurly-burly of an America still trying to adjust to the legacy of a bitter war and the counterculture.

The new look went beyond the return of muscles, blonds, and old-fashioned, blue-eyed movie stars like Mel Gibson. It was colored gels connecting every shot—imposing creamy visual consistency on material that often had none. It was lighting from the back and side to make actors glow and then swathing them with smoke from cigarettes and manholes. It was editing to a Dolby-ized backbeat. It was storyboarding the life out of a subject—selling every shot.

Most of what audiences flocked to in the eighties had a "look" and a "feel" as opposed to a true *style*, which grows organically out of *context*. Producers Don Simpson and Jerry Bruckheimer presided over *Flashdance* and *Top Gun*, two films that, in subject matter, couldn't have been more distant: one featured an idealistic hoofer, the other, macho bucks training to be superpilots. Yet the films share a sheen, a backbeat, and that all-purpose theme: Go For It.

Studios went for it, too. Run primarily by marketing men, they saw their concept of box office change for all time with the explosion of *Jaws* and *Star Wars* in the seventies. In the eighties they built movies more than ever around formulas, and they hired salesmen instead of artists—directors from commercials and music videos (which had as much of an impact on the cinema as on the record business).

As a stylist (and salesman), Adrian Lyne, of *Flashdance*, has few peers. He uses long lenses to suspend those beautiful bodies in milky space; his images lap against your eyes. The film is his vacuous masterpiece—a vision of movies as living fashion spreads—and its muzzy informality could not have been more precise (or seductive). Watching Michael Nouri pose with Jennifer Beals through a blue veil of rain while Giorgio Moroder's synthesizers coated my ears, I was annoyed that the film didn't tell me where I could purchase his jacket. (Many women, however, had no trouble taking scissors to their T-shirts, and designers like Norma Kamali soon integrated sweats into everyday wear.)

Poor Lyne came a cropper trying to match his dazzling style to psychological complexity in *9 1/2 Weeks*. His antihero (Mickey Rourke) had the look—a two-day growth of beard, black clothes, a severe high-tech apartment that could have doubled as an outlet for Comme des Garçons. But the messy story of a sadomasochistic relationship didn't quite feel at home in this MTV terrain. And when Lyne tried to end *Fatal Attraction* with a downbeat suicide, the audience told him again that his style set them up for something much less difficult. Lyne had little choice but to turn Glenn Close into a frothing beast, and the climax into *Halloween*.

Emotional messiness was out in the eighties. Even with violence, audiences liked their body counts high and their level of empathy low. Artillery-based thrillers offered what in essence was a drug experience—cheap jolts dissociated from any real pain.

Top Gun was a seminal eighties experience, a film that, despite its hawkish posturing, had no serious politics. Simpson and Bruckheimer assembled a script as if by numbers and poured throb- ▶ 190

Timothy Fellman's Hamilton wasn't just handed down from his grandfather, it was made by his grandfather.

Call it the ultimate heirloom. A Hamilton Boulton Model, made in 1935, its 14k gold case inscribed, "Garfield L. Fellman, 1904–1988."

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bing pop songs into its mighty crevasses. Tony Scott, a TV-commercial director, cared more about lighting and colored smoke than dramatic logic—the movie was all long, phallic-looking planes gliding across the screen and bare-chested men going pectoral-to-pectoral. The style had not much to do with war or the military; it was, in essence, a commercial for itself—and audiences bought it by the millions.

Even when movies meant to expose a character's vacancy, they ended up selling chic alienation as a "look." Paul Schrader's *American Gigolo* began the trend of chic alienation: Blondie's "Call Me," the neon-script credits, the call-boy hero's Armani suits, the use of high-tech modernism suggested both glamour and emotional dullness. Sure, Richard Gere's Julian was a prisoner of his lack of commitment—but everyone should have such jailbird duds (the movie launched Armani in this country), such women, such stereo equipment.

Movies even ended up selling chic alienation as a "look"

The obsession with a "look" turned other serious movies topsy-turvy. Take *Risky Business*, a supposedly ironic fable that ended up endorsing the attitudes it meant to satirize. It's the tale of a privileged suburban boy (Tom Cruise) who uses his parents' wealth to get girls, fast cars, and cool sunglasses, but who lives with nightmares of failing out of school and losing it all. Studio pressure forced writer-director Paul Brickman to graft on an upbeat ending, but maybe that was inevitable: the languorous visuals, the near commercials for Ray-Bans and Porsches, and the floating Tangerine Dream score had helped to make this vision more seductive than Brickman could have dreamed. Kids came out with their cynical materialism strengthened. And sales of Ray-Bans soared.

But then, kids were always being stroked by studios in the eighties—anything to get them to shell out. For a while John Hughes ruled the roost, and rightly so: he was an inspired materialist, a writer-director with radar for the icons and emblems of teen fashion, peppering his movies with pop-culture allusions and Looney Toons surrealism. In movies like *Sixteen Candles*, *The Breakfast Club*, and *Pretty in Pink*, Hughes defined his teenage characters by their hairstyles, makeup, and even lunches. But his genius was showing how they define themselves like that, too, and how they stand back, on occasion, from their own theatrical personae.

Hughes cannily pitted masterful teens against repressive or uncomprehending authority figures. Later, when the demographics (and politics) of moviegoing began to change, Hughes went the other way. In *Uncle Buck*, an overgrown kid (John Candy) faces up to the responsibility of parenting and saves a confused young girl from sex and drugs. The movie was about the bankruptcy of the counterculture, which Hughes had ridden on in the early part of the decade.

As Reagan's America turned its back on the sixties—trying to pretend that we'd returned by time machine to the fifties—fake and ersatz and tacky became hip. John Waters and his pink flamingos entered the mainstream. David Lynch, perhaps the most striking visual artist of the decade, explored in *Blue Velvet* the rot beneath the sterile, well-manicured fifties facade.

But in *Melvin and Howard*, Jonathan Demme and writer Bo Goldman found a weird creativity in the heartland: the American dream was alive and vital even in TV game shows, paneled living rooms, and get-rich-quick schemes. Not that Demme's vision was saccharine. In *Something Wild*, he and writer E. Max Frye fashioned a disturbing meditation on the yuppie fantasy of escape, hinting at both the longings and rage that lurk beneath the theme motels, neon strips, and fast-food stores that make up so much of roadside America.

The kitsch genre reinforced the sense of American culture as a vacuum—that we were living in an era when nothing new was possible, that all we could do was reshuffle past styles. The image that haunts is from Joel and Ethan Coen's *Raising Arizona*, in which a man and wife wearing plastic sunglasses sit on plastic chairs outside their paneled trailer home on the edge of the desert and try to convince themselves they have it all. They look a little like average eighties moviegoers—living in a fantasy past, blissed out on a fake sunset. Style has superseded content.

What we're talking about, of course, is fake style—or of "look" masquerading as style. But the eighties did have its share of genuine stylists, filmmakers who will bring to the nineties that same unity of form and content. There's Lynch and the Coens and Jim Jarmusch. In Demme's work, tacky costumes, props, and lingo are billboards for the spirit, but his gift with actors and compositions guarantees you don't mistake the billboard for the human being beneath.

In *The Right Stuff*, Philip Kaufman drew powerful (and hilarious) contrasts between the image and reality of heroism under siege by American mass media; and in *The Unbearable Lightness of Being*, he turned Milan Kundera's philosophical novel into a lustrous, lapidary meditation on eroticism in a culture where nothing is assured of any permanence. Young Tim Burton's pop-out surrealism proved surprisingly resonant and heartfelt in *Pee-wee's Big Adventure*, *Beetlejuice*, and *Batman*, and Burton, alone of the eighties blockbuster directors, dared to flout conventional formulas.

The success in the late eighties of offbeat material suggests that artists, after the initial shock of formula madness, have finally learned to work out complicated ideas in more marketable packages. As we enter the nineties, it appears that the culture's long opiate sleep is coming to an end. ▼

David Edelstein *is film critic for the* New York Post.

NINA RICCI
PARIS

Photo Dominique Issermann

Nina

MACY'S

DANCE

The Nutcracker is the old standby of seasonal ballets. DAVID DANIEL explains why it is also the most exasperating

Peter Boal, LEFT, and Damian Woetzel, RIGHT, take a leap in Karinska's famous costumes for Balanchine's *The Nutcracker*. They will both dance the Sugarplum Fairy's Cavalier this month for the New York City Ballet.

THE NUTCRACKER IS THE MOST FREQUENTLY performed ballet in existence. About this time every year I begin to think of it as Ballet Hell. Any town that boasts a woman who can stand more or less upright in point shoes knows it has a Sugarplum Fairy on its hands, and a *Nutcracker* will soon be constructed around her. There must be at least a dozen movie versions of the ballet, each worse than the other, and at least one will be a fixture of holiday-time television. There are Freudian interpretations that make you gag audibly with disbelief: for example, the prepubescent Clara might metamorphose into the Sugarplum Fairy and fall in love with the octogenarian Herr Drosselmeyer, who is transformed into the Nutcracker Prince. Then there are the readings that suggest the whole ballet was a bad dream that could have been avoided if little Clara had only had access to Rolaids. I have also seen *The Nutcracker* danced in drag by an all-male troupe in a part of Manhattan that otherwise houses meat-packing plants and S&M bars.

Of course, we all know that *The Nutcracker* is a Christmastime tradition. What may be less well known is that this annual orgy is no older than rock and roll. Tchaikovsky, in collaboration with Marius Petipa and Lev Ivanov, composed *The Nutcracker* for the Imperial Ballet in St. Petersburg in 1892. Nobody wanted to know about it. In the West, various companies mounted versions now and again for the next fifty years, but people still stayed away in droves. In 1954, George Balanchine needed a hit to enliven the box office of the six-year-old New York City Ballet (NYCB), and he produced one. It is Balanchine's staging of *The Nutcracker* that gave life to a tradition so inevitable we can't imagine a time when it didn't exist.

The New York City Ballet's performances, of which there are some four dozen every year, have engendered another, more private tradition—the New Year's Eve *Nutcracker*. I first noticed something funny in 1967. A little group of Mice about to make their running exit after battling with the Hussars fell over in a dead clump. A quick look through my opera glasses told me someone had tied their tails together. Later in the same performance I noticed a strange glitter about the faces of the Snowflakes. Another look. Nearly half of them were wearing wire-rimmed granny glasses. Robert Maiorano, a former NYCB dancer, offers an explanation: "By the time New Year's Eve came around, we'd been playing the same show every night for over a month. And we'd be dying from the routine. Just to break the monotony someone might slip you a note that said 'Your fly is open' or 'Your mother is on the roof and can't get down.' You'd break up. Like trying not to laugh out loud in church. It kind of gave you a lift because it was so taboo."

Dancers in the smaller companies outside New York routinely call the Christmas classic The Ballbreaker. A corps de ballet dancer from Alabama told me, "We call it that because that's what it is. If there are only twenty girls in the company, everybody has to dance at least four parts. You're a mother in the first scene. You have to change your costume, wig, and makeup and come back as a Snowflake. Then you rip all that off and get ready for the Spanish Dance. You're right back on again in the Waltz of the Flowers. So you're practically dead before the first performance is over. And the season has just started!"

The Nutcracker can be hell for other reasons too. Even the most modest production of the ballet calls on virtually the entire mechanical arsenal of the ba- ▶194

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roque opera house. There must be a snowstorm, a tree has to grow up out of a vast trap in the stage floor, and flats have to be flown in to produce scenic transformations at blink-of-an-eye speed. The French call this backstage apparatus *la gloire*. When it all works, nothing could be more aptly named. But it didn't all work at the Metropolitan Opera House for the premiere of Rudolf Nureyev's Royal Ballet *Nutcracker* in 1968. At one point, when the canvases for one scene were supposed to fly away silently to be replaced by others, neither happened. Four pieces of scenery screeched and growled and teetered back and forth ominously, and finally came to a halt, leaving a gaping hole in the center of the stage through which you could see halfway to New Jersey. To make matters worse, Merle Park, the Sugarplum Fairy, accidentally smacked an arabesque into Nureyev's groin. Nureyev had had all he could take. He stomped off the stage, abandoning Park to improvise as best she could. She began to circle the stage in a *manège* of turns and jumps. Every time she neared the wing into which Nureyev had disappeared, you could hear her calling, "Rooo-dolf. Rooo-dolf. You *have* to come back." Above that, you could hear Nureyev cursing loudly and the sound of metal chairs and crockery crashing against the wall.

Robert Sandla, a former dancer who is now a ballet critic, believes that a *Nutcracker* can inspire a unique spirit of community-mindedness in people. In 1975 he was dancing in a company in Honolulu that commissioned a *Nutcracker* from Michael Uthoff, the artistic director of the Hartford Ballet. The Atlanta Ballet lent them a set of costumes. "We hired a group of young girls as apprentices for the party in Act I," Sandla recalls. "We knew they'd never danced professionally before. But we had no idea none of them had ever seen a hoopskirt or even *heard* of a fur muff. There wasn't one girl who even knew how to operate a fan. The corps de ballet girls were busy learning Snowflakes and Flowers and the divertissements. So the corps de ballet boys had to teach them how to walk in their hoopskirts, how to hold their muffs, how to flick open a fan in a single gesture and make sure the design is facing the audience."

On weekends, once the season opened, Sandla told me the company had only an hour's respite between matinee and evening performances. "So we'd all pile into the station wagon, still in our stage makeup, and go whizzing over to Burger King and munch out before the next curtain." Were they treated like visitors from another planet? "Not at all," Sandla replies. "They had all been to see us. They thought we were stars."

They were. However exasperating and hellish the omnipresence of *Nutcracker* can be at times, its proliferation is actually a very healthy sign. It means that we have a genuine dance culture. *The Nutcracker* is its paramount emblem, and everyone wants a share. So maybe it isn't Ballet Hell after all, but Ballet Purgatory. And only ballet critics will have to spend the first seven or eight million years of eternity watching it. ▼

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THEATER

Dustin Hoffman is testing his mettle as Shylock on Broadway. JOHN HEILPERN assesses his Shakespearean debut in *The Merchant of Venice*

"I FOLLOW MY NOSE," SAYS DUSTIN HOFFMAN, "WHICH is a long journey." Maybe so. But Hoffman's decision to play Shakespeare was surprising, and to some looked like a suicide mission. For one thing, at fifty-two, Hoffman is tackling Shakespeare for the first time in his life. For another, he deliberately (and daringly) entered the lion's den—making his Shakespearean debut in London, traditional home of great English classical acting, before opening in New York City, traditional home of inferiority complexes concerning the above.

Little wonder he described himself, with an American openness the English warmed to, as "scared shitless." In his starter Shakespearean role, as Shylock in Sir Peter Hall's production of *The Merchant of Venice*, Hoffman was up against such other Shylocks of the London stage as Gielgud, Richardson, and Olivier (who played Shylock like a Rothschild banker). Why, then, did he risk it? "I didn't want to die and go to actor heaven or actor hell and have some guy come up to me and say: 'You were a star and you *didn't* do Shakespeare?' "

Hoffman began his career as a stage actor, sharing a New York apartment with two other struggling unknowns, Gene Hackman and Robert Duvall. His life was turned around when Mike Nichols cast him in *The Graduate*, and the "big-nosed, acned dwarf," as Hoffman describes himself, became an international star. He has done little stage work in the twenty years or so since, apart from a memorable Willy Loman in *Death of a Salesman* on Broadway in 1984. The director of that production, Michael Rudman, a Texan based in England, was to prove the unlikely middleman in Hoffman's return to the stage as Shylock.

A year ago, Hoffman asked Rudman if he thought Peter Hall, founder of the Royal Shakespeare Company, artistic director of the National Theatre for fifteen years, and now head of a new West End theater company, would consider him for a Shakespearean role. Rudman, picking himself up off the floor, felt certain that Hall would be most amenable. Artistic considerations aside, Hoffman's name would mean a million or two at the box office. But when Hall met Hoffman, there was a hitch.

The actor wanted to play Hamlet. Hall, a cool negotiator, a Machiavellian, pointed out that Hamlet might be a little too demanding for his Shakespearean debut. (In addition to which, Hoffman is about twenty-five years too old for the part.) Hall suggested Shylock in *The Merchant of Venice*, a brilliant idea. Dustin Hoffman is supreme at playing outsiders—the bum Ratso Rizzo in *Midnight Cowboy*, the persecuted Lenny Bruce, the failed salesman Willy Loman, or the autistic savant of *Rain Man*. Shylock, the despised Jew of *The Merchant of Venice*, may be the ultimate outsider. Furthermore, Hoffman, an American Jew who suffered from anti-Semitism as a child, would be playing with an English classical company, making him a double outsider—as Shylock is in privileged Venetian society. It could work! Soon Hall was recording tutorials in Shakespearean diction and mailing them to Hoffman across the Atlantic. And thus Shylock, the smallest great role in Shakespeare, came to be played by Hoffman, the smallest great actor in films.

"I could do it this way," he was saying earnestly to Hall one day, discussing a minute detail during rehearsals in London. "Yes, yes," said Hall, puffing patiently on a cigar. A bear of a man, he towers over Hoffman, who's about five feet two. "Or I could do it this way," Hoffman added with his familiar adenoid intensity. "That's good," said Hall. But Hoffman looked at him as if both their lives depended on it. "Or this way . . ."

For an instant he looked exactly like the obsessive actor in *Tootsie*, fussing over how to play a tomato in a food commercial. ("You were a tomato!" snapped his despairing agent in the movie. "Tomatoes don't have logic!") Hoffman is renowned for his emotional involvement in a role—an exhausting, sometimes destructive search for perfection. When he starred in *Marathon Man* with Olivier (whom he called Lord), Hoffman, true to his Method, went without sleep for thirty-six hours to play a particular scene more realistically. "Why don't you try acting, dear ▶ 202

ROBERT RISKO

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THEATER

boy?" Olivier said to him. "It's so much easier."

On *Rain Man*, he went through four directors and six screenwriters; on *Tootsie*, another four directors and eight writers. How would the Bard survive? Eager to underplay the Hollywood superstar, Hoffman appears to have undergone a dramatic personality change from monster perfectionist to sweetheart company man. He has shunned all personal publicity and star billing (the cast is listed strictly in alphabetical order). "I don't know where Dustin gets his awkward reputation from," says Peter Hall, a successful cunning behind his eyes. "He's a craftsman-genius."

The British reviewers were divided but respectful toward Hoffman's ironic, foxy Shylock. For some critics, he lacked the lightning of a tragic hero. But to this spectator, he was more convincing in his first Shakespeare than many of the actorish English stylists onstage with him. He is a Shylock more sinned against than sinning. He plays him not exactly craven, but forbearing. In his

"I don't know where Dustin gets his awkward reputation from," says Peter Hall. "He's a craftsman-genius"

Hasidic curls and velvet yarmulke, Hoffman keeps grinning as great gobs of spit from the Venetian gentiles literally smack him in the face. It is a performance that serves the production rather than the star.

On the opening night, when such Shakespearean scholars as Swifty Lazar, Paul McCartney, and Joan Collins rose at the end to give him an ovation, he refused to take a solo bow. The cast applauded him and tried to push him forward, but he appeared at the curtain call wrestling with Portia (Geraldine James), pushing her to the edge of the footlights instead. He looked genuinely bashful (and relieved). On the other hand, and unusually for the habitually solemn Dustin Hoffman, he was grinning all over his face. ▼

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BOOKS

Legendary as Genêt, *The New Yorker*'s Paris correspondent, **Janet Flanner** exuded both wit and style. CATHARINE STIMPSON reads her life

JANET FLANNER DIED IN 1978, A LEGEND WITH two reputations. For the great public, she was Genêt, the celebrity journalist who lived in Paris, knew everyone and everything, and wrote vividly about Europe for *The New Yorker*. For a much tinier group, she was a lesbian *and* a famous writer. She lived dashingly and traveled to Fire Island by seaplane. The tale of these two reputations, which *Genêt: A Biography of Janet Flanner,* by Brenda Wineapple (Ticknor and Fields), describes, is the material of a *Masterpiece Theater* for the liberal-minded.

FAR LEFT: Janet Flanner in Rome in the 1950s. ABOVE: Mary McCarthy interviewing Flanner at the Continental in 1965. BELOW: With Ernest Hemingway at the café Deux Magots during World War II.

Flanner was born in 1892, the second of three daughters of a cultivated, prosperous family in Indianapolis. If she had obeyed the proprieties, she might have married, suckled children, chuckled with grandchildren, served on a symphony board, and read *The New Yorker*. A grandchild might have met Tama Janowitz in college.

Flanner turned away. Abetting her rejection was a family with whiffs of unconventionality. Mary Ellen, her mother, was artistic and found her domestic role confining. Her daughters were meant to fulfill the ambitions their births had frustrated. Flanner evaded and loved her. When Mary Ellen died, Flanner was with her.

Frank, Flanner's father, was an idealistic civic leader. He helped, for example, to start a settlement house for African-Americans. He was also one of Indianapolis's leading morticians. His daughter preferred to forget exactly what profession paid for her pony traps and private schools. Increasingly anxious, he mixed together a fatal cup of poisons in 1912 and drank it in the chapel of his funeral home.

After her father's death, Flanner created her adult identity. To help, she had a moderate income from his estate. Like many strong-willed, middle-class women of her generation, she drifted for a while, unable to reconcile her gifts for a public life with an apparently destined role in a man's private life. She dropped out of the University of Chicago, did social work, and through family friends, got a job on *The Indianapolis Star* and experimented with art and film criticism. In 1918, she married a man she had met at the university, William Lane Rehm, nicknamed Rube. Possibly she desired him less than she did an escape from the Midwest. Fortunately, he was a decent, kindly fellow fugitive.

Dramatizing that fabled passage from the suffocating provinces to a liberating Bohemia, the couple ► 206

Far left: © FENNO JACOBS, 1971; above: MARC RIBOUD/Magnum Photos; below: DAVID SCHERMAN, *Life* magazine, © Time, Inc

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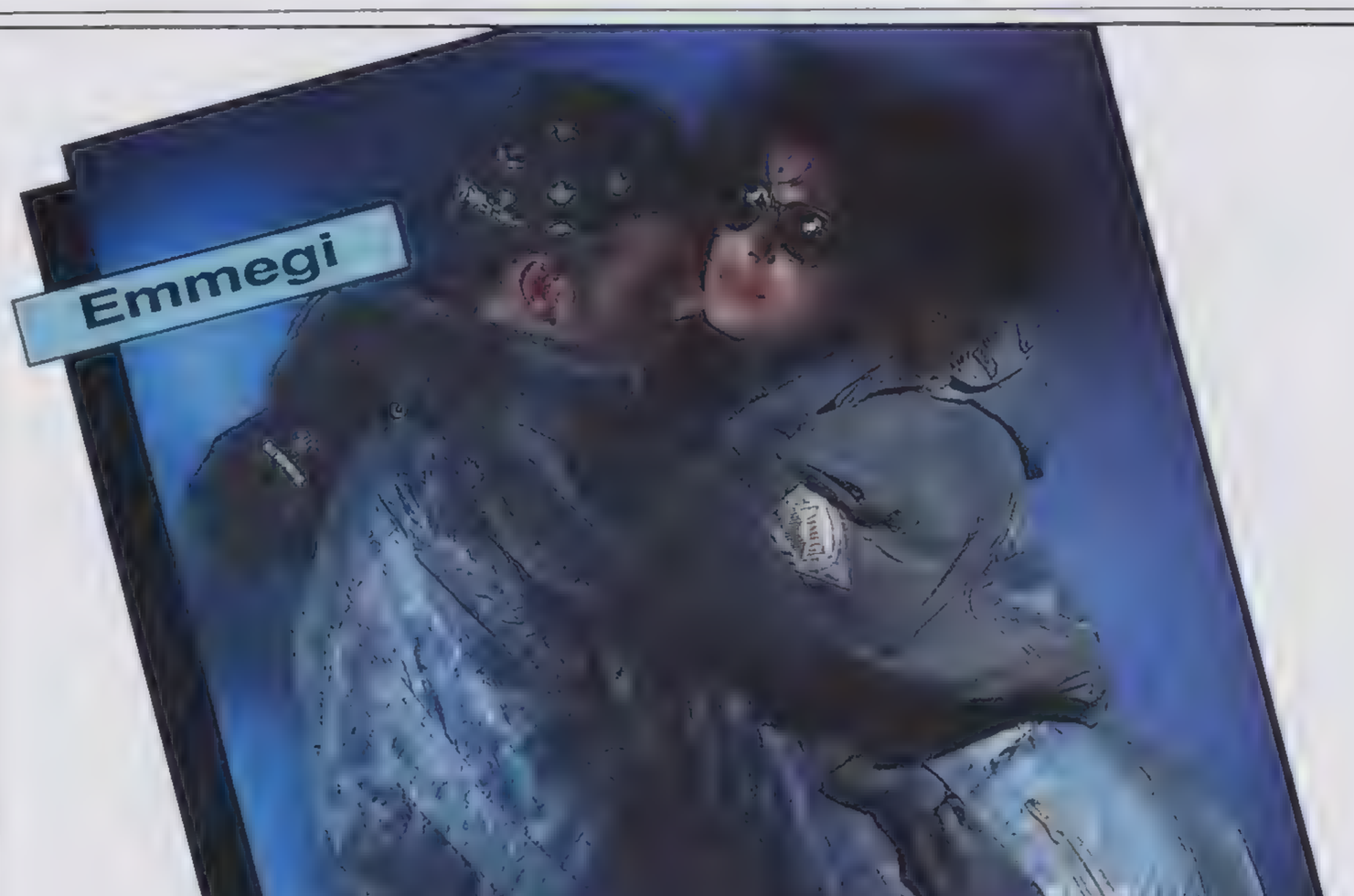
found a Greenwich Village apartment. Rube was to paint at the end of the day when he got back from his job as a banker; Janet was to write. When she was five she had told her mother that she wanted to be an author. She made various midtown scenes. Yet, in 1975, she remembered being "at sea in my disappointment in not being in love as I had been with women. . . my emotional push toward my lesbic approach to all of life being so dominant. . . ."

Happily, within months Flanner met an engaging drama critic, writer, and publicist, Solita Solano, miserably born Sara Wilkinson to a grim family in Troy, New York. In 1921, this couple sailed to Europe and settled cheerfully into a hotel room with no kitchen in Paris. Both sociable and romantic, Flanner was to enjoy two more great passions, with an American singer, Noel Murphy, and an Italian broadcaster and publisher, Natalia Danesi Murray. Until Flanner died, she adroitly, guiltily balanced her three love affairs. Each woman cherished and nurtured her. In 1985, Murray edited *Darlinghissima,* Flanner's dazzling letters to her. Although Flanner wrote a semiautobiographical novel, *The Cubical City,* in the 1920s, she was personally discreet. Her silence seems at once self-protective, a matter of principle, and a professional stance. She was a journalist for the educated, not a journal-keeper for voyeurs.

Paris before World War II is one of our most enchanting, durable myths. Paris would never starve the sensitive. On the contrary, it would starve the philistines. Paris would feed the mind and imagination, satisfy the body and senses, and until the depression of the 1930s, provide a soft landing for the American dollar. During the 1930s, Flanner discovered that she was writing for the sake of the rent as well as the soul of literature.

Such men of Paris as Picasso and Hemingway have become the canonical figures of modern culture and standards in the undergraduate curriculum. Such women of Paris as Margaret Anderson, Djuna Barnes, Mina Loy, and Gertrude Stein were their creative partners. Nevertheless, many of them were forgotten or slightly, slightingly recalled. Stein survived, but more as the offbeat friend of Picasso and Hemingway whose salon was on the beaten track than as a revolutionary of the word. Their lesbianism was blanked out.

Most of the women of Paris are now dead. Having lived well, if often painfully, they are having a sweet revenge. In part because of the influence of feminism, biographers and critics are reclaiming and admiring their history. Their cases of secrets are spilling open. Graceful, competent, decent, in- ► 208



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telligent, *Genêt* contributes to this project. Although it refuses to trade in speculation and sensation, it has a nice proportion of insider information.

Usually white, usually from comfortable backgrounds, the women of Paris could be foolish, limited, and stupid. World War II had to purge Flanner of a careless anti-Semitism and attraction to the "pageantry" of the Nazis. They could snipe at each other. Janet, Natalie Barney said, was bright as a button, but, she asked, "What is a button?" Yet, whether heterosexual, bisexual, or lesbian, they established a women's community that supported their feisty independence, derring-do, wit, and style. Flanner reveled in elegance, chic, refinement. Not for her the T-shirts and overalls of some contemporary radical lesbians. Her designers were Chanel, Molyneux, Saint Laurent. She loved Vionnet gowns that had once belonged to Lady Emerald Cunard, a top hat that had been Sir Bache Cunard's. She wore white gloves in the Café Flore and on *The Dick Cavett Show*.

Like Amazons, the women of Paris were active. They wrote, painted, sculpted, started radical magazines and presses. In 1944, Flanner referred to "work, that organizer of fate." In 1925, she began her "Letters from Paris," under the blandly androgynous pseudonym of Genêt, for *The New Yorker*. She produced them for fifty more years. Collectively, with her profiles, they are a social and cultural history of Europe that both treasures and roughens the myth of Paris.

The New Yorker was Flanner's home and security; its editors, Harold Ross and William Shawn, good fathers to balance the women in her life. *Genêt* carefully traces Flanner's evolution as an impeccably alert journalist, especially her growing maturity as a political commentator. Often, her opinions would demand more revisions than her prose. Ideologically a freethinker, responsive to the sensuous and particular, she vigorously distrusted both communism and fascism. Unlike Murphy or Stein, she spent most of World War II in the United States, to return to Europe in 1944 to become a distinguished war correspondent. She also consistently admired Charles de Gaulle, because his eloquence and dignity seemed to embody the traditional grandeur of France.

In 1950, *The New Yorker* seems to have worried that Flanner was getting too pinkish for her American audience and called her home temporarily for "reorientation." Now this gesture seems as silly as it was timid. For Flanner was as revolutionary as a rose. In the 1960s, she feared the French Left and the French Right. She was as American as Indianapolis. Though capable of skepticism and irony, she loved freedom, bravery, culture, and fineness, an elemental American revolt against a "birthwrong" of coarseness and vulgarity. She was an American New Woman, energetic, spirited, loyal to her friends. Her flight to Europe with Solano was the beginning of her sentimental education. Her journalism was an education, at once sentimental and tough-minded, about the twentieth century for the America she had left. ▼

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ART

A new exhibition proves that even when abstraction dominates, **the figure remains irresistible.** JEROME TARSHIS takes a look

David Park's *Kids on Bikes,* LEFT, 1950, was his first figurative painting. Richard Diebenkorn's *Woman on Porch,* BELOW, 1958, shows the same interest in geometry as his abstract work.

Top: from The Regis Collection, courtesy of the San Francisco Museum of Modern Art; bottom: collection of the New Orleans Museum of Art, courtesy of the San Francisco Museum of Modern Art

UNLIKE THE 1980s, THE YEARS IMMEdiately following World War II were anything but pluralistic. America was riding high: the country was the only clear winner of the war, had emerged as an economic powerhouse, and was the center of an art movement that for the first time completely overshadowed developments in Europe. For any painter who wanted to seem progressive, Abstract Expressionism was the only way to go. The gestural paintings of Jackson Pollock and Willem de Kooning and the color fields of Mark Rothko and Barnett Newman presented themselves as the ultimate development of modern art.

This orthodoxy did not last long. In 1953, the art world was shaken when de Kooning incorporated depictions of women into his abstract paintings. The flags and targets of Jasper Johns were less than five years away. And, as a new exhibition makes clear, an earlier, less publicized defection took place in the San Francisco Bay Area in 1949. That year painter David Park, after a well-received exhibition, took all his abstract paintings to the city dump. The next year he painted *Kids on Bikes,* the first work in what became known as the Bay Area figurative movement.

One San Francisco painter after another made a decision similar to Park's over the next few years. Nine of them and one sculptor are included in Bay Area Figurative Art, 1950–1965, at the San Francisco Museum of Modern Art from December 14 through February 4, 1990. The show will then travel to the Hirshhorn Museum in Washington, D.C., and the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts.

To the extent that there really was a movement (a point some still dispute), its main stylistic feature was the use of Abstract Expressionist form—gestural paint handling, allover composition, and indefinite rendering of depth—to portray the traditional subjects of art: the nude, the interior, the still life, and the landscape. Many of the Bay Area painters also projected a strong sense of place; their work glowed with the brilliant sunlight and deep, saturated color associated with California. The standard-bearers of the movement were Park, Elmer Bischoff, and Richard Diebenkorn.

From 1950 until his death from cancer in 1960, David Park painted subjects so ordinary they might not seem out of place in magazine illustration—children, bathers, people walking in the street. He was fond of jazz and many of his subjects were musicians. "With subjects," he explained, "the difference is that I feel a natural development of the painting rather than a formal, self-conscious one. As a person, I have nothing in common with someone like Mondrian—he was an inventor, I am not; I love things, and my forms come more easily out of a less deliberate kind of invention."

Artists who felt that Abstract Expressionism had already hardened into an academic style felt liber- ▶212

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ated by Park's new paintings; others felt he must have experienced a failure of avant-garde nerve. When Diebenkorn first saw a reproduction of *Kids on Bikes* in 1951, his reaction was, "My God! What's happened to David?" Although the painting evokes nostalgia for an idyllic boyhood, it is far from a Norman Rockwell illustration. Bright colors and vigorous brushwork compete with the boys for our attention. The important elements are not centered, as they would be in a more traditional painting—one boy's head and body run along the left edge, while his arms and the handlebars of his bicycle run along the bottom. The other boy's head is little more than a black dot; the white of his upper body could be an abstract element and reads as a T-shirt only because of its context. The larger boy nearly pops out of the canvas, and we assume the smaller one is farther away, but there are no clear indications of distance.

Elmer Bischoff continued to paint abstractly until 1952. "I can only compare it to the end of a love affair," he recalled. "When I was in the real grips of Abstract Expressionism, the marks and gestures had a hyper-existence. But it was your own passion that inflamed these things, and there was just a gradual loss of this passion." He took a year and a half to remake himself as a painter. For a while he drove a truck and sat in the cab making sketches during his lunch breaks. Life drawing, which seemed to belong to the dead past in 1950, became an almost obsessive pursuit with many Bay Area artists; a once-a-week drawing group was an important local institution for years.

Elmer Bischoff's solitary *Girl with Towel*, 1960, emerges from a roughly painted landscape.

At first Bischoff's figures, like Edward Hopper's, were solitary and introspective; he later painted groups of figures in scenes from Greek mythology, but even these never confronted the viewer as Park's did. In Park's *Four Men*, 1958, three are bathers facing us squarely; the fourth is rowing a boat toward us. By contrast, Bischoff's model in *Girl Wading*, 1959, looks downward and is rendered so indistinctly, in blues that melt into the blues of the water, that she might almost be a mirage. Large areas of color can be read as abstract shapes or suggestions of rocks and foliage. Bischoff had left Abstract Expressionism behind, but not far behind. His interiors, such as *Orange Sweater*, 1955, have something of the soft intimacy of Vuillard. A dark blob for a head rests on a bright orange blob for the sweater. Although the setting is more clearly depicted, the room has been reduced to delicate veils of color to produce atmospheric spaces like those of Rembrandt. Bischoff would have welcomed the comparisons to earlier masters. Unlike the Abstract Expressionists of the 1940s, who tried to create an entirely new art, the Bay Area figurative artists, less radical in their ambitions, embraced the whole history of painting.

Collection of the Morgan Flagg family, courtesy of the San Francisco Museum of Modern Art

Richard Diebenkorn's figurative period began in 1955 ▶214

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when he painted what he called "a messy still life" of objects in his studio, but even as an abstractionist he had not been zealous about keeping figurative references out of his work. There were hints of sexual organs and intimations of landscape. A love of Matisse runs through both his abstract and figurative work. He explained his change of style by saying, "It was almost as though I could do too much too easily. There was nothing hard to come up against. And suddenly the figure paintings furnished a lot of this."

His *Woman on Porch,* 1958, brings together a static formality with suggestions of Abstract Expressionist spontaneity; his brushwork, for example, leaves traces of a second color under the dominant red or blue. For all the straight lines and right angles, there is enough scribbling to suggest that here a pleasure-loving child coexists with a neat designer. *Window,* 1967, was painted after a trip to Leningrad, where Diebenkorn was captivated by Matisse's paintings of Morocco. Like Matisse, Diebenkorn avoids extremes of feeling; within limits, however, his flair and invention can be profoundly seductive.

Manuel Neri, the only sculptor in the show, could be described as a painter who works in three dimensions. He began using his primary medium, plaster, not only because it was very cheap but also because working with wet plaster offered him the immediacy of gestural painting. Since the late 1950s his trademark image has been the freestanding nude, sometimes all white but often painted with slashes of bright color. Unlike George Segal's plaster figures, which are molded from living models, Neri's are free artistic creations that show wear and injury. Their surfaces are gouged and hacked and many are missing an arm or leg. They seem finely balanced between the slouching informality of modern America and the ageless solemnity of classical ruins.

The brief flowering of Bay Area figurative art was consistent with the growing pluralism of the 1950s, but the formalist criticism of the 1960s offered a persuasive new orthodoxy of hard edges, flat colors, and tough attitudes. Both Diebenkorn and Bischoff returned to abstract painting, and the movement ended. Yet it was not without its significance. By reviving traditional subject matter, but transforming it with vivid color and free paint handling, the Bay Area painters looked both backward and forward—like so much else in California. The movement anticipated the art historical inclusiveness of Postmodernism, but without the irony and detachment so pervasive in this decade. For these artists shared with the Abstract Expressionists a basically spiritual attitude toward art. In their old-fashioned way, they acted as if making art really mattered. ◆

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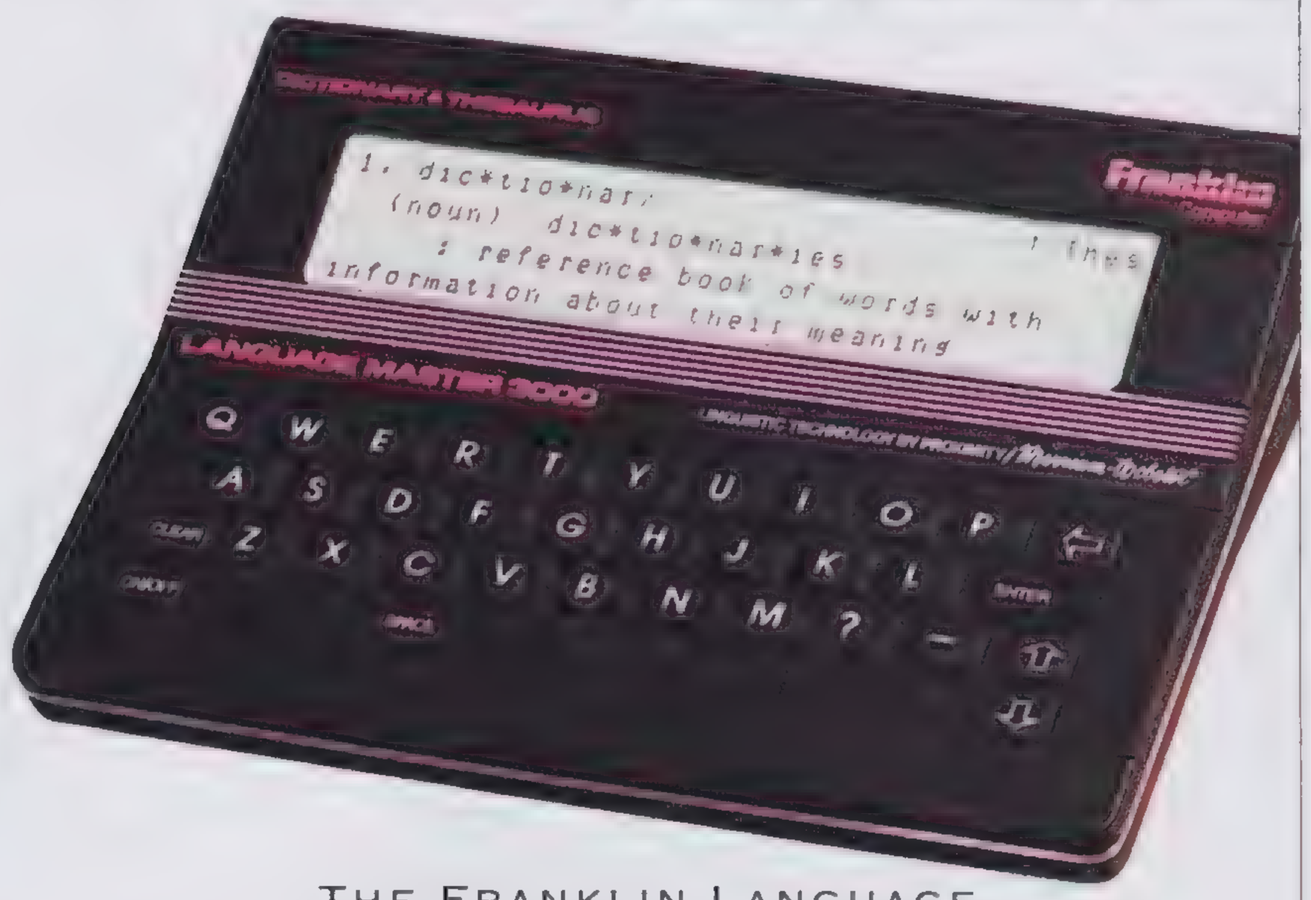

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MIND HEALTH

Do **codependency theories** explain women's unhappiness–or exploit their insecurities? CAROL TAVRIS, PH.D., reports

EVERY FEW YEARS THERE'S A WAVE OF BEST-SELLING books purporting to explain the origins of women's unhappiness. The symptoms these books attempt to treat are invariably the same: low self-esteem, passivity, depression, an "exaggerated" sense of responsibility to other people, and an inability to break out of bad relationships. In nearly all of these books, the author begins by describing how she herself suffered from the disorder in question and, through persistence and effort, found The Cure.

In the 1970s, a woman's problem was her "fear of success." No, said Colette Dowling in 1981, women have a "Cinderella Complex"—a hidden fear of independence. No, said Robin Norwood in 1985, women's problem is that they "love too much." Not really, said Melody Beattie in 1987; women love too much because they are "codependent"—"addicted" to addicts and bad relationships.

"Codependency" is today's hot diagnosis. Beattie's 1987 book, *Codependent No More,* and her recent sequel, *Beyond Codependency,* occupied top spots on *The New York Times* paperback best-seller list. (Following the formula, Beattie explains that she knows whereof she speaks, having first conquered her alcoholism and then her addiction to addicts.) More recent books on codependency include Lynne Namka's *The Doormat Syndrome,* Pia Mellody's *Facing Codependence,* and Anne Wilson Schaef's *Escape from Intimacy.*

Codependency is big business, with millions of women buying self-help books and joining recovery groups

Codependency is a national phenomenon—and big business. Thousands, perhaps millions of women are buying these books, joining recovery groups, and identifying themselves at social gatherings as codependents "in recovery from their addiction." What message do codependency theories convey?

Codependency was originally a term referring to the specific set of common problems faced by the spouses of alcoholics. The term caught on and quickly absorbed the "disease" language that is now being applied to addicts of all kinds. Today it seems the codependency bug has struck virtually everybody: adult children of alcoholics; anyone living with any sort of "holic" (alcoholic, foodaholic, workaholic, or sexaholic); people in relationships with partners who are mentally disturbed, chronically ill, or, adds Beattie, generally "irresponsible"; parents of rebellious teenagers or children with behavior problems; professionals in helping occupations, and so on.

Oddly enough for a "disease" that has struck so many individuals, no one really agrees on what codependency is or defines its symptoms the same way. "There are almost as many definitions of codependency as there are experiences that represent it," says Beattie. Her own definition would exclude only a few saints and hermits: a codependent person is "one who has let another person's behavior affect him or her, and who is obsessed with controlling that person's behavior." Namka's definition of codependency is "an addiction to dysfunctional love relationships, a preoccupation of meeting the needs of other persons to the point of feeling responsible for them at the expense of yourself." Schaef thinks that codependency is a "progressive disease" that covers up other "addictions" to sex and love. "Some therapists," Beattie notes, "have proclaimed: 'Codependency is *anything,* and *everyone* is codependent.'"

This is a curious kind of disease. What physician would write a book on diabetes, for example, that says, "Diabetes is *anything,* and *everyone* is diabetic"? But codependency writers are not fazed by such questions, which they regard as defensive quibbling. A woman's skepticism is evidence of her codependence. "Your judgmentalism," writes Schaef, "is a characteristic of the disease."

"The vagueness of these definitions makes it easier for everyone to have at least one of the symptoms," says Leonore Tiefer, Ph.D., a psychologist at New York City's Montefiore Medical Center. "This is the formula for bestsellerdom: if everybody has the problem, everybody needs to read about the cure or join the right group. The reformist spirit is on a new roll these days—more and more groups are ripe for conversion."

Just as they share the "disease" view of addiction, codependency books propose a common solution: the Alcoholics Anonymous twelve-step method, based on a "spiritual awakening" in which the sufferer hands over her addiction to a "Higher Power" to cure. Codependency books are full of warm admonitions to "celebrate your perfection," give yourself "permission to be precious" (the title, as it happens, of Pia Mellody's six-cassette lecture series), and "forgive ourselves." Reading these books, therefore, feels somewhat like listening to friendly sermons that emphasize the healing power of love. They make perfect sense at the time, and the advice is undeniably good; but an ▶ 224

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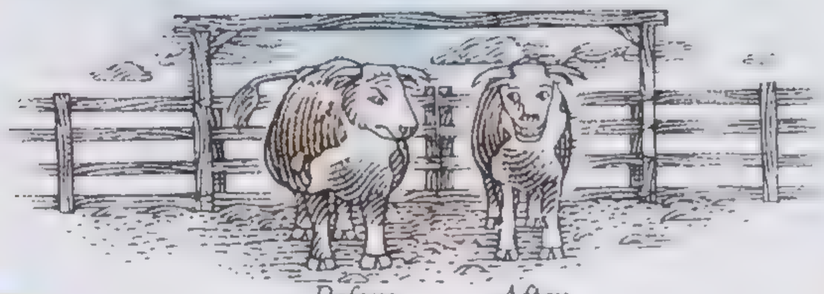

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hour later the reader is hungry for substance, and she may be forgiven for wondering the next day how to *implement* these wise ideas. "Following the Ten Commandments is a good idea, too," says Tiefer, "but history shows the regrettably human gap between knowing what you should do and being able to do it."

Tiefer observes that the codependency phenomenon draws much of its appeal from having a "cure" that combines self-help with group support. "In this way, it resolves the growing tension between the self-help movement and professional psychotherapy," says Tiefer. "There is an increasing conflict in our society between people's desire for guidance and their skepticism of authority. Skepticism is healthy, but it also makes people vulnerable to books and programs that are supposedly new and different. Whatever happened to 'your erroneous zones'? To assertiveness training? To 'when I say no, I feel guilty'? When such programs don't work over the long haul, participants blame themselves—and look for new solutions. They often end up going from one hit-and-run therapy to another. But the basic problem continues, because women's low *self*-esteem is a result of their low *social* esteem in this country."

No one really agrees on what codependency is or defines its symptoms in the same way

Codependency programs do alert people to one key cause of their troubles: the network of family relationships that enmeshes them. In this sense, the codependency approach is similar to that of family-systems therapy. Both approaches regard each individual in a family as part of a larger pattern of reciprocal influences. Both approaches believe that when one family member begins to play the role of "person with problem" (for example, the alcoholic), the spouse often falls into the corresponding role of rescuer, martyr, problem solver. Both approaches share an emphasis on the importance, especially to women, of setting limits on what one is willing to do for others. But there the similarity ends.

Harriet Lerner, Ph.D., a family-systems therapist at the Menninger Clinic in Topeka, Kansas, and author of *The Dance of Intimacy*, has mixed feelings about the codependency phenomenon. "I am sympathetic to its ultimate message to women," she says, "which is: set limits

on the behavior from others that you will not tolerate; if necessary, leave harmful and abusive relationships; become able to live and think independently. But I question the means by which it wants women to achieve these admirable goals. I don't think it is useful or accurate for women to see themselves as sick and diseased instead of taking a larger view of the situation and seeing their symptoms as part of a complex system in which they are embedded.''

The family-systems approach, adds Lerner, does not regard family conflicts, or even destructive patterns, as a result of individual sickness or pathology. ''It's normal to want to help a family member or friend in trouble,'' she says. ''The problem arises only when a woman becomes overinvolved with that trouble and becomes underfocused on herself—a pattern that is encouraged in our culture. Family-systems therapy helps people observe and change the imbalances in families, but *having* a problem is not the same as *being* the problem, which is what the disease idea implies.''

Lerner also objects to what she considers the misplaced attribution of responsibility that codependency theories promulgate. ''Codependents may learn that they are as much to blame for their spouses' problems as their spouses are,'' she says, ''because they are the 'enablers,' whose overconcern with their troubled partners allows the addiction to continue. The partners themselves, however, are usually not considered responsible for their abusive, rotten, or violent behavior, since, as Schaef writes, they have a 'progressive disease' and 'can't help themselves.' Family-systems therapy does not apportion blame this way. Both partners are responsible for the pattern they develop, and both are responsible for changing their own part in it.''

Other psychologists worry that the codependency framework obscures the real-life concerns that keep women entangled in bad relationships. ''The language of codependency,'' says Jacqueline Goodchilds, Ph.D., of UCLA, ''is just a modern way of explaining problems that women have had for decades, especially low self-worth and the role requirement to care for, and take care of, others. Women have been raised all their lives to put men first, to take care of everyone else in their lives, to marry the Right Person and happily take on the role of Assistant Person. Then they are surprised to discover that all this subordination of their personalities, abilities, and needs carries a psychological price.''

Goodchilds believes that codependency's emphasis on inner feelings and Higher Powers underestimates the importance of two outside forces that research psychologists know influence self-esteem: children and finances. ''A therapist will spend hours and hours ▶ 226

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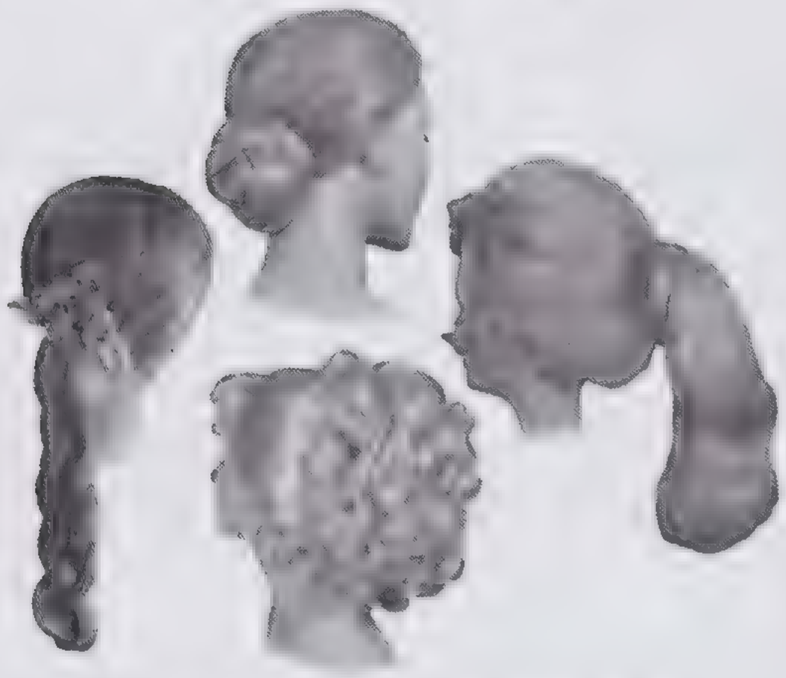

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MIND HEALTH

with a woman trying to raise her low self-esteem with pep talks and persuasion,'' she says, ''while both of them totally ignore the importance of kids and money. In many families, the kids are 'hers' and the money is 'his'—that's a virtual recipe for low self-esteem. Money in our society is enabling; it confers power to get your way. Children in our society are disenabling for women—because it's women who often must choose between financial success and family, and because children are largely their responsibility.''

In fact, there is mounting evidence that women remain stuck in destructive or abusive relationships more for ''rational'' reasons than for pathological ones. Michael Strube, Ph.D., of Washington University, recently published a review of years of research investigating why women leave abusive relationships—and why they stay (up to 50 percent do). ''Overall,'' Strube found, ''these studies paint a picture of women who lack the economic means to leave an abusive relationship, are willing to tolerate abuse so long as it does not become too severe or involve the children, and who appear to be very committed to making their relationships last,'' that is, who have been in their relationships for a long time or oppose divorce for religious reasons. Such women also have friends and family who pressure them to stay in the marriage and disapprove of their efforts to leave.

Codependency critics argue that society is more comfortable with women who feel guilty and "diseased" than with women who are angry

''All of this boils down to the same old stuff,'' says Lerner, ''that society is more comfortable with women who feel inadequate, self-doubting, guilty, sick, and 'diseased' than with women who are angry or confronting. Women are, too, which is why they eat up many of these books like popcorn. Women are *so* comfortable saying, 'I am a recovering addict; the problem is in me.' They are so uncomfortable saying the F-word: 'I am a feminist; the problem is also in society.' Women get much more sympathy and support when they define their problems in medical rather than political terms.''

But that very comfort with self-blame, says Lerner, is the heart of the problem for women, and it is the reason that the concept of codependency poses such a paradox. ''On the one hand, the goal of these codependency books is to help women become stronger, in charge of their lives,'' she says. ''On the other hand, their underlying message is subordination: first to your disease, then to a Higher Power.''

It is safer, certainly, to feel guilty rather than angry. ''As long as popular explanations keep saying that the reason for women's unhappiness is in them,'' says Goodchilds, ''women won't deal with their real difficulties. Codependency is an effort to solve the problem without changing the situation.'' When women begin to look outward, instead of always inward to their own faults and failings, their self-esteem is bound to rise. And perhaps books that blame women's unhappiness on women themselves will no longer have the tremendous appeal they have today.

HEALTH ▶ 228

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HEALTH NOTES

Breast-cancer care: a state-of-the-art treatment site

While big strides have been made in the detection and treatment of certain cancers, breast cancer remains a leading cause of death among American women. It's estimated that one out of ten women across the country will develop breast cancer; every year more than forty thousand American women die from it. With so many lives at stake, it's clear that more needs to be done.

New York City's Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center hopes to address the problem with the opening of an off-site center in the fall of 1990. The facility will include a state-of-the-art breast-cancer service focusing on prevention, detection, treatment, and care.

"We feel that with this new center we can make a real difference in mortality and morbidity and, hopefully, prevention," says the hospital's president, Paul Marks, M.D. Along with patient care, Sloan-Kettering physicians plan to initiate extensive research projects at the center. Vincent DeVita, M.D., formerly head of the National Cancer Institute and now Sloan-Kettering's physician in chief, says, "Without research going on, care standards can drift. When hospitals are doing research, that's the best guarantee you're not getting yesterday's treatment."

The center plans to accommodate 200 to 250 women a day and to see patients within twenty-four to forty-eight hours of their call for a diagnostic appointment. In planning the center, Sloan-Kettering has consulted patients themselves and hired a woman architect, Lella Vignelli. High on the center's priority list: a setting as far from hospital-like as possible. Other patient-inspired ideas include small, intimate waiting lounges for patients and more counseling rooms.

If treatment is necessary, the center will provide a support system: group or one-on-one sessions with psychologists, and a network of volunteer counselors who are former patients. Physical therapy and patient-education services will also be in place—featuring resources such as books, tapes, and lectures.

A boutique will include such items as wigs for women who lose their hair because of chemotherapy, special mouthwash and toothbrushes (chemotherapy can affect the gums), and prosthetic devices for women who have undergone breast surgery.

Skin matters

Today's dermatologists might be called the new complexion champions. At a recent dermatology symposium, Leonard Dzubow, M.D., director of dermatologic surgery at the University of Pennsylvania Medical Center, presented a dramatic new advance in treatment of spider veins and port-wine birthmarks. Until ten years ago, the most common removal method for these enlarged, abnormal blood vessels was through argon lasers, which caused scarring. These days an alternate treatment is available: tunable dye lasers (unique because the color of the laser light can be precisely adjusted). How the process works: frequent pulses of light, aimed toward the blood vessels, are absorbed by the hemoglobin pigment. The laser generates a small burst of heat, causing the blood vessels to seal without damaging surrounding skin. Says Dzubow, "The idea of selectivity—treating abnormal cells while saving healthy surrounding ones—has possibilities in other areas, such as cancer research."

I gotta be we.

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HOROSCOPE

By Athena Starwoman

Capricorn energy permeates everything this month. Those planets already in Capricorn—Saturn, Uranus, and Neptune—are joined by Mercury on the 7th, the Sun on the 21st, and the Capricorn new moon on the 27th! All this Capricorn output indicates it's a month for hard work, long-range planning, and high-powered conviviality. High-activity days of December: the 9th to the 13th (the Gemini full moon rises on the 12th); low-activity days: the 25th to the 28th (the 27th brings a new moon in Capricorn).

THE MYTH OF SAGITTARIUS

Ruled by benevolent Jupiter, otherwise known as Zeus, King of Greek Legend and Guardian of the Higher Mind, Sagittarians are also linked to the Great Goddess, Artemis, ruler of the Amazons, superb athlete, warrior, and hunter. The image of Artemis on horseback, armed with bow and arrow, is transfigured into the present Sagittarian symbol of the Archer, half man/half horse. Shielded by the protection of this powerful Goddess and magnificent God, Sagittarians are regarded as the most favored sign of the Zodiac.

SAGITTARIUS

This month career moves are highlighted. Taking the initiative brings success. You'll be amazed at what you can get simply by asking. Although business and financial matters accelerate, emotional or family issues will take longer to settle, possibly until March. Sagittarians who are up to something: beware of *conspiracy*.

CAPRICORN

Five planets plus the new moon on the 27th are focusing their energy on your life this month. Combined, they enhance strength and/or expose weakness. Whether you will appreciate or loathe their attention depends upon how happy or unhappy you are with your life, loves, and general circumstances. With so many competing influences, be prepared for anything this month.

AQUARIUS

This month's focus is on extravagant diversions. Venus, the planet of attraction and popularity, is in your sign from the 10th of December until the middle of January. Should Venus manifest romance now, it will be exceptional. Not only will you feel and look more attractive but this Venus energy will flow into relationship areas, making others more responsive.

PISCES

As December begins, others leave you to attend to matters that should be shared, insensitive to how it affects your plans. Although temporarily overwhelmed, after the 17th you regain your step, moving swiftly and decisively to complete pressing personal projects and arrangements. Contact with someone far away is important. Don't wait for them to reach you; reach out to them.

ARIES

Conflicting planetary influences have surrounded you all year, presenting you with some of your life's highest and lowest times. This win/lose effect has kept you guessing, always on edge, seeking out ways to improve and settle testing situations. You have leapt into career moves, friendships, and home changes, even traveled to break tension. This month you can't wait any longer, you want answers. You force issues that should possibly be left alone. Expect surprising responses!

HOROSCOPE ▶ 232

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HOROSCOPE

TAURUS

All the harmonious planets in Capricorn are added strings to your already truly aimed bow, directing you with bull's-eye accuracy toward striking success this month. But take care; any opposition from others along the way needs to be diverted. Pluto and Mars in Scorpio encourage conflicts. Use your Taurean charm to circumvent difficult situations.

GEMINI

The influence of this month's Gemini full moon peaks from the 9th to the 13th. If you are in tune with your emotions, relationships, and direction in life, its excessive dynamism will spur you on to bigger and better things. However, if you aren't, the full moon can generate disquietude or physical problems like insomnia. Observing how you feel and what occurs around that time could prove most illuminating.

CANCER

The planets continue to weave an intricate and invisible web, directing your life and conjuring up opportunities. All the planets in Capricorn oppose your sign, but benevolent Jupiter has you under his protection, easing your way and opening all kinds of doors. But it isn't easy either! December is seldom a free-flowing month for Cancers. Personal and family pressures overwhelm. This is a confusing but positive time. Be patient. The best is still to come.

LEO

Your many causes and loyalties, generous actions, and capricious business enterprises shaded this year's intense experiences in a wide variety of hues. Important projects have kept you on edge, their unknown outcome shadowing your future. This month, as the end result is imminent, you would be ill-advised to share confidences, particularly concerning financial matters or career and relationship status.

VIRGO

This year you have toiled relentlessly, dedicated to elevating unfulfilling aspects of your life. This month many of your plans are falling into place, and long-held dreams are coming true. Celebrate and enjoy your achievements, but ongoing success relies on continuing endeavor. Be prepared to make phone calls and chase after what you desire. A great time is coming up where you can, and will, have it all!

LIBRA

Relationships are any Libran's Achilles' heel, because your easygoing nature attracts you to people who like to assume total control. There are important plans being made this month; be sure you have a fair say in the outcome. To acquiesce to something you don't want will simply create friction in the future. This month current or ex-partners, even business associates, need to be reminded you have an opinion to offer.

SCORPIO

Mars (the planet ruling dynamic energy, passion, and contention) is in your sign until the 17th, subliminally thrusting you into intense experiences, even danger. Every relationship, exchange, or contact (even a detached business dealing) becomes an expression and extension of your ego. You demand your way or nothing. After the 17th you are not so tempestuous. You are then prepared to reconsider your previous stand.

Note: Dates of astrological signs may vary according to your time and year of birth. Check with your astrologer.

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EPISODE

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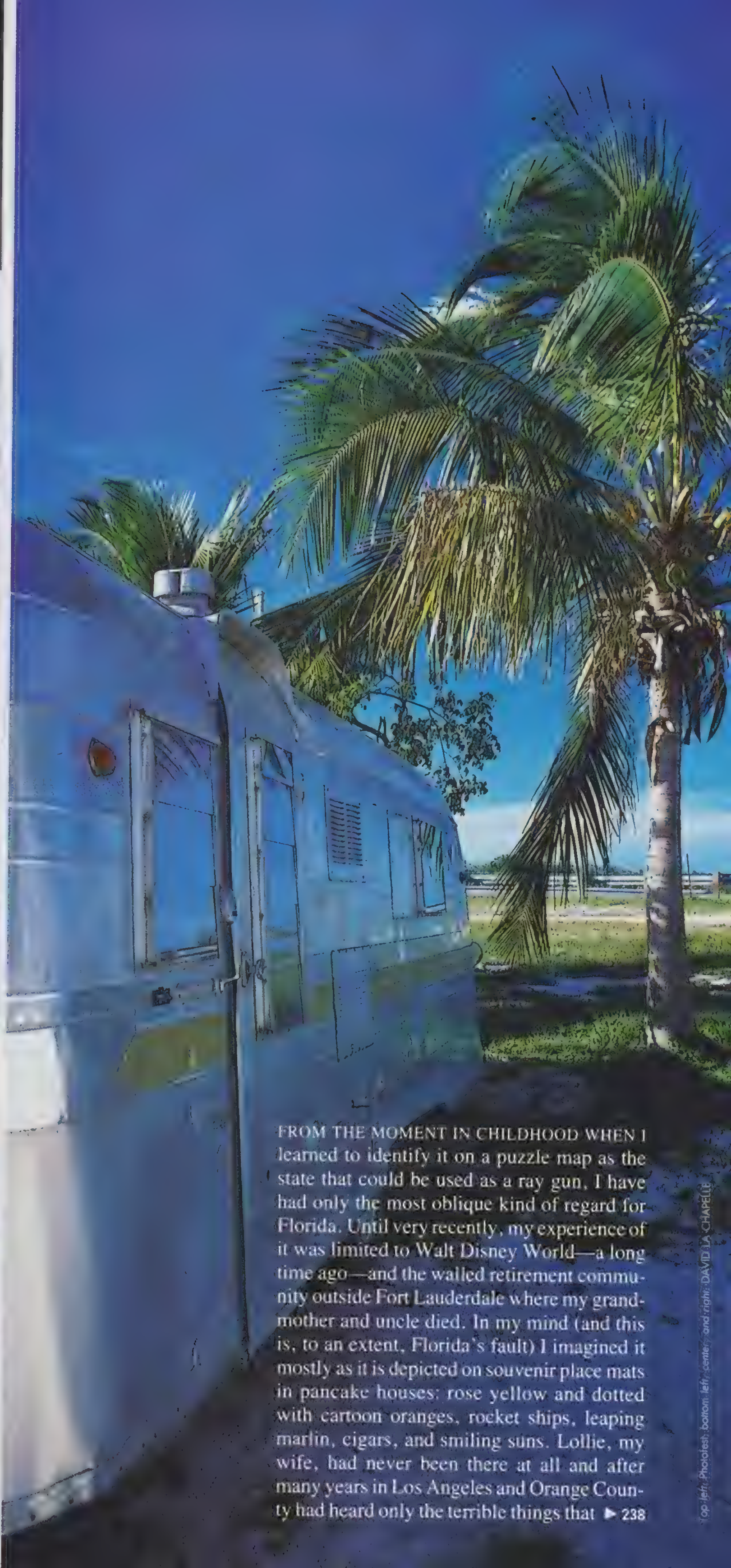
In the Florida Keys: Lauren Bacall and Humphrey Bogart in Warner Brothers' *Key Largo*, 1948, ABOVE; Key West's point of no return, BELOW; trailer on the beach in Key Largo, RIGHT; palmetto-fronted Key West guest house, FAR RIGHT.



FROM THE MOMENT IN CHILDHOOD WHEN I learned to identify it on a puzzle map as the state that could be used as a ray gun, I have had only the most oblique kind of regard for Florida. Until very recently, my experience of it was limited to Walt Disney World—a long time ago—and the walled retirement community outside Fort Lauderdale where my grandmother and uncle died. In my mind (and this is, to an extent, Florida's fault) I imagined it mostly as it is depicted on souvenir place mats in pancake houses: rose yellow and dotted with cartoon oranges, rocket ships, leaping marlin, cigars, and smiling suns. Lollie, my wife, had never been there at all and after many years in Los Angeles and Orange County had heard only the terrible things that ▶ 238

Top left: Photofest; bottom left, center, and right: DAVID L. CHAPELLE

romancing the keys

MICHAEL CHABON travels with his wife to the last stop in Florida: Miami to Key West down Highway 1

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TRAVEL

Southern Californians, projecting, like to say about Florida: that it is vulgar, violent, ridden with strange insects and environmental hazards, overcrowded, and overdeveloped. Consequently, we undertook the trip from Miami to Key West with very low hopes. This pessimism is not characteristic of us, and in the end we suffered the eternal punishment of the pessimistic traveler: we had a fine time.

We flew in one night in September when Hurricane Gabrielle was threatening Bermuda, and the temperature on the ground in Miami was eighty-four degrees. We rented a red LeBaron convertible and shot across Biscayne Bay with the top down, headed for the celebrated Fontainebleau Hilton, a huge, radiant resort that, like its patron saint, Frank Sinatra, has outlived its days of glory. It is a strange, gigantic, and fundamentally corny hotel, but it's also quite comfortable and beautiful in its own way. The sternly magnificent American Modernist buildings of the forties and fifties, such as the United Nations and the Seagram Building, are just beginning to look historical and dated, and the Fontainebleau, despite its recent refurbishment, has a faint air of dilapidation or outmodedness that makes it seem much more charming than it must have been twenty years ago, when it was still merely impressive. A little shabbiness, after all, is a requisite of romance.

Key West felt so foreign that when we woke up we clung to each other, trying to remember where we were

The high, labyrinthine lobby was all gilt and activity at midnight, even on an off-season Wednesday. The Fontainebleau hosts hundreds of conventions every year, and while this may often mean a hotel full of pencil salesmen and yeast manufacturers, all manner of people convene in a place like this. As we stepped off the elevator we were immediately surrounded by slender pomaded men in tuxedos and women dressed like parade floats or hothouse flowers. The United States Ballroom Dancing Championships were being held that night. Lollie and I can rumba but we are shy about it, so we hurried to the famous Poodle Lounge. This is a kind of spooky-looking, black-walled cocktail room off the main lobby, filled, like the milk bar in *A Clockwork Orange*, with nude mannequins made of white plastic and spangled by a torpid mirror ball. The Poodle is loud, dark, and wild. That night it was jammed with an admirably mixed group—gays, young people, an old lady, Cubans, blacks—all in flashy, primary-colored, unconstructed finery. They were in high spirits and they danced with energy and splash, and I thought the Poodle surprisingly authentic for a lounge in a monstrous resort hotel. It had none of the glum, exhausted hilarity one associates with similar spots in Las Vegas.

We danced.

The next morning, while my wife got her nails painted in the hotel beauty salon, I went outside and stood for a while on the boardwalk that stretches past the hotel, looking at the ocean I grew up with but had not seen in five years. It was absurdly turquoise and sparkling and resembled the Pacific at Laguna Beach or at Waikiki more than the sober green Atlantic of my childhood. All in all, it was a fine twelve hours at the Fontainebleau, and it put us in the mood for the Florida that lay below. Lollie emerged from Edouard de Paris with her fingers and toes done in Tropical Coral.

Many of the recent travel guides to the Keys bemoan the sameness and occasional tawdriness of the ride down Highway 1 from Miami to Key West, but I liked it. Here, as elsewhere, U.S. 1 is an old, slow, two-lane highway lined with BBQ joints, tire dealerships, and gaudy billboards advertising magical and ludicrous attractions such as the Parrot and Monkey jungles, the Sausage Tree, and Ernesto's Sea Turtle Circus. After a half hour or so, the supply of roadside attractions and rib houses dwindled and was replaced by those endless twin rows of low, motionless mangroves that have so little impressed the travel writers. At a certain point, the land narrowed until there was blue water at either window of the car, and then it finally gave out altogether. We found ourselves on a short causeway, headed for a strip of palmy islands: the Keys.

Power lines rose and sank and rose along the roadside, their tall poles topped for miles on end by eagles' nests as ragged and tangled as the roots of the mangrove trees. At one point we spotted a great bald eagle diving in the shallows of the Gulf. It was a brief, lucky glimpse that made us excited and seemed to confirm that we were entering a realm of unlikely creatures and sights. Then we stopped for gyros at a Mr. Submarine on Key Largo, which, despite its glamorous name, is hardly more than a string of motels, mobile homes, and dive shops, without a trace of Humphrey Bogart or Lauren Bacall.

You can easily make the drive to Key West in a day, but we were in no particular hurry and stopped for the night at the Cheeca Lodge on Upper Matecumbe Key. The Cheeca is an old-fashioned tropical resort, neither too large nor too lavish nor too summer-campy, on a thousand feet of Atlantic beachfront. With three pools, tennis, fishing, and nine-hole golf, it's the sort of place where ex-presidents go to relax. We were among the few guests at that time of year, and we had the sense, as travelers rarely do, of being the sole focus of attention for our kindly hosts. The lodge stands on the spot of an early Methodist settlement and is built around the sea-washed, sandy remnants of an old churchyard surrounded by a white picket fence. We woke up early to see the sunrise and were well rewarded by a welter of stunning pinks and yellows and what passes in Florida for archangelic splendor. Geranium pink flowers ►240

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climbed the fence around the graveyard and looked poignant against the headstones and crosses in the sand.

After breakfast (where we were joined by Sam, the lodge's semitame snowy egret), we took a tennis lesson from Wayne, the hotel teaching pro. He had the slightly dazed, monastic air of profundity of his kind, along with a Florida twang and a knack for teaching. My lamentable game improved immediately, and I was in high spirits the whole way to Little Palm Island.

Little Palm, opened in 1988, combines the superdeluxe with the goofy in a manner peculiar to Florida. You can't drive to it; a boat takes you from the "Shore Station" on Little Torch Key out to Little Palm Island and its eponymous resort compound. That the management has designated a slightly shabby building (it used to be the local seaquarium) and its accompanying gravel lot the Shore Station says something about the hokey allure of Little Palm, a collection of two-room luxury suites, each with Jacuzzi and minibar, disguised as a ramshackle village of thatched huts. Everything was lashed with rope and draped with mosquito netting and shaded by hundreds of palm trees so gorgeous they looked fake. Indeed, the entire place had an unreal quality that kept reminding me of an old photograph of my mother taken on the set of *McHale's Navy* on a Universal Studios tour.

The architects of Little Palm Island do not seem to have been too concerned that Tonga and Bora-Bora are thousands of miles and worlds away from Florida, or that all the Kon-Tiki motor lodges and Hukilau restaurants in America have placed ineradicable quotation marks around this "Polynesian" motif. But Lollie and I approached the place with the same Gauguinesque enthusiasm we bring to dinner every December at Seattle's Trader Vic's on her mother's birthday: we ordered Cuba libres and pink drinks and joined the local savages from New York and Chattanooga.

It was an interesting challenge, going native in a place with no natives. One may pursue a wide variety of aquatic sports and pastimes at Little Palm, but the heat made us lazy and we chose snorkeling, which is no more strenuous than having a pleasant dream. A few miles from Little Palm is Looe Key, a protected and living reef, and for a reasonable fee we were ferried out to it and set down in its warm, dazzling waters. Like a couple of spiders we hung suspended from a thin thread of gravity over the reef, watching the sergeants major and the unearthly blue parrot fish. We held hands and gave a squeeze to say "Wow" or "Look, my darling" or "There's water in my faceplate." Aside from this memorable excursion, we did nothing during our two days at Little Palm but lounge, eat, and talk about ▶ 242

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lounging and eating. There were no televisions, but there was a lending library. And we ate well (too well) in the incongruously French restaurant—all creamed soups and rich sauces that were a little too much for the sweltering September evenings.

Had we ended our trip here, I might have left the Florida Keys thinking that they were no different from seaside and desert resort areas across the country—swimming and sunburn, cocktails and room service, tennis and air-conditioning and the latest Sue Grafton. But then we drove the rest of the way, down to the end of Florida, and I was astonished by what I found.

I had read *To Have and Have Not* on the plane to Florida, and before that, Alison Lurie's *The Truth About Lorin Jones*, and Christopher Cox's excellent *A Key West Companion*. In retrospect, I ought not to have been surprised that Key West should be such a pleasant, pretty, and decidedly strange American city. (So many writers have lived there that I hesitate to say anything about it at all.) It felt so foreign sometimes that when we woke up in the morning we clung to each other for an instant, trying to remember where we were. On our clattering rented bicycles, we would come around empty corners into the Bahama Village quarter, Petronia or Emma Street, where a gang of laughing men stood out on the sidewalk in front of a pink, crooked grocery store. Cuban music played in the shops and cafés. The poor, the rich, and the middle class seemed to live in greater intimacy here than elsewhere in the United States, often on the very same block. The Burger King, the Domino's delivery car, and the Mister Donut seemed more the marks of colonialism than of real estate boom, and I found myself thinking, more often than of Hemingway or Lurie, of Joseph Conrad and, when a warm rain fell or I saw a green parrot in a tree, of *Love in the Time of Cholera*.

A little shabbiness, after all, is a requisite of romance

There were all kinds of things to do and see in Key West. One may spend a whole day worshiping at the various shrines to St. Ernest, and another seeking out the most fantastic of the city's one thousand sweet, blowsy Conch houses with their comical gingerbread and sagging porches. Mostly we just rode our bikes aimlessly, exclaiming and pointing at lizards and vistas. By the afternoon we would have worked up a prodigious sweat and would return to the exquisite Marquesa Hotel. This big old comfortable house on Fleming Street—blue on the outside, yellow within—had a courtyard pool that was small but as cool and handsome as the rest of the hotel. We would dip our bodies into the cold water, then share a "mix," a ham and chicken sandwich on crackling Cuban bread, from La Cubanita on Southard Street. After siesta we would climb back on our bikes and take off, stopping for oysters and beer at the Half Shell Raw Bar or dinner at Antonia's on Duval before making one last trip around the town. Key West was so flat that riding was nearly effortless. We shot past the cemetery—this trip, like all memorable trips, encompassed tombs and cemeteries—down Angela, down Frances, around an empty schoolyard, a ragged baseball diamond visible in the yellow light of the moon. Angela, Frances, Emma, Petronia, Amelia, Caroline, Margaret, Olivia . . . When I think back to Key West, I think of following Lollie on my bicycle, in the moonlight, down streets named for women, coasting the whole way. ◉

TRAVEL ▶ 245

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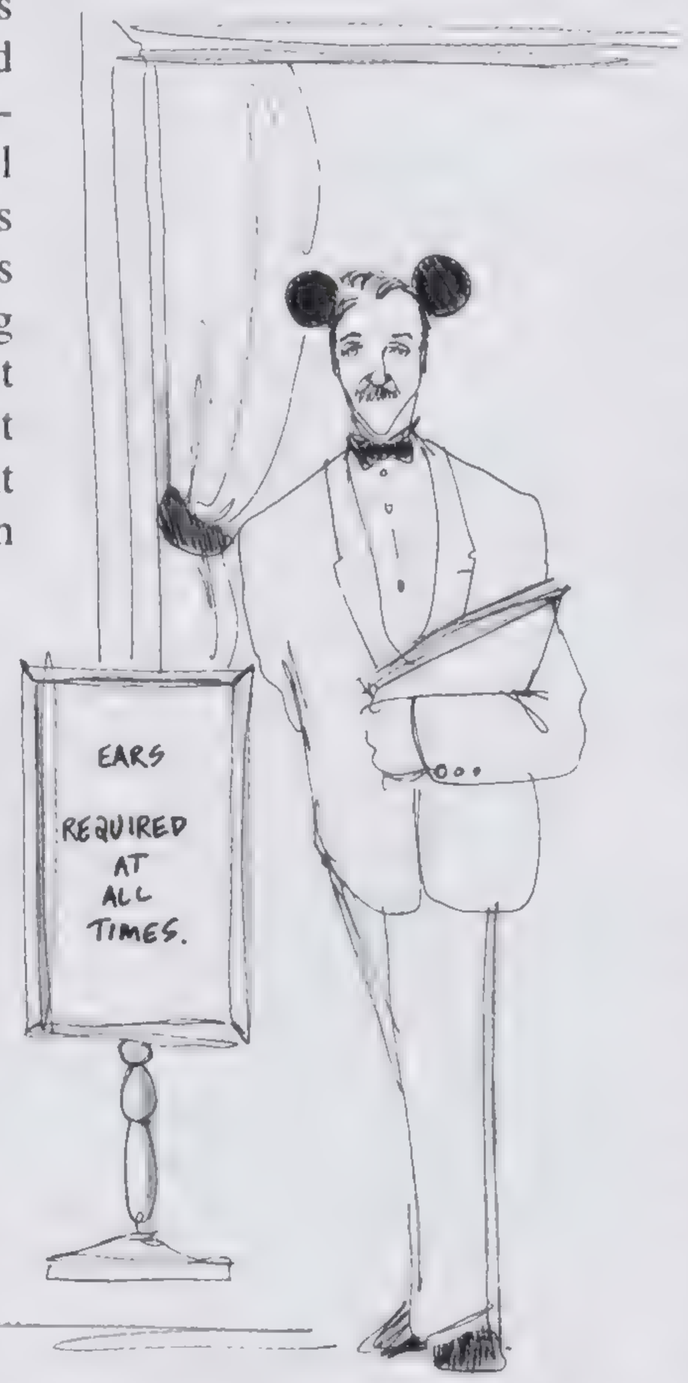
Dining out in **Disney World:** JULIA REED goes table-hopping through the Magic Kingdom

EATING WELL AT DISNEY WORLD IS A PROPOSITION that only the most optimistic will accept. My colleagues laughed at the assignment—"Bore-lando," they jeered, but I was ready. Having actually lived in Orlando for two years, I knew that the airport raw bars piled with fresh shrimp and oysters would impede my progress toward baggage claim, and that once outside, I would have to make a ritual stop at Steak n' Shake for the world's best fast-food hamburger. I was slightly less sure about the sprawling Disney World complex itself, but once there, I quickly learned that restaurants are not simply pleasant diversions. Indeed, they take on almost cosmic importance.



At Disney World, unless you are in a restaurant, you'll be walking, standing in line, riding a tram, waiting for a boat, or assaulted by a constant stream of information. You'll also be hot and surrounded by thousands of people. Above all, you'll have given up all claim to free will and you will do, lemminglike, everything you are told.

But in the restaurants you may begin to feel that you are again of the world, a world in which people drink dry martinis and cold Sancerre, eat good food, and linger over espresso. And since this is still Disney World, you may even feel that you are of a more exotic world than usual—Morocco perhaps, or prewar Hollywood. The power of these moments is so strong that even the children are quiet.

By far the most dramatic refuge is Epcot Center's San Angel Inn. Terrific for lunch, it possesses two key criteria for a Disney restaurant—it's always cool and always dark. Stars glitter overhead in the perpetually midnight blue "sky." On one side of the candlelit dining terrace is a plaza complete with market stalls and mariachi bands, and on the other, a river rushes, a volcano rumbles, and a pyramid looms. Best of all, it's impossible to see that the people at the next table have on shorts and Goofy ears, and the food is good—so good that pop singer Jimmy Buffett told me he makes special trips to Epcot just to stop at the San Angel.

Pass on the limeade margaritas and start off with a Dos Equis and chunky guacamole. Then have your Mexican waiter bring appetizers of tacos alla carbona—pork butt simmered in a complex pibil sauce (made with achiote chilies) served in soft tortillas with chopped red onion and handfuls of fresh coriander. Divine—and both chicken and pork simmered in the same pibil sauce are available as main courses served on steamed corn husks. Enchiladas verde are just right, with chunks of tender chicken and a fresh green chili sauce, but the tour de force is the Langosta Baja California. Sweet chunks of tender lobster meat are sautéed with fresh tomatoes, green olives, onions, and peppers, finished with a bit of white wine, piled back into the shell, and baked.

Perhaps the most civilized spot to dine is the Brown Derby at the Disney-MGM Studios. To enter the studio itself is to step into a time warp—shiny Packards and early-model Buicks are parked on the open streets in front of working gas stations and soda fountains. Real Disney crews are filming in sound stages and the Brown Derby is exactly what the original in Hollywood would have been like if it had ever been cool. The room is airy, sophisticated, with white plaster and dark wood beams, palm trees, and Oriental rugs—the kind of place where people drink Scotch on the rocks and enjoy a good steak washed down with a Latour Private Reserve from the short but well-chosen wine list. In fact, it's best to stick with a steak (there were some really dubious-sounding veal dishes on the menu, topped with things like guacamole), or a big plate of gumbo over rice.

Back at Epcot everyone will tell you to dine at the much-hyped Chefs de France, with a menu created by noted French chefs Paul Bocuse and Roger Vergé and pastry whiz Gaston Lenôtre, who also trained the chefs. Don't do it. The hanging baskets of plastic flowers are tacky and the menu's an expensive bore. Much better to head next door to the more authentic Au Petit Café for a cup of vichyssoise or sausage with mustard and a fruit tart. Or stop in the Vins de France for auction-quality vintage Bordeaux. It can be packed for traveling, and there's a bar for tasting.

Down the road in "Italy," do not be put off by Alfredo's claim that it is "L'Originale Alfredo of Roma" or by the threat of singing waiters. Alfredo's is beautiful—faux marble columns and frescoes adorn its walls, the tables are set with crystal and heavy linen, and the charming waiters won't sing if you beg them not to. And the fettuccine *is* wonderful. Start with crunchy calamari that ► 246

RICHARD CLINE

travel GUIDE

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comes with a well-seasoned fresh tomato sauce, ask for a side order of the fabulous spinach that usually comes with the only so-so veal, have a carafe of the dry house white—and you have a perfect meal. The service is impeccable and the espresso's strong.

For restaurants where people actually dress, you must venture into the Disney "Hotel Plaza." If you are feeling particularly patient, try Arthur's 27 on the twenty-seventh floor of the Buena Vista Palace Hotel. Arthur's is a Mel Brooks-ian monument to bumbling pretension. The "crystal" is more like Cristal D'Arque straight from Wal-Mart, and the palate-cleansing ices between courses are bright red and sickly sweet. The overeager waiters read aloud from the ludicrous menu, which in addition to the à la carte items boasts The Gourmand, a six-course tasting menu billed as "a Memorable Experience Never to Be Equaled." Then there are the "international cheeses . . . from around the world," and the wine list, which allows that "the climate in Chile is ideal for grape growing," and that "the French drink their Bordeaux wines young, fearing that the Socialist government will take them away from them."

On the other hand, that same wine list is exceptional and wide-ranging—the Burgundies include a reliable Château de la Chaize Brouilly for $22 and a 1982 Romanée Conti La Tâche extremely well priced at $130. And as soon as the waiter dispenses with those awful silver domes, the food is superb. Oysters en surprise are served with an intense wild mushroom mousse wrapped in ethereal phyllo pastry and napped with a light champagne cream sauce scented with tarragon. Rosy slices of venison on a bed of celery root were exceptional, but most remarkable was a grouper steamed in a lettuce leaf with shrimp and tomato vinaigrette on a bed of pureed eggplant. Skip the froufrou cheese course, and enjoy instead the view of the Magic Kingdom fireworks.

You may feel you are dining in Morocco perhaps, or prewar Hollywood

After the pomp of Arthur's, La Coquina at the Hyatt Regency Grand Cypress Hotel was a welcome sea of tranquillity. The open blond room is a softer version of the Grill Room at Manhattan's Four Seasons, with huge windows looking out on gardens landscaped with canals. The waiters tell you only what you ask them, the crystal's real, and the wine list is devoid of all but the names of the wines. Although covered by the relentless silver domes, the food was less complicated than at Arthur's, sort of Sonoma American with Oriental influences. Not to miss: loin lamb chops with eggplant, grilled polenta, and a grape leaf oozing warm goat cheese. Sunday brunch is popular and a real bargain for serious champagne drinkers—unlimited courses and Dom Perignon for $52.

Before leaving, you may want to consider taking preliminary steps toward reentering the outside world. It's a bit scary, frankly—traffic will unnerve you and not everybody will be smiling. To make it as easy as possible, go into Orlando and have a last supper at Le Coq au Vin, a warm, rustic restaurant with truly inspired food. Soothe yourself with chef Louis Perrotte's velvety chicken-liver pâté, briny warm oysters in a champagne beurre blanc, or a creole dish like eggplant bayou teche. It is so inexpensive, so pleasant, it may not be good training for the real world after all. But it is definitely worth the whole trip. TRAVEL ▶ 248

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TRAVEL NEWS

By Richard Alleman

On Hawaii's 225,000-acre Parker Ranch: Pacific sunset, ABOVE; paniolos (Hawaiian cowboys) rounding up cattle, RIGHT

Hawaii's wild west

On the big island of Hawaii, the famous Parker Ranch—at 225,000 acres, the largest privately owned ranch in the United States—is now open to the public. The best way to see this magnificent spread is on a four-hour tour that is given two times a day. Besides observing working paniolos (Hawaiian cowboys), visitors travel by minivan to numerous historic buildings and ranch sites, including the century-old mansion of the current owner, which has an impressive trove of paintings by Degas, Renoir, Pissarro, Chagall, and Corot, among others. The "Paniolo Country Tour" costs $38 for adults, $19 for children, and includes lunch. A shorter version is offered for $15 and $7.50. Phone: (808) 885-7655.

Singapore upswing

As Hong Kong braces for its impending return to mainland China, its southern neighbor, Singapore, seems hell-bent on becoming Southeast Asia's premier financial center and tourist playground. An exciting development is the $100 million restoration of Raffles Hotel, the legendary haunt of Rudyard Kipling and Somerset Maugham, expected to reopen in 1991. Also set for a 1991 debut is the Venice Simplon Orient-Express Asia, a super-deluxe train that will travel between Singapore and Bangkok, making stops in Malaysia along the way. For more on Singapore, see page 246.

The Nile cure

Next time in Egypt, save a few days at the end of your stay to recharge in the charming town of Aswan. There, the luxurious Hotel Aswan Oberoi—on an island in the Nile—has a fully equipped spa with mud and sand therapies, plus sauna, Turkish baths, tennis, and yoga. Phone: (212) 545-2222.

Another Caribbean

For fans of the Caribbean, two new guidebooks zero in on decidedly different aspects of the islands. Kay Showker's The Outdoor Traveler's Guide to the Caribbean *(Stewart, Tabori & Chang, $19.95) documents the often overlooked national parks, rain forests, bird sanctuaries, hiking trails, and dive sites of twenty-six island groups. One hundred eighty color photographs complement the text. . . . Michele Evans's* Caribbean Choice *(Warner Books, $14.95) profiles over fifty of the area's best hotels and resorts in a straightforward style that's bound to be helpful to anyone planning a holiday.*

Undersea sight: feather-duster worms

Africa update

What may well be the ultimate safari—Cairo to Victoria Falls aboard a 1940s Catalina "flying boat" (Vogue, April 1989)—starts the winter season with a new U.S. agent: the Abercrombie & Kent organization. New, two-week Kenya-Tanzania-Zaire flying boat itineraries have also been set for 1990. Call: (312) 954-2944.

Top left: SHIRLEY GUNDERSON; *top right:* DOUG PEEBLES; *center:* The Granger Collection; *bottom:* NANCY SEFTON/Outdoor Traveler's Guide Caribbean

AD. DIR: PAUL MARCIANO PH: ELLEN VON UNWERTH

GUESS? USA

GEORGES MARCIANO SWIMWEAR

DRIVING

From burlwood steering wheel to concert-quality stereo, the latest **car accessories** redefine the limits of luxury. DAVID BARRY explores the options

OWNING A TOP-LINE MERCEDES-BENZ OR BMW DOES not tell the world you have arrived; only that you have the right car. Making a real fashion statement requires the right accessories. That means upgrading indoors and out, from platinum-tone wheel rims to wood interior trim and NASA-grade electronics.

Never mind that this makeover will cost more than an ordinary family sedan. This is the *ultimate* in automotive luxury. Starting with the basics, the wheels that come on a Mercedes-Benz or BMW may be perfectly adequate for transportation, but not for fashion. Replace them with designer wheels: A. C. Schnitzer modular alloys for the BMW, Lorinsers for the Mercedes ($2,000 to $3,000 a set). Or Zender's new alloy rims with replaceable centers so you can switch colors at will. This year's wheel color is platinum.

Driving gloves for proper handling, LEFT. Keeping in touch and in style with cellular phone and portable fax, ABOVE. Watch by Bulgari–The Hotel Pierre. Details, last pages.

Like the factory wheels, the front seats will have to go. Try custom seats, preferably by Recaro. The Recaro CSE—orthopedically contoured, infinitely adjustable—lists for $3,180 per seat in cloth, $3,990 in leather. Don't skimp; choose the leather.

Next, replace the steering wheel with a custom wood-rimmed wheel like the $339.95 Astra Wood wheel by Momo, or the $650 burlwood wheel from Beverly Hills Motoring Accessories. To continue the lush warmth of a burlwood interior, BHMA offers the $3,975 burlwood trim kit by AMG to cover the door-handle panel and map pocket.

Now for the electronics. While a car phone is de rigueur for keeping up with today's success-oriented drivers, the high-tech $1,395 Mitsubishi 900 will help you get ahead. Functionally elegant in basic black, the 900 is a hand-held, lightweight cellular phone. It's removable, with a 1.25-hour battery-powered talk-time capability and one-hundred-number memory.

A car phone, of course, is not the last word in automotive communications gear. A mobile fax unit is. The Personal PortaFax III puts you ahead of the technologically underprivileged whose cars are not equipped to send and receive documents. And it does dual duty as a fully portable copier. The list price: $1,295.

Sound comes next. The truly discriminating demand the acoustic realism of orchestra seats at Lincoln Center. Howard Becker of Electronic Entertainment in Los Angeles offers the ultimate: custom-designed stereo systems tailored first to the car, then to the customer's listening preference. A 600-watt bi-amp, four-channel, fourteen-speaker system with electronic crossover networks and parametric equalization runs about $9,000.

Proper driving attire and accessories include J. P. Tod's slip-on driving shoes, designed for Fiat test drivers. Tod's $149 shoe has a nonslip pebbled bottom extending up the back to eliminate heel scuff. Then, get kidskin driving gloves by Hermès ($235–$275) and a cashmere lap robe ($450 at Neiman Marcus).

For automotive jewelry, Beverly Hills Motoring Accessories offers a full line, from gold key chains ($400) to gold-plated exterior trim and insignia (about $2,500). BHMA also carries removable Mercedes-Benz hood ornaments ($129 in twenty-four-karat gold plate, $99 in chrome). The pullout hood ornament protects against theft, at the cost of having to remove and replace the ornament every time you park in public. That's a nuisance. Why not buy them by the dozen, and replace as needed? ♥

PAULA BULLWINKEL; hair and makeup, Joseph McDevitt for Pierre Michel, NYC

Here's just the ticket for weekend fun. The Ford Mustang LX Convertible. At the push of a button, the top folds back so you can leave your cares behind you; it's sheer open-air excitement, courtesy of Mustang's spirited 2.3L engine. Top it off with power windows, power locks, and power mirrors, and this is easily one of the coolest night spots in town. Mustang LX Convertible. It's a great way to enjoy the weekend…every day of the week.

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Have you driven a Ford...lately? Ford

say it with food

The best gifts, says Jeffrey Steingarten, come not only in small packages but packed in dry ice

FOR THE PAST MONTH, I JUST COULDN'T STOP EATING. One day I went through five hundred dollars' worth of food, though half of that was postage.

My mission was to track down the finest and most convenient mail-order food in America today. I began by compiling a list of possibilities from my own memories of happy eating, friends' suggestions, catalogs and advertisements, the appendices of cookbooks, a decade of newspaper and magazine articles (especially the indefatigable reporting of food writers Marian Burros and Florence Fabricant), and a dozen books about mail-order food and regional American producers. (The best of these is Allison and Margaret Engel's terrific *Food Finds* [Colophon Books, 1984], soon to be updated in a new edition. Both Engel sisters also telephoned to share their latest discoveries.) Before long I had five hundred promising candidates.

I cut the list in half by eliminating hams (one out of ten Americans appears to operate a smokehouse), edible nuts, fruitcakes, most places that don't take credit cards, and anything with the word jalapeño in it. I also eliminated living things. Several companies will send you live lobsters and clams in their very own pot, ready for steaming; others ship day-old wild mallard chicks or live crayfish. I could just picture the carnage if my recipient happened to be on vacation when the food arrived.

Next, I made 250 phone calls for catalogs and price sheets, received most of them, and crossed off the rest. If they can't organize themselves to mail a piece of paper, what chance do they stand with smoked mahimahi from balmy Hawaiian waters?

I suffered several stinging disappointments. The company in New Jersey that carries hundreds of foreign beers refuses to ship any of them. The people in Lockport, Illinois, who supply every kind of meat—from camel roast, boneless at $12.95 a pound, to zebra patties at $7.95—revealed that all their products are frozen. And the California farmer who used to send out his European salad greens the day they were picked now won't send them out any day at all.

There were several hundred items to order, and when I was done, I sat back in delicious expectation, waiting for my feast to arrive. For the next month that's what it did, morning, noon, and night, by mail and hand delivery, by air and by ground, in giant Styrofoam cold packs and sturdy little cardboard boxes. In the early days, I had the leisure to investigate new sources and perform amazing parlor tricks with the dry ice. But soon the food began coming at a faster pace than I could possibly consume it. One night my wife found me sitting on the floor surrounded by forty open jars of jam, my face and clothing stained a reddish purple, berry seeds lodged between every pair of teeth. She reports that as she led me to bed, I incoherently explained that I was just doing my duty.

Nothing says it like a gift of food. And now, through the magic of Federal Express, UPS second-day air, 800 numbers, credit cards, and dry ice, an edible universe is just a telephone call away. What follows are some of the most delicious food gifts you can find anywhere. Most of them are, I think, superior to what you can buy where you live. Many of the producers are small, but all are skillful at packing and sending their product. Prices are exclusive of shipping unless "postpaid" appears or is somehow implied. Almost everything can be ordered with a credit card and a telephone; some companies require personal checks or money orders, either in advance or when they send the bill, but these were worth including because of their quality. Details appear at the end of the article.

I sat back in expectation, waiting for my feast to arrive. For the next month it did, morning, noon, and night

Say It with Jam

Jams are the immortality of fruit, the pure sweetness of summer suspended in glass. They are inexpensive, and you can vary how many you give according to the amount of love or fear you feel for the recipient. There are lots of jams out there, but most are overcooked, congealed with pectin, or made with inferior, unripe fruit. And some are perfect.

American Spoon Foods in Michigan is a national treasure. Founded in 1981 by Chef Larry Forgione (River Café, An American Place), Justin Rashid (former woodland forager), and a recipe for strawberry preserves, American Spoon cooks exquisite jams and jellies from Michigan fruit, often wild and handpicked, in twen- ▶256

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ty-eight-gallon open copper kettles. Spoon Fruits are sweetened only with fruit juice and barely thickened with homemade apple pectin, have only seven calories a teaspoon, and cost $5.00 to $5.50 for nine-ounce jars of apricot, black cherry, black raspberry, blackberry, blueberry, boysenberry, peach, red raspberry, and sour cherry. American Spoon's more traditional preserves are intensely flavored with nothing but fruit and sugar and are similarly priced. Wild berries are more expensive; rare thimbleberries, at $8.75 for a ten-ounce jar, are rose-colored with crunchy, nutty little seeds and a complex winey perfume reminiscent of raspberries, sour cherries, or wild blueberries, but transcending them all.

Agrimontana probably makes the best preserves in Italy, all from the ripest Piedmontese and Ligurian fruits and berries, with lovely labels by artist Gianni Gallo; *Dean & DeLuca* imports them in 8.75-ounce jars for $4.35. Agrimontana's *amarene* (sour cherry) is impossible to equal, unless you can persuade the *Corti Brothers* in Sacramento to part with their rare Italian *amarascata* preserves, $9.25 for nine incredibly intense, tart ounces. Using Mrs. Beaton's 1866 recipe, the Cortis also cook their own dark, bitter, aged marmalade from the famous Seville oranges growing next to the state capitol building, $4.39 for ten ounces; of the vintage years, my favorite is 1984.

The peasants of Tuscany and the Piedmont still sun-cook their preserves outside in the merciless summer sun for three days. So, in a fashion, do the ladies of the Thornton W. Burgess Society of East Sandwich, Massachusetts, next to their *Green Briar Jam Kitchen*. Sun-cooked apricots, blueberries, nectarines, peaches, plums, and strawberries, some lightly alcoholic, all in little six-ounce jars for $4.25, are uniformly delicious, though only the blueberries are local; their beach plum jelly, made from Cape Cod fruit and stove-cooked indoors, is strong and tart.

Say It with Sweets

Manon imports the finest Belgian chocolates currently available in the U.S., beautifully molded and filled with praline, crème fraîche, chocolate truffle, and fruit creams. You can send their standard assortment or specify white, milk, or dark chocolate, particular shapes and flavors, or their terrific chocolate-dipped orange peel, all at $34 a pound. When you end a dinner party with a plate of two dozen identical Manon bonbons filled with *gianduja*, the rich paste of hazelnuts and chocolate, your guests seem to forget your earlier lapses in taste and technique.

Teuscher jets in their splendid chocolate truffles every week from Zurich. You may emphasize dark, milk, or white chocolate or their famed champagne truffles, all at $18 for a half-pound box or $41 for eighteen ounces. But avoid their banal assorted bonbons.

Dean & DeLuca commissions wonderful pastries and sweets from local cooks—biscotti dipped in chocolate, nut toffee, lemon squares, rugalach, mandelbrot, pecan sables, and stuffed prunes from Agen, France, prune capital of the universe. For $55, they'll pack them into a handsome wood box and send it anywhere.

The *Di Camillo* family in Niagara Falls has been baking superb Italian biscuits and breads for three generations. Their Signature Collection is a huge golden tin painted with fruit and angels and filled with butter cookies, almond macaroons, a chocolate nut torte, and Di Camillo's famous red-wine biscuits. It makes a lavish gift for $43 postpaid.

Grand Finale in Berkeley specializes in buttercream caramels, soft and rich, and their box of five chocolate-covered caramel nut bars in assorted flavors—not unlike upscale Milky Ways—are individually wrapped in shiny Mylar and make a merry gift for $10.95. I can't stop eating *Grandpa Buswell's Homemade Filbert Brittle*, the best I've ever tasted, crisp and light and bumpy with Oregon hazelnuts, $9.50 for a one-pound bag. Only five years ago, Katherine Prescott, seventy-nine, began selling her handmade chocolate burnt-almond toffee and chocolate-covered orange peel and soon won a national award. A half-pound of *Katherine's Own* toffee or a ten-ounce box of orange peel costs $12 from *The Ultimate Basket*. *Elizabeth's Best* is first-rate shortbread, handmade in Mystic, Connecticut, from nothing but butter, sugar, and flour, at $11.95 for a two-pound box. *Gwetzli Foods* in Oakland bakes a dense, fudgy pie of chocolate and coffee, paves it with roasted macadamias, calls it Mocadamia Torte, and charges $19.95 for twenty ounces.

Say It with Salmon

Translucent slices of fine smoked salmon, served with thin light toast (I don't hold with the British custom of dark bread, which drowns out the salmon) and lightly sprinkled with lemon juice and capers or eaten unadorned, are a luxury that the holidays easily justify.

George Campbell & Sons in Edinburgh, Scotland, smokes wild and farmed local salmon over oak, vacuum-packs it, and ships it in five days to the United States. In several taste tests, my friends preferred Campbell's wild salmon (available only some of the year) to all others—firm, lean, and strongly smoked; its farmed version was highly rated, too. A 2½-pound side costs £57.50 unsliced (about $90 at the current exchange rate), half of which is postage.

Ducktrap River's farmed salmon is cold-smoked over fruitwoods and hardwoods and costs $47.50 postpaid for a small side (1½–2 pounds) or $59.50 for a jumbo (2–2½ pounds), relatively inexpensive among the leading candidates. My guests were enthusiastic but preferred the more costly Campbell's.

In the Pacific Northwest, large chunks of salmon are hot-smoked over alderwood and emerge dense, firm, pungent, and more fully cooked than the delicate European-style Atlantic salmon from all the producers I've recommended so far. After I squandered lots of money trying to find a version I really liked, one of the Engel sisters suggested *Karla's* in Rockaway Beach, ▶258

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Oregon, which smokes just about any Pacific fish you can name. The Chinook salmon is $15.95 a pound.

Say It with Pastrami

A pastrami sandwich is beef that has been spiced, salted, and smoked for several weeks, then gently reheated, sliced thin, and piled high on crusty rye bread. Pastrami is heaven. But even in New York City, the pastrami capital of the world, most delicatessens buy theirs from two or three large producers, none of whom dry-cure the beef in true Rumanian fashion, and all of whom use the fatty navel cut. *Pastrami King* has been doing everything right for sixty-seven years, and they are willing to share it with you for $13 a pound by second-day air. A nice sandwich demands eight ounces of pastrami, so each two-to-three-pound slab will serve four to six. Just heat the pastrami gently in a steamer or double boiler for twenty minutes before slicing.

Say It with Buffalo

Meat makes a nifty gift. But why order those frozen beefsteaks from Chicago or Omaha when you can do just as well at a good local butcher? Now fresh venison, wild boar, game birds, buffalo, and much, much more are just twenty-four hours away.

Meat makes a nifty gift. Venison, game birds, buffalo, and more are just twenty-four hours away

D'Artagnan is my favorite one-call source for game and foie gras. Just dial 1-800-DARTAGNAN (the final AN serves no purpose but helps pass the time until the telephone rings), and an impressive menu of specialty meats opens before you. Founded just five years ago by Ariane Daguin (her father is André Daguin, the great chef of southwest France), D'Artagnan is the pioneering source for domestic foie gras (the rich, ambrosial liver of the fatted moulard duck or toulouse goose, raised in upstate New York), and it's better than anything imported from France; $57.50 a pound for the raw duck liver and $64.50 a pound for a terrine of duck foie gras poached in sauternes. First-quality kid, quail, squab, venison, wild boar, and buffalo are available, too, as well as smoked game and by-products like duck fat and demi-glace. Everything arrives fresh in perfectly designed insulated boxes.

Summerfield Farm in Virginia raises veal calves on mother's milk and lets them roam free, unlike commercial veal producers, who closely confine their animals and use medicated powdered-milk feed. The result is superb—deep pink, juicy, and full of flavor, with only half the fat of chicken and a sixth that of commercial white veal. Prices range from $5.50 a pound for veal shank to $26.50 a pound for loin roast, fresh or frozen.

Broken Arrow Ranch in Texas supplies venison from free-range axis and sika deer to some of the country's most celebrated restaurants. The meat has only a third the calories of beef and is free of hormones, steroids, and antibiotics. At the last minute and too late to order it, I discovered that Broken Arrow also supplies wild lamb—half the size of what your butcher sells; Ariane Daguin, who owns D'Artagnan, buys a leg or two every so often for her own kitchen and says it's terrific.

Say It with Adorable Little Ice Cream Fruits

The *St. Clair Ice Cream Company* in Connecticut molds ice cream and sorbet into the shape of tiny fruits and walnuts, coats them with colorful natural glazes, attaches green plastic holders in the shape of leaves, and ships them everywhere in dry ice, $8.50 a dozen for ice creams (my favorites are maple walnut, chocolate, strawberry, peach, and orange) and $9.00 for ices (passion fruit and lemon are the tastiest).

Say It with Chips

The Pennsylvania Dutch still cook their potato chips in pure lard, and unlike other small producers who distribute only to local supermarkets, *Dieffenbach's* will send them directly to you or your chip-loving friends for $2.99 a pound. Dieffenbach's chips are thick, incredibly crisp, not greasy at all, and have a fine, assertive potato taste. Before you recoil at the idea of potato chips fried in rendered pig fat, 1) consider that lard is much less saturated than palm oil, coconut oil, or butter and not much worse than Crisco; 2) read "The Cholesterol Myth" in Say It with Words, below; 3) remember Mark Dieffenbach's neighbor lady who, despite a gallbladder operation, can eat more of his chips than the factory-made variety. I ordered a carton of four one-pound bags, and hardly a chip arrived broken.

Say It with English Muffins

Joyce's simply makes the best English muffins in the country—thick and yeasty in plain or onion (my favorites), cheese, oat bran (ugh!), or honey-wheat-raisin, about $12 a dozen depending on the flavor.

Say It with Nitrites

Have you been avoiding bacon, country ham, and sausages because of their nitrates and nitrites? Well, the National Research Council's encyclopedic *Diet and Health* (1989) should put your mind to rest. A slab of thick-sliced bacon makes a succulent gift, and of the ten I've tried, at least three blow away the supermarket variety. *Roi Ballard's Meadow Farms Country Smokehouse* in Bishop, California, has been cold-smoking its meats over mountain mahogany, a close relative of mesquite, since 1922; its prize-winning bacon is smoked for twenty hours and costs $18 for a half-slab weighing at least four pounds, $9 for two pounds sliced. *Nueske Hillcrest Farm Meats* in Wittenberg, Wisconsin, sugar-cures its delicious bacon and smokes it over applewood embers, $3.49 a pound unsliced, $3.89 sliced. If you're still panicked about nasty chemicals, try the excellent no-nitrite, brown-sugar-cured, hickory-smoked bacon from *Jugtown Mountain Smokehouse*, $4.65 a pound.

Bruce Aidells in San Francisco supplies splendid charcuterie to Coyote Café and Stars, fresh and ▶ 260

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smoked sausages, mild and Cajun-hot, nouvelle and traditional, nitrates and not, and he will supply them to your loved ones for between $6 a pound (pork) to $9 (duck).

Say It with Real Barbecue

The most delightful food book of 1988 was *Real Barbecue* by Kentuckians Greg Johnson and Vince Staten, "a guide to the best joints, the best sauces, the best cookers" for finding or fixing genuine pit barbecue—the unique American method of warm-smoking pork and beef over aromatic wood all day long. Some of the authors' "Hot 100" will ship ribs, pulled pork, or beef brisket to the barbecue junkies on your Christmas list. Five long slabs of dry-style ribs arrived from their favorite *Charlie Vergos' Rendezvous* (also known as The 'Vous) the morning after I phoned their 800 number and pledged $85 (including shipping) with my credit card. *Willingham's World Champion B.B.Q.* (Overall World's Bar-B-Que Grand Champion, Memphis, 1984; World's Best Ribs, Richmond, 1987) will Fed Ex four half-racks of pork ribs for $29.95, or ship you a whole 120-pound barbecued calf on two days' notice. I ordered the ribs, which were excellent, but will have to trust John Willingham about the calf. A recent issue of *Real Barbecue News* (which, at $14 for four yearly issues, makes a nice gift for people who are really serious about their pit barbecue) names six more Memphis sources for mail-order ribs, and I promise to try them all before next Christmas.

If your taste runs to Carolina pit barbecue and its wonderful mustard-based sauce, *Maurice's Flying Pig Barbecue Service* in Columbia will send you three whole rib racks and three pounds of chopped fresh ham barbecue, for $99, enough to feed twelve. As with all mail-order barbecue, you have to supply your own coleslaw, beans, and hamburger buns.

Say It with Fruit

Have you ever tasted a tree-ripened banana, or a green or blue or red one, emphatic in flavor and creamy as custard? *Seaside Banana Garden* in La Conchita, California, is one of the few banana plantations in the U.S. They grow forty varieties organically and will pack a seasonal assortment of twenty or so bananas (about 5½ pounds) in each sampler for $40 postpaid. Their packaging is thoroughly inelegant, but the gustatory fun easily makes up for it.

Frieda's Finest, the Los Angeles pioneer in exotic produce, accomplished a miracle last week: they sent me their $50, eight-pound gift basket of nearly ripe, California-grown tropical fruit, and it arrived in perfect shape—horned melons, Asian pears, sapotas, passion fruit, crab apples, tamarillos, and feijoas, each with a little label telling me its name, how to tell when it's ripe, and how to eat it.

Blue Jay Orchards in Bethel, Connecticut, raises twenty-five kinds of apples, including the delicious Japanese Mutsu, and lets you choose up to six varieties to fill its apple samplers, complete with a chart telling you which apple is which. A sampler of sixteen apples costs $25, or twenty-five apples for $32, both postpaid.

Manhattan Fruitier hand-delivers handsome baskets of seasonal fruit throughout the New York metropolitan area. At Christmastime we can look forward to clementines, Seckel pears, kumquats, grapes, persimmons, and lady apples, plus an occasional strawberry or nectarine from warmer climes to remind us of summer—all decorated with holly and juniper berries. The $50 basic basket (eight pounds) and the $75 version with biscotti (twelve pounds) cause great delight whenever I send them. More lavish versions add chocolates and pounds of fruit.

Say It Organically

For years, the *Center for Science in the Public Interest* has been keeping agribusiness, the food-processing industry, and their governmental allies much more honest than they would like to be, and the center will send you its list of mail-order suppliers of organic grains, fruits, produce, and more, for a dollar.

Say It with Fungus

The white truffle of Alba in Italy's Piedmont region is one of nature's crowning achievements, especially shaved over buttered pasta or eggs. Genuine *tartufi bianchi d'Alba* are expensive and rare, and many shops and restaurants substitute inferior varieties. *Dean & DeLuca* has its own supplier near Alba and will ship a truffle to your favorite eater in a jar of protective rice with, if you wish, an Italian stainless-steel truffle slicer. Astoundingly, truffle prices this year are about half last year's, at $40 to $50 an ounce; a handsome 1.5-ounce truffle covers six to ten plates of pasta, depending on your mood.

Previously unavailable outside Mexico (unless you own a cornfield), *huitlacoche* is a silvery black fungus that forms on the ears of corn. *El Aficionado,* which supplies restaurants like Rosa Mexicano in New York, persuades U.S. farmers not to destroy the stuff and ships it to you frozen for $10 a pound. Mexicans make a soup from this delicacy, fill quesadillas with it, or stuff it into thin, cream-covered crepes.

Delftree was the first commercial grower to produce meaty, delicious Japanese shiitake mushrooms year-round; most are sold wholesale to fancy grocers and restaurants. Their quality is high and quite reasonable at $7 a pound.

Say It with Words

Here are some favorite food newsletters and other literary gifts for friends who love to read about food. Giving a year's subscription has the advantage that you will be remembered the whole year through, and the disadvantage that you may have to renew it forever.

Where do Julia Child, Wolfgang Puck, Paula Wolfert, and Barbara Kafka get their inside information about cookbooks domestic and foreign, popular and obscure, in English and not? By subscribing to Grace Kirschenbaum's *World of Cookbooks* for $30. Now entering its fourth year, this eccentric sixteen-page ▶262

RED

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quarterly covers fifty to seventy-five cookbooks in every issue, and there is nothing else like it.

Robert Noah is an American in Paris whose *Paris en Cuisine* newsletter ($36 a year) is indispensable for keeping up with the restaurant and food scene there and in the rest of France. Noah's firm opinions are informed by years of labor in some of the top kitchens of France. His restaurant reservation service borders on the miraculous, and subscribers to *Paris en Cuisine* are given substantial discounts on the $18 fee.

The truth will out: cholesterol doesn't really matter! Last September *The Atlantic* ran Thomas J. Moore's explosive "The Cholesterol Myth," and now Random House has published the full-length version, *Heart Failure*. Moore concludes that diet has little effect on serum cholesterol, that anticholesterol drugs can be fatal, and that lowering your cholesterol will do little to lengthen your lifespan. The *Atlantic* article left the medical establishment and other sectors of the Food Police apoplectic, sputtering, and incoherent. Until Moore is refuted, either version makes a delectable garnish for the gifts listed under Say It with Nitrites, Chips, Pastrami, and Real Barbecue.

Where can the food lover on your Christmas list find irresistible and timely writing about food and, as an extra added bonus, pictures of dresses too? Vogue magazine, of course, for only $24 a year.

SOURCES

Aidells Sausage Company, 1575 Minnesota Street, San Francisco, California 94107. (415) 285-6660. MC, V.

American Spoon Foods, Inc., 411 East Lake Street, P.O. Box 566, Petoskey, Michigan 49770. (800) 222-5886, (616) 347-9030 in Michigan. MC, V.

Roi Ballard's Meadow Farms Country Smokehouse, Box 1387, Bishop, California 93514. (619) 873-5311. MC, V.

Blue Jay Orchards, Plumtrees Road, Bethel, Connecticut 06801. (203) 748-0119. Personal check only.

Broken Arrow Ranch (Texas Wild Game Cooperative), P.O. Box 530, Ingram, Texas 78025. (800) 962-4263 or (512) 367-5875. MC, V.

Center for Science in the Public Interest, Americans for Safe Food, 1501 Sixteenth Street N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036. (202) 332-9110.

Charlie Vergos' Rendezvous, 52 South Second Street, Memphis, Tennessee 38103. (800) 524-5554, then punch BBCUE at the tone; (901) 523-2746 in Tennessee. MC, V.

Corti Brothers, The Courtyard, 5770 Freeport Boulevard, Sacramento, California 95822. (916) 391-0300. MC, V.

D'Artagnan, Inc., 399-419 St. Paul Avenue, Jersey City, New Jersey 07306. (800) DARTAGNan or (201) 792-0748. AE, MC, V.

Dean & DeLuca, 560 Broadway, New York, New York 10012. (800) 221-7714, (212) 431-1691 in New York; ask for mail order or extension 223. AE, MC, V.

Delftree Corporation, 234 Union Street, North Adams, Massachusetts 01247. (413) 664-4907. MC, V.

Di Camillo Bakery, 811 Linwood Avenue, Niagara Falls, New York 14305. (800) 634-4363, (716) 282-2341 in New York. AE, MC, V.

Dieffenbach's Potato Chip Company, Rt. 1, Box 361, Womelsdorf, Pennsylvania 19567. (215) 589-2385. Personal check or money order, no credit cards.

Ducktrap River Fish Farm, Inc., RFD 2, Box 378, Lincolnville, Maine 04849. (207) 763-3960. MC, V.

El Aficionado, 540 East 20th Street, New York, New York 10009. (212) 477-8947. AE.

Elizabeth's Best, P.O. Box 294, Mystic, Connecticut 06355. (203) 599-3279. MC, V.

Frieda's Finest, P.O. Box 58488, Los Angeles, California 90058. (800) 421-9477, (213) 627-2981 in California. AE, MC, V.

George Campbell & Sons (Fishmongers) *Ltd.*, The Smoke House, West Harbour Road, Granton, Edinburgh EH5 1RF, Scotland. 011-44-31-552-0376. AE, V, MC.

Grand Finale, 200 Hillcrest Road, Berkeley, California 94705. (800) 748-6271, (415) 655-8414 in California. AE, MC, V.

Grandpa Buswell's Homemade Filbert Brittle, 26890 Salmon River Highway, Willamina, Oregon 97396. (503) 879-5543. Personal check and maybe credit cards by Christmas.

Green Briar Jam Kitchen, 6 Discovery Hill Road, East Sandwich, Massachusetts 02537. (508) 888-6870. MC, V.

Gwetzli Foods, P.O. Box 20298, Oakland, California 94620-0298. (415) 655-5621. MC, V.

Joyce's Gourmet English Muffin Company, 4 Lake Street, Arlington, Massachusetts 02174. (800) 234-6836 or (617) 641-1900. MC, V.

Jugtown Mountain Smokehouse, 77 Park Avenue, Flemington, New Jersey. (201) 782-2421. MC, V.

Karla's, 2010 Hwy. 101 N., Box 156, Rockaway Beach, Oregon 97136. (503) 355-2362. MC, V.

Manhattan Fruitier, 210 East 6th Street, New York, New York 10003. (212) 260-2280. AE, MC, V. New York metropolitan area only.

Manon Chocolatier, 872 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10021. (212) 288-8088.

Maurice's Flying Pig Barbecue Service, P.O. Box 6847, West Columbia, South Carolina 29171. (800) MAURICE, (803) 791-5887 in South Carolina, (803) 791-8707 fax only. MC, V.

Nueske Hillcrest Farm Meats, Rural Route 2, Wittenberg, Wisconsin 54499. (800) 38-BACON, (800) 37-BACON in Wisconsin.

Paris en Cuisine, 49 rue de Richelieu, 75001 Paris, France. 011-33-1-42613523. Or P.O. Box 50099, St. Louis, Missouri 63105. MC, V.

Pastrami King, 124-24 Queens Boulevard, Kew Gardens, New York 11415. (718) 263-1717. AE only.

Real Barbecue News, P.O. Box 30, Prospect, Kentucky 40059. Personal check only.

St. Clair Ice Cream Company, 1 Hanford Place, South Norwalk, Connecticut 06854. (203) 853-4774.

Seaside Banana Garden, 6823 Santa Barbara Avenue, La Conchita, California 93001. (805) 643-4061. Personal check only.

Summerfield Farm, HCR 4, Box 195A, Brightwood, Virginia 22715. (703) 948-3100. MC, V.

Teuscher, 620 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10020. (212) 246-4416. AE, MC, V.

Willingham's World Champion B.B.Q., 54 South Holmes, Memphis, Tennessee 38111. (800) 227-RIBS or (901) 324-7787. AE, MC, V.

World of Cookbooks, 1798 Michael Lane, Pacific Palisades, California 90272. (213) 454-1990. Personal check only.

FOOD ▶ 264

BOLLA

Il vino classico d'Italia

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FOOD NOTES

A peripatetic star chef finds a permanent home at last at L.A.'s new Patina

Joachim Splichal has long been heralded as one of the most innovative and cerebral of the "New American" chefs. He's also been hard to find. After acclaimed stints at the Seventh Street Bistro and Max au Triangle in Los Angeles, he spent three years traveling as a visiting chef and consultant. Finally, he's home, at L.A.'s new Patina (5955 Melrose, 213-467-1108). The soothing dining room, overseen by Splichal's wife, Christine, boasts an elegant interior evocative of Frank Lloyd Wright that actually allows the food to star. Although the German-born Splichal is partial to familiar ingredients—crabmeat, salmon, goat cheese—in his hands they take on new dimensions. Among the cold appetizers, the sandwich of corn blinis with marinated salmon is an ethereal version of a well-worn combination. The warm combinations—Santa Barbara shrimp with mashed potatoes and potato truffle chips, potato ravioli with oysters and Zinfandel shallots, braised suckling pig with cabbage and herb gnocchi, are equally wonderful. Despite robust-sounding dishes such as John Dory with calf's feet and oysters, Splichal's cuisine is really quite light, and almost nouvelle in presentation. A shining example: a mille feuille of whitefish and cabbage with lemon sauce. The best dessert: strawberry rhubarb pie with crème brûlée ice cream. There's even a vegetarian menu (with such whimsies as semi-carpaccio of vegetables with virgin olive oil) to tempt even a committed carnivore, and buttery brioche at every table.

LEFT: L.A.'s new Patina. ABOVE: Its dishes include potato cannelloni filled with salmon and a "layer cake" of potatoes and mushrooms.

California "cognac"

Everyone knows California wines can hold their own against the French, but not even the most patriotic would think America first for brandy. Now Germain-Robin, a tiny producer in Mendocino County, could change that. Hubert Germain-Robin, whose family distilled cognac in France for more than two hundred years, has teamed up with Ansley Coale, a former history professor, to produce a delicate, slightly fruity brandy without the heavy, oak quality of many French versions. Unlike cognac, which under French law is made only from a slightly acid regional white wine, Germain-Robin is made from black grapes as well as white, in an antique wood-fired, copper alembic still. Aged only five years, it stands up well to the older French labels—last spring groups of wine writers, restaurateurs, and wine merchants chose it in blind tastings above six top French cognacs. Discreetly packaged, it is already available in twenty-three states (including New York at Manhattan's Morrell & Co.), and a reserve, to compete with XO cognacs, will be released next fall.

Booked for the season

The year's best stocking stuffer is Antoine Boutin's slim but charming *Desserts from Le Perigord* (G. P. Putnam's Sons). Surprisingly rustic, the desserts include lemon bread, served hot with lemon butter, and a coconut cake with the coconut—and a lot of rum—in the batter. There are also tarts, soufflés, even a milkshake. Among the season's best big books is Random House's edition of *The Picayune's Creole Cookbook*. Written by a group of Louisiana ladies who feared the secrets of Creole cooking would be lost after the Civil War, this exhaustive compendium has been published by the New Orleans *Times-Picayune* since 1901. More than eight hundred recipes include such classics as oyster dressing and deviled crabs, and since updates are restricted to the margins, the original charm is preserved: "If the turtle is bought whole, first cut off the head...." Also not to miss is Diana Kennedy's *The Art of Mexican Cooking* (Bantam) with more than two hundred recipes, fire-hot sauces, how-to photos, and ingredient sources from our foremost authority on Mexican cuisine. And finally, David Rosengarten and Joshua Wesson's *Red Wine with Fish* (Simon and Schuster) is a witty book on food and wine pairings that explains why some combinations work and debunks those "classics" that don't. (They contend that champagne and caviar match in price only.) There's a thorough guide to vintage characteristics and producer styles, a glossary of wine terms, sound advice on menu planning, and inventive recipes like black-eyed peas with braised duck and okra.

JOHN REED FORSMAN

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"I'm the bride, they'll wait."

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Above: JEREMY SAMUELSON; *left:* MICHAEL MUNDY

found objects

This holiday season, the extravagant item has impact. **Amicia de Moubray** tracks some unusual finds

At Nonesuch in Santa Monica, ABOVE, are a turn-of-the-century portrait and objects from Mexico, Guatemala, and the Philippines. LEFT: English blue-glass finials, circa 1850, from Linda Horn, and a clear-glass newel knob, circa 1860, from Julian Graham-White, on an Irish mirror, 1790, from Kentshire Galleries, all NYC. ▶ 268

LIVING

2

WITH NO MORE RIGID RULES ABOUT DECORATING, with no more thought given to "proper" rooms or authentic period decor, the possibilities for gift giving have widened considerably. Style now is no longer about matched sets or complete collections, but the one object, large or small, that will add surprise, humor, or a touch of grandeur to an interior. What friend wouldn't be thrilled to receive, and what interior wouldn't benefit from, a pair of solid rock crystal pitchers with ormolu mounts, an exuberantly carved bed, a small but perfect shagreen box, or an Empire secretaire?

Fortunately, it's no longer necessary to set off on arduous journeys—or even board the Concorde like a supersonic grand tourist—to obtain such prizes for loved ones. With the advent of eclectic dealers whose wares range over centuries and across borders, one-stop an-

3

1. A detail of the border of a late-16th century Flemish tapestry from L'Antiquaire & The Connoisseur, NYC.
2. A 19th-century English cut-glass and wire-mesh starburst at Briger Antiques, NYC.
3. A selection of boxes of tortoiseshell, shagreen, ivory, mother-of-pearl, and scrolled paperwork, from James II, Daniel Barney/Chrystian Aubusson, Florian Papp, and Kentshire, all NYC. The 17th–19th century Italian inlaid-marble tabletop is from Garrick Stephenson, NYC.
4. One of a pair of Spanish chairs upholstered in gilt tooled leather, circa 1725, from Juan Montoya, NYC.

7. The eclectic mix at Passebon in Paris includes a painted armorial panel and a statue of the balloonist Montgolfier.
8. Quatrain in Los Angeles features an Italian Gothic Revival settee and matching side chairs, circa 1820, and a French Directoire bookcase, circa 1795.
9. A 1948 Western Flier bicycle is a highlight at Off the Wall Antiques, in L.A.

2 MONICA STEVENSON; 3, 4 MICHAEL MUNDY; 6 OBERTO GILI; 7 JEAN LEPICARD; 8, 9 JEREMY SAMUELSON

tiques shopping has become commonplace. And antiques fairs, such as the recent International Antique Dealers Show in New York City, bring together a global assortment of objects ranging from Roman antiquities to Wiener Werkstätte vases.

But the world isn't in any danger of becoming one giant standardized shopping mall of antiques, and each major capital retains its own personality and strength.

Despite the mix of their merchandise, the best dealers manage to maintain a highly individual approach. In London, the shops of Christopher Hodsoll and Christopher Gibbs seem like the inner sanctums of gentlemen's clubs. Well-worn leather chairs are surrounded with the trappings of a classical education—neoclassical busts, souvenirs of the grand tour, furniture with references to the antique. Paul Jones's shop takes on a more ►272

5. An 18th-century French needlework rug in wool and silk from Doris Leslie Blau, NYC.
6. Christopher Hodsoll's shop in London evokes the spirit of a gentlemen's club, with objects ranging from neoclassical busts to Regency armchairs.

Create a French Revolution in a 20th century fashion.

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LIVING

homey and comfortable atmosphere with tapestry pillows and piles of paisley shawls.

In Paris, by contrast, the ordered grandeur that the French prefer in their interiors is evident in Bernard Steinitz's showroom, which resembles a *hôtel particulier* of the ancien régime. Amid the smaller and cozier shops of the Left Bank is the exalted emporium of Pierre Passebon, known only to the cognoscenti. The shop's stock ranges from furniture designed by Jean-Michel Frank to rare ceramics to African totems, its hours are by appointment only, and its clients are drawn largely through word of mouth.

You don't have to leave these shores to find the unusual. New York City's enormous number of dealers have acres of English Regency furniture and enough Russian chandeliers to fill several Tsarskoye Selos. The shops in Los Angeles seem to specialize in whimsy and the unexpected, such as the vividly colored American bicycle from the late 1940s at Off the Wall Antiques. The city's proximity to Mexico and Latin America makes it a fertile hunting ground for devotees of ecclesiastical pieces, such as the array of crosses, altar candlesticks, and religious statues at Nonesuch.

Whatever your taste or inclination, as this roundup makes clear, there is a tantalizing assortment of the grand and the amusing available this season, making it easy to find an unforgettable holiday gift. ◆

1. A Swedish gilt chandelier, circa 1840, at Marvin Alexander, NYC.
2. Boxes of carved ivory, shagreen, and silver, from James II and Daniel Barney/Chrystian Aubusson, both NYC. The cloth is a mid-18th century damask brocaded in silver metallic threads, from Cora Ginsburg, NYC.
3. A North German gold-painted mirror with angels, circa 1637, from Antony Embden, Paris.
4. In Paul Jones's shop in London, a profusion of English and French mid-19th century paisley shawls spills out of a cupboard onto the floor painted by Tom Hammond.

5. A collection of silk tassels and pillows made from antique tapestries at Paul Jones, London.

1, 2 MONICA STEVENSON; 3, 5 JAMES MORTIMER; 4 LUCIANO DANIELI

The art of Pancaldi

The art of Gianfranco Ferre

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The art of Bottega Veneta

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VOGUE

Point of view

a time for glamour

By December, you've already bought your proper workaday tweed suits, and you want something spectacular, something extravagant: pieces that can jazz up a wardrobe. Designers oblige. Karl Lagerfeld kicked off the trend when he sent models down the runway this past fall in jackets covered with huge gold buttons, necks swathed in pearls. And now almost every designer is creating highly

GOLD
In a season of decoration, gold is clearly the popular choice. No longer restricted to traditional party dresses, gold turns up as embroidery on bathing suits, as makeup for evening.

ornamented pieces. Many of them have a flamboyant Hollywood sense of style: feathers, rhinestones, and sequins are liberally sprinkled on jackets, coats, dresses. Fabulously decorated sunglasses—studded with faux pearls or gems—replace familiar plain black versions in what can be dubbed the year of the sunglasses . . . . Of course, there's nothing like the real thing: we play up the inherent glamour of some of the most extraordinary diamonds by showing them off in a movie-star way on model Christy Turlington, who here resembles a young, sophisticated Sophia Loren . . . . Gold appears in limitless variations—from pale yellow to the deepest topaz—and in everything from long flowing dresses to eighteen-karat handbags with silk tassels. It's the influence of Romeo Gigli. You'll be seeing more of his gold-struck palette this summer and next fall . . . . An equally dazzling display can be had, though, for an affordable price. What works: silver dresses, jeans, and short trench coats. Priced under $500, they are good last-minute solutions for those who haven't yet found the right holiday outfit . . . . Another special treatment but with a more low-key approach: cashmere tops, tunics, dressing gowns. Going way beyond the luxurious cable crewneck, designers turn cashmere out in urban shapes and in a luscious range of blond tones. There's a whole wardrobe of choices . . . . *Versatility* and *investment* are the buzzwords for resort dressing this year. Designs are not only created for a hot-weather vacation but for summer, and for cool climates. A navy silk sequined polo shirt, for instance, slips over a navy wool skirt for winter, tucks into white jeans for resort.

FEATHERS
Adding a touch of Hollywood glamour to jackets, coats, and dresses, feathers are one of the most extravagant "accessories" around. Sometimes they cover an entire outfit; sometimes they're just fringe.

GRAPHICS
A sign of things to come: the graphic Op Art patterns on resort maillots. In electric pink and black or in solid black, they're a major spring theme.

THIS PAGE: A child of New York, photographed by Irving Penn in 1949.
OPPOSITE PAGE: Andy Warhol's ink-and-gold-leaf angel, circa 1957.

angels!

In this holiday season, symbols of purity and hope take on a special importance. On these ten pages, the camera of Irving Penn captures the direct gaze of childhood, and images from five hundred years are evidence of art's continuing fascination with the winged creatures of heaven

Andy Warhol

angels!

THIS PAGE: A young boy in New Jersey, 1941.
OPPOSITE PAGE: A detail of William Blake's *The Morning Stars Sang Together*, circa 1821, one of his illustrations for the Book of Job.

angels!

THIS PAGE: Children of China, 1947.
OPPOSITE PAGE: A detail of contemporary Russian artist Grisha Bruskin's *Alephbet: N.3 and N.4*, 1984.

Herbert Muschamp celebrates the return flight of angels to culture high and low

This is not a secular age—not any longer," writes Roger Lipsey in *An Art of Our Own,* a recent book about the spiritual content of twentieth-century art. I'm glad to hear it. Just as I was about to blow the bank account on some spectacularly secular Christmas shopping, it's a relief to learn that the whole idea is obsolete. If it's the thought that counts, I've got no problem. I will not forget the neediest. And I will harbor no cynical suspicions about the doorman's eagerness to walk my dog—ho, ho, ho.

None of this moist Tiny Tim stuff, however, is what Mr. Lipsey has in mind. His point is that the philosophical apparatus of secular culture has been eroded by the very institutions created to sustain it. Science, which in the Renaissance took over from theology the task of explaining the universe and its laws, has brought us to the realm of black holes, quarks, and string theories, and has led even scientists to the silence of ineffable wonder. And art, which detached itself from religion in the fifteenth century to paint a more realistic picture of the visible world, has recently brought us back to the transcendent realm of the angels.

To reenter this realm is to recall that angels were once as fundamental to the view of the cosmos as atoms are today. How many angels can flock on the point of a pin? To us, the question is the very symbol of scholastic absurdity. But to the best of medieval minds, it was as earnest an inquiry into the nature of reality as the question of how many electrons whirl about a nucleus is today. The comparison is not idle, for, like protons and electrons, angels were thought to function as the binders of the cosmos. God stood outside the universe He had created; man could not encounter Him face to face. Angels were the intermediaries between heaven and earth—the bearers of the message of divine order to mortal beings.

Like the Ptolemaic universe and illuminated manuscripts, angels were a casualty of the Renaissance. This is ironic, considering it was the artists of the Renaissance and, later, the Baroque who defined most fully the image of angels that persists to this day. But except in the art of the occasional mystic like William Blake (who stood well apart from organized religion), angels ceased to be representations of actual beings; they became symbols of an ideal. No longer the agents of cosmic wholeness, they became, on the contrary, a set of signs that expressed the separation of religious experience from the rest of a modernizing world. A pair of wings mounted on a picture or a building declared that space had been set aside for the Spirit, just as a row of columns would mark a zone for Culture.

If, in the Middle Ages, angels were the intermediaries between God and man, from the Renaissance onward they become the mediators between religion and art. The Renaissance angel is a double agent, a Gothic spirit in a classical body, passing secrets back and forth between the Church and the humanistic arts resurrected from antiquity. The Baroque angel, still a favored ornament to top the Christmas tree, is virtually an advertising logo, part of the sumptuous spectacle devised by the Church in the seventeenth century to lure the wavering back into its embrace. By the eighteenth century, humanism had evolved from a culture parallel to theology to a neoclassical movement more or less openly opposed to it; rather than supporting Christian belief, the forms of classical antiquity rise up as symbols of pagan pleasure. In Joseph-Marie Vien's 1763 painting *The Cupid Seller,* a peddler hawks putti as love charms for the ladies of the French court.

In the mid-nineteenth century, a new breed of angel, neither Christian nor pagan, alights in the parks and on the skylines of the Western world. These sculptures are the guardians of the new, progressive, liberal middle class. Allegorical figures of the virtues, of the arts, of peace, of death, they hold olive branches, laurel wreaths, figures of the wounded, or fold their wings over statesmen and artists. They announce to a cosmopolitan society Divine approval for the new rights of religious freedom.

By the end of the century, the angels have overwhelmingly declared their allegiance to art. *L'idéal,* a painting by the Belgian symbolist Carlos Schwabe, depicts the figure of the artist transported by an angel to the peaks of inspiration as a reward for all his toil, a Romantic ideal that climaxes in our century with the embodied transcendence of abstract art. For the abstract painter, the figure of the angel is superfluous; spirit resides not in content but in form. It is the whole of art, not just the sacred image, that embodies spiritual transcendence.

The abstract painter operated like an angel himself, as a mediator between spiritual contemplation and the physical world. But abstraction flew to such high peaks of inspiration that its spiritual meaning could no longer be discerned by some of those left standing on the ground—at least not by those uninitiated in the gospel of formalism.

When the young American artist Thomas Lanigan-

Winged victories: TOP TO BOTTOM, **Jacopo di Cione's *Seraphim, Cherubim and Angels Adoring,* circa 1365; Dante Gabriel Rossetti's *Dantis Amor,* 1860; William Blake's *Jacob's Ladder,* circa 1800; a detail of Leonardo da Vinci's *Annunciation,* 1472–75; Gustave Moreau's *Voix du Soir,* 1890; Marc Chagall's *The Prophet Jeremiah,* 1968; and a detail of Edouard Manet's *The Dead Christ with Angels,* 1864.**

Details, last pages.

Schmidt put angels into his work in the early 1970s, the idea was not to make art more spiritual, but to make it more accessible. Baroque art appealed to Schmidt because Baroque artists *aimed* to be appealing. Like Warhol, whose *Gold Marilyn* showed us a popular culture full of saints, Schmidt's work presents the spiritual in secular drag, as when he snipped his angels right off the plastic wrappers of toilet paper.

In this atmosphere of relaxed distinctions between different cultural compartments, our minds glide easily over the traditional walls between high and low art, art and science, religion and psychology, fact and dream. In this world, wings are unnecessary if you've got something wonderful to wear: witness Thierry Mugler's mannequins as they give new meaning to high fashion, posed on the tops of tall buildings like heavenly sentinels. Out of manna? Then butter up some popcorn, plug in a cassette, and see the schlock UFO theme elevated to epic scale in *E.T.*, *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*, and *The Abyss*. Or watch Peter Falk, from the low world of television, materialize at film's high-art end, a contented fallen angel in Wim Wenders's *Wings of Desire*.

Or butter up your brain with pulp metaphysics. In Whitley Strieber's *Communion*, not even the author knows whether to call his experience a miracle or a psychosis, an encounter with aliens or the projection of his psyche. All the reader knows is that angels used to inspire a better class of writer. "You are our chosen one," the little visitors tell Strieber. What the reader wants to know is, why didn't they pick Norman Mailer, Joan Didion, John McPhee?

Stuart Schneiderman, a Lacanian psychoanalyst whose book *An Angel Passes* is a cult classic among young artists, observes that the angelic messenger has particular relevance to an era that describes itself as an Age of Communications. There are striking parallels between medieval speculation and research into areas of information theory such as entropy, randomness, variety, and redundancy. Jeremy Campbell observes that for information theorists, as for the theologians of the Middle Ages, the word *information* possesses an "active, constructive meaning, as something which gives a certain form or character to matter, or to the mind: a force which shapes conduct, trains, instructs, inspires, or guides"—the guardian angel in a new guise.

What is all this aerial commotion? Maybe it's a struggle to retain altitude at a time when culture is short on thrust. Or perhaps a reconnaissance needed to construct a new idea of value for a civilization that has outgrown the hierarchies from which value once derived. No longer binders of the cosmos, angels are now nimble binders of culture, circulating through different spheres to honor those fleeting moments when life soars: visitations of genius, kindness, the voice of an incandescent singer, the taste of the real turtle soup, the radiator cap of a vintage Rolls-Royce, the wrapping paper around the gift.

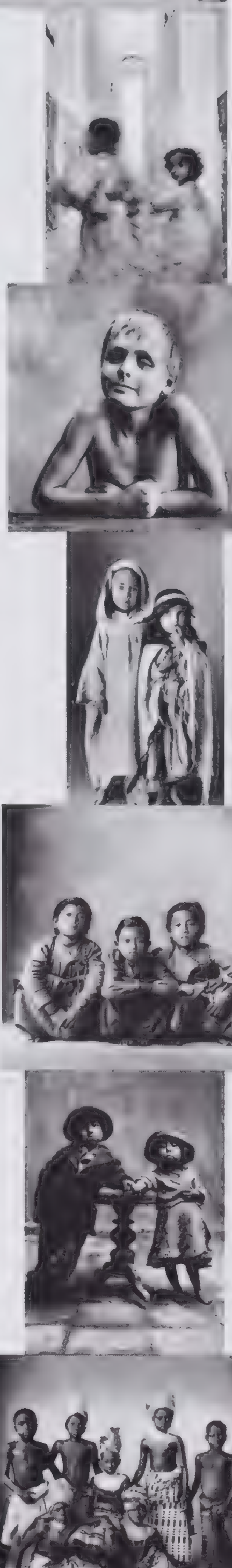
angels!

penn's children

Irving Penn began photographing children fifty years ago, on a Philadelphia street around the corner from the school from which he would soon graduate as a graphic designer; his subject, a young boy, happened to be standing before him, in front of an antiques shop. The resulting image—bleak, unsentimental, hypnotic—did not immediately propel its author full-time into photography, but it launched a series that would become an integral part of his career. Alongside his fashion and portraiture, Penn has always returned to children. "Photographing a child requires no great drama," he says. "Children are not apprehensive about the camera; they haven't yet had time to doubt your motives."

The key to these pictures may be that they reveal no motive, on either side of the camera. Rather, they declare an unmediated, unresolved curiosity between photographer and subject. This would be less notable if the range of subjects were not so wide. Taken in West Africa, China, Morocco, and Peru, in addition to the United States, the pictures nonetheless share a methodology. When traveling away from his New York studio, Penn would still create the environment of the workplace—commandeering a Victorian studio in the Peruvian mountains, pitching a portable studio tent in Dahomey, West Africa. On this neutral ground, which neither party recognized as home, unexpected, unspoken relationships were born. "There is something good about coming as two strangers to each other. Obviously I couldn't talk with many of them, we shared no language. So I worked physically, posing them as with a sculpture. But they felt my seriousness, and responded with theirs. They were happy with themselves as they were, without having to posture."

Few of his subjects ever saw their portraits. Some may already have died. Where portraits of children traditionally serve to record a state of transience, an observation of innocence, these pictures offer perhaps the only evidence of their subjects' ever having lived. "Faced with the same situation, I would take the same pictures today," he adds. "I'm now surprised at my ability to pull off these things with the small amount of skill I had when I started. There is divine guidance when you are enchanted by something."



Fifty years of childhood: FROM TOP, a chance encounter in Philadelphia launched the series in 1938; two young Moroccans caught unobserved, 1951; Parisian *poulbot*, or street boy, 1950; mountain children of Morocco, 1971; children of Nepal, 1967; brother and sister in Cuzco, a remote mountain village of Peru, 1948; a group of children in Dahomey, West Africa, 1967.

angels!

Details, last p

THIS PAGE: Two sisters of the Pilapila tribe in Dahomey, West Africa, 1967. OPPOSITE PAGE: An angel from Jacopo da Pontormo's 1527–28 fresco of the Annunciation in the Capponi Chapel in Santa Felicità, Florence.

Shades of glamour
This year, there was a new focus for the face—spectacular specs, a cross between sunglasses and jewelry. THIS PAGE: By James Arpad, about $265. Equally extravagant: ropes of pearls by Carolee Designs. Fur coat by Geoffrey Beene by Goldin-Feldman. When accessories make a strong statement, keep makeup subtle. An example: Elegance Haute Couture Lipstick #531 by Christian Dior. Hair, Serena Radaelli. OPPOSITE PAGE: Also hit by the decorative touch—a trio of simple shapes. Left to right, matte sequined dress by Carmelo Pomodoro, about $1,100. Dress with sequined straps by Pamela Dennis, about $910. Swimsuit with shell ornament from Esther Williams Collection by Excelsior, about $72. Hair, opposite page and the next four pages, Julien d'Is, Paris. In this story: makeup, Marie-Josée Lafontaine. Details, more stores, last pages.

Fashion Editor: Carlyne Cerf de Dudzeele
Photographer: Peter Lindbergh

star turns

Long on Hollywood glamour: flamboyant, highly embellished pieces to add to a wardrobe. Here, everything from pearl-studded, femme-fatale sunglasses to romantic silk organza coats. They're great gifts—to give to others or keep for yourself

Graphic impact
Color as ornament, THIS PAGE: A band of black trims Carolyne Roehm's straight silk dress. The solo accessory—a chiffon scarf. Bergdorf Goodman.

Pearl pileup
A dress with built-in jewelry—Galanos's satin "slip," decked with pearls on the bodice and straps, OPPOSITE PAGE. At Martha. Earrings by Isaac Manevitz for Ben-Amun. Necklace worn as bracelet by Carolee Designs. Details, more stores, last pages.

Classic twist

Add major jewelry, and a daytime suit can go into evening. THIS PAGE: Ralph Lauren Classics jacket, about $270. Pants, about $195. Polo/Ralph Lauren, NYC, Beverly Hills.

Head set: sleek

The best hairstyle for long earrings—short, sleek, shiny, OPPOSITE PAGE. With it, retro glasses. Earrings by Isaac Manevitz for Ben-Amun. Le Bijou, Englewood Cliffs NJ; Jest Jewels, San Francisco. Michele Lamy glasses, about $68. Traction Avenue, Los Angeles. Adrienne Landau Designs boa wrapped around an Ann Lawrence dress. Chanel Haute Couture bag. For hair that's sleek—and protected from the sun: Vidal Sassoon's Spray-On Gel with sunscreen. Details, more stores, last pages.

Lavish touches
Accessories add deadpan humor to drop-dead glamour. THIS PAGE: A serious fur is loaded with enormous, couldn't-possibly-be-real pearls. Carolee Designs faux pearl necklaces. Movie-star sunglasses by James Arpad, about $265. Richard Gould, NYC; Snooty-Hooty, Atlanta. Coat by Geoffrey Beene by Goldin-Feldman. Northern Lights at Bloomingdale's; Bullock's; I. Magnin. Hair, Serena Radaelli. OPPOSITE PAGE: A couture favorite—the constructed handbag. Here, a leather bag boasts an aerodynamic shape and a rococo handle, by Christian Lacroix Haute Couture. Details, more stores, last pages.

Ruffled up
A ruffled silk and viscose coat that's decoration in itself, THIS PAGE. By Bob Mackie. Martha; Neiman Marcus; Fred Hayman, Beverly Hills.

Dark eyes
Intense eye color balances the rich gold embroidery of a swimsuit, OPPOSITE PAGE. Scrolled with gold, this suit can double as an evening top. By Pierre Cardin Beachwear by Excelsior, about $70. Macy's Herald Square; Foley's, Houston; L. Magnin. Rolex watch. The eye emphasis: 8-Hour Eye Color in Black Orchid by Almay. Hair, here and on the following pages, Julien d'Is, Paris. Details, more stores, last pages.

AMARGOSA OPERA HOUSE

dress, Arnold Scaasi for Scaasi Boutique. Lord & Taylor. Far right, rose-dyed mink coat by Oscar de la Renta for Wagner Furs. Macy's Herald Square; Bullock's; Macy's, San Francisco. Details, more stores, last pages.

The Wonderful Changes in Gold—shades that are ultimately flattering. Here, Angelina Alvarez Barrett wears with the only necessity a needle, a Brent Leyton Dress at Alaïa, New York; Anne Klein Earrings, Beverly Hills; Elephant hair/gold and crystal necklace by Patricia Pitcairn, Exclusively for Tiffany & Co. Lips also get a full dose of deep color: Rouge Fluide-Riche Hydrating Creme LipColour in Rouge Chinois by Lancôme. In this Story: Hair by John Sahag, John Sahag Salon, NYC; Makeup by Sonia Kashuk. Details, last pages.

Fashion Editor:
Polly Mellen
Photographer:
Sheila Metzner

rare finds

Gold rush
Gold is no longer a simple color; it comes in limitless variations—from near white to rich russet. THIS PAGE Rarer than a white diamond, one in soft yellow, Starcurst cushion diamond by Fred Joaillier. Fred Joaillier, NYC. OPPOSITE Mixed media. A soft gold bodysuit that's gracious away from home (about $198), and a sequined and embroidered jacket. Both by Jeanette Kastenberg for St. Martin Martha Cache Stores. Montaldo's Verdura gold, diamond, and topaz necklace. Verdura, NYC.

Hair style: gold
Extending the gold idea to hair—blending different hues of gold into highlights. Details, more stores, last pages.

rare finds

rare finds

diana vreeland

For a decade as editor in chief,
Diana Vreeland *was* Vogue,
inspiring and documenting a revolution
in fashion. Here, from those who
worked with her, memories
of an extraordinary woman of style

She made Vogue move forward. She was the first editor to truly sense a change in the street

Alexander Liberman, Editorial Director of Condé Nast
From the moment she came to Vogue, she created a revolution. Diana Vreeland shook up years of tradition that needed to be reexamined. She brought iconoclastic daring. She encouraged the breaking of rules and taboos.

She was able to do it because she was so brilliantly disciplined. She was not wild; she was a disciplined savage. She was the first editor to say to me, "You know, this is entertainment." In many ways, she acted as a brilliant theatrical producer. She visualized Vogue as theater. She pushed a certain excess because she understood that you have to pass the stage lights and reach out beyond to your audience. She was the most talented editor of her period because she was able to stamp an era in the reader's mind.

She admired and felt instinctively that the excitement of America was in its youth. She made Vogue move forward, to become a more dynamic, younger, with-it magazine. She was the first editor to truly sense the change in the street. And she was more obsessed with fashion than anybody I've ever known. She worked fantastically hard. She was a perfectionist and was very, very thorough. She was concerned as much with the practical technique of retouching and engraving as with the exactness of the combing of hair. She cared a great deal about the conveying of an image on the page. And she was very fast in her decisions. She involved instinct and chance, her way of working in the imponderable realm of fashion, beauty, and style.

She didn't like her authority to be questioned. She refused interference as a means of protecting her creative thought process. There was an excessiveness that was special. When she arrived at work, everything suddenly became very mannered, like a form of court etiquette. She surrounded herself with charming young secretaries and assistants who served as a minor court to guard the queen. Things were slid under the door, then returned mysteriously. She would not be ready for discussion until a certain hour. There was a regality about her. She had a very special manner of placing her feet when she walked through the corridors of Vogue, which always struck me. Her studied equilibrium was such, one imagined her walking through a palace. Yet with all this sense of court rigor and regimental style, she believed in a daily uniform of a black sweater, a beige skirt, and always, comfortable shoes. She changed the concept of office life by bringing seduction to the workplace. She combined seduction with intense encouragement. Every planning of a sitting with photographers was a moment of seduction. Manners and behavior were paramount, which created an attractiveness about work. She never seemed to be involved in drudgery. A friend said, "Proust would have liked Diana." Diana Vreeland was the ultimate in refinement.

and

I remember Diana coming to one of my exhibitions in the sixties. As she left, she said, "Alex, what wonderful sweaters these paintings would make." In her mind, the show became a new graphic concept for sweaters, perhaps her greatest compliment. Art, literature, ballet, and music were her cult, the source of inspiration, an impetus. She had extraordinary antennae. One of her secrets was a creative generosity through encouragement. She thought big. There was nothing, as the French say, *mesquine*, about Diana Vreeland. Nothing small or petty. If she was enthusiastic about a story, we must give it sixteen pages, thirty pages! In those days, everything was possible as Vogue published two issues a month. More extravagant adventures could be achieved. Before her, Vogue had been edited to a certain severe, social register concept of the proper life. She shocked a puritanical America. Greater impact was something she dared to the hilt.

Those two stars of modern fashion, Chanel and Diana Vreeland, were comparable, although they didn't like each other. Both were marvelous potentates, sensing in the other an important rival. Diana, with her sense of drama, flash, and flamboyance, projected more than Chanel. Chanel was the couturiere in her salon, inventing. Diana Vreeland occupied the world stage of fashion. She always loved Russia and the extravagance of the Russian character. Somewhere in her heart she was connected to the Ballets Russes. There was a Bakst, Diaghilev quality to her: the abundance of jewels, the exaggeration, the Russian color, the savagery, the opulence, the lavishness. But like Chanel, she was also very modern. She was very Anglo-Saxon and comfortable with all things English: the titles, the precise tailoring, the uniform, the regimental rigor of English life, the correctness, the meticulousness of note writing. She had an admiration for the thoroughbred, be it an extraordinary beauty or a superb racehorse.

She was a dictator in many respects and could be severe. Yet with all the difficulties and idiosyncrasies of this eccentric human being, one forgave all. I knew she was aiming for the beyond, the extraordinary, the best of everything for Vogue. I respected and admired her for this unending striving to go beyond excellence. I loved her, and we had a wonderful decade at Vogue. She was a great joy in my life.

André Leon Talley, Vogue Creative Director
Diana Vreeland went to work in the thirties and never looked back. She believed in the "get up and go, get cracking" individual. "What I am most proud of is that I've always gone to work," she often said. She was a thoroughly modern woman, happily married for forty-two years, who raised a family and lived to enjoy four great-grandchildren before her death in August. Her career at Vogue, followed by her fifteen years as a consultant to the Metropolitan Museum of Art's Costume Institute, was her exhilarating life tonic.

She knew that modern life was as rich on the streets as it was in the most sophisticated salons of Paris. Style had to come from every strata of society. She found the same kind of passion and authority in Tina Turner's backstep in stilettos as in the writings of Isak Dinesen. She saw romance and spirit in everything from Voltaire to Jack Nicholson. I remember once

The grand gesture, OPPOSITE: Diana Vreeland making an entrance, as always, at a fashion show in February 1967

Private collection.

Editor: André Leon Talley

Diana Vreeland with her son Timothy, husband Reed, and son Frederick in Southampton in the 1940s. OPPOSITE: Plastic fashion in a photograph by Guy Bourdin, April 1, 1966. BOTTOM: Diana with her sister Alexandra Dalziel posing on donkeys.

She found the same kind of passion in Tina Turner's backstep in stilettos as in the writings of Isak Dinesen

we had a three-hour conversation about espadrilles. That kind of obsession with the perfect espadrille may seem neurotic to some people, but it stood for a certain sense of perfection that she always believed in. And when we had finished, around four in the morning, she decided we had to explore her apartment. So we went into the kitchen, a place she hadn't set foot in for years. She always communicated with her cooks via the telephone, with detailed notes scrawled on large yellow legal pads in Chinese green ink, or in person, in her dressing room. We were hungry and needed a snack of peanut butter, one of her favorite foods, which she loved served to her on K'ang Hsi porcelain plates, with a silver spoon. She didn't have a clue as to where anything was in her pantry, where the cutlery was kept. It was truly a nightcrawler's adventure. Her feet were on foreign soil in her own kitchen. Another time she had a craving for English clotted cream. For weeks, she was obsessed with clotted cream from the English countryside. She would ask for anything and, if it were humanly possible, one had to accomplish it. Finally, I asked Manolo Blahnik if he could bring some clotted cream from England for the Red Empress. Blahnik made a special trip to Bath, two hours from London, organized the clotted cream, had it packed in a special container of dry ice, and brought it with him when he came on the Concorde to New York for a working trip. The first thing we did was deliver the clotted cream to Diana Vreeland's doorstep. And the notes that came from her the next morning were framed by both Blahnik and myself.

From the age of fourteen I knew who Diana Vreeland was, from reading Vogue. I never thought I'd get to meet her. She became not only my mentor, but my best friend. I've had dinners alone with her that were for me as important as attending a state dinner. I read to her on weekends. She liked my big booming voice. I sacrificed holidays and weekend evenings and read until sometimes I lost my voice. I would sit erect in a chair that she chose. We would read everything from articles on Prince to Flaubert to Truman Capote. Every Christmas Eve, I would read her *A Christmas Memory* by Truman Capote, who was a great friend. One day I decid-

She wanted her hair cut off. A decade had gone by and she wanted to get on with the newness of the sixties

ed to read from *D.V.*, and she just thought it was fabulous that I would read to her from her own book.

She wasn't a selfish person. She gave a great deal of time to you. She always cared and she'd call at the oddest hour just to say how are you, what have you eaten today, what have you done. As The Reverend John Andrew, rector of Saint Thomas Church, the same church where she was married in 1924, so aptly said in his eulogy, "Diana appreciated the human contribution to excellence." As Isak Dinesen wrote of a character in *Anecdotes of Destiny*, "Ah, how she will enchant the angels."

Polly Allen Mellen,
Vogue Fashion Director

I remember when Mrs. Vreeland went to see Millicent Rogers, who at that time was wearing an enormous black cotton skirt with layers of petticoats. She had every kind of ring on her fingers. She was designing her own jewelry, and every finger was covered in a bigger-than-big turquoise, her own rough jewelry. And Mrs. Vreeland said to Millicent, "Not that ring, Millicent, that looks like somebody's misplaced tooth filling." When Mrs. Vreeland

Both photos this page: private collection; *Vreeland photo opposite:* private collection.

Vreeland, TOP CENTER, in her New York bathroom in the 1960s, wearing her favorite terry robe, her uniform before heading to the office. Images from her era at Vogue include, CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: Mick Jagger photographed by David Bailey, July 1964; high-fashion bell-bottoms photographed by Horst, October 15, 1965; Barbra Streisand by Avedon, March 15, 1966; Marisa Berenson with a monkey by Penn, March 15, 1965; vinyl fashion by Penn, August 1, 1965; a cover by Penn, December 1965; Penelope Tree, photographed by Avedon, October 1, 1967. OPPOSITE: Diana Vreeland with her grandson Nicky in New York, August 1980. OPPOSITE, INSET: Vreeland before being presented at Buckingham Palace, May 18, 1933.

D.V.

came back from that trip we went into the market and she had this enormous black cotton sateen skirt made. That year we all wore a black sateen skirt with ten petticoats underneath with a pink Brooks Brothers oxford button-down shirt. Mrs. Vreeland started that. And she revived black ballet slippers, which we all wore.

For me, it was the beginning of a new concept of dressing, the beginning of American sportswear. It really started us thinking in a new way about separates. It wasn't just a skirt, it wasn't just a shirt. She was the first to put across to the reader a new vision that was totally individual.

Private collection.

People think of her only for fantasy. But she was the gray flannel suit lady, the gray flannel pants lady. Tailoring was very important to her. To sit and watch her be fitted was painful. She had a mirror she held to her face so she could see that everything being fitted was perfect in the back. In the fifties it was all Mainbocher; everything was made for her by Main. She had the most incredible gray flannel coachman's coat made for her by him. Then Mainbocher did denim. She thought it was the greatest thing that ever happened to him.

Diana Vreeland as a proper young lady in the 1920s, ABOVE. Penelope Tree, RIGHT, photographed for Vogue by Richard Avedon, October 1, 1967. OPPOSITE: A 1955 self-portrait by Avedon with model Dovima and Vreeland keeping watch in the background.

In Paris in the sixties, she had her hair cut by Alexandre. Before that it had been combed back into this snood, her impeccable snood, with maybe a point d'esprit bow. Then, snap. She wanted all her hair off, a new, clipped pageboy she wore for the rest of her life. I will never forget it. A decade had gone by and she wanted to get on with the newness of the sixties. She had her hair cut during the couture collections. She then went out and bought an emerald green tweed suit. All the gray Mainbochers disappeared. She started wearing brilliant colors. She changed, she got wilder. Then you saw things in Vogue like Marisa Berenson in a pink wig.

But even in those days, it was the American market she believed in and pushed: Claire McCardell, Tina Leser, Charles James, Norman Norell, James Galanos, B. H. Wragge. She went wild over Stephen Burrows. She thought him and Giorgio di Sant' Angelo brilliant. She was always in the fabric department at Vogue. She went into the market and inspired people. She always loved working in the back. She was a backstage person, working with the tailor. She instinctively knew everything about cut, drape, the shoulder line.

Before she sent me to Japan, she made me read all of *The Tale of Genji*. She said to me, you will enmesh yourself, feel it, so that you get it all, so that you understand the demands I'm making on you. I couldn't believe she was making me read this enormous book. I mean, it was erotic. So when I had finished I said, "Mrs. V., I finished. Goodness, the part when they were together, and their love affair and the whole thing. . ." and she replied, "I wouldn't know, darling. I couldn't read it. I couldn't possibly read it, but I knew it would be good for you." And when we were doing a sitting based on Scheherazade, she talked about the seraglio, and she said, "It must have at least one hundred fifty more beads! After all, if you're going into a seraglio, you might as well take something with you."

She never thought about anything negative. Never. There wasn't time for that kind of negative thinking. Turn everything into a plus, was her motto. "There's no such thing as a failure, Polly, if you learn from it the first time."

She was always on the job. Everything she did was translated into Vogue

She always made an entrance, but *always*. She was flamboyant and she was never alone. She entered a party with a man, or two men. Before her husband died, she went to parties with him. They were the most attractive couple. Her jewelry at night, her accessories, everything was extravagant, extreme, flamboyant. If it was black, it was jet black to the extreme. It didn't matter what party you went to, she was surrounded by the most attractive people there. She was so entertaining. If you didn't join her, you felt as if you were out in Siberia.

Horst P. Horst, Vogue photographer

She would say, "Come into my office, I want to show you something." On the floor in front of her desk was this tiny little thing, a two-piece bikini. She said, "Don't you think it is the most exciting thing since the atom bomb? Now find me the right girl to wear it." Of course, she had to have the right girl. "I don't want any of those girls that do underwear photographs." A girl called Veruschka came to my studio. I told Vreeland about her. She called Veruschka and asked her if she would pose for Vogue. Because Veruschka was a German countess she said, "I'll do it, but under the condition that you mention my name." So Veruschka was launched on her career as a symbol of the sixties in Vogue.

The first thing I ever did for her at Vogue was the ▶ 382

on a blue streak

The best travel companion for a hot-weather vacation: a versatile wardrobe built around the newest color scheme—turquoise, navy, and white. From pyramid dresses to oversize T-shirts, these clothes show off a fit body

The first step:
Patricia Clyne's
trapeze dress, about
$325. Toby Lerner,
[illegible] Stanley

[illegible]
Clymers airways gets
you there. Details
last pages

Fashion Editor:
Jenny Capitain
Photographer:
Arthur Elgort

on a blue streak

Decked Out

Life onboard ship doesn't have to be sedate. Nor do the clothes that go with it. OPPOSITE PAGE: To maximize a wardrobe: a sweater, sequined pants. Calvin Klein Sport sweater, about $68. Bloomingdale's; Calvin Klein Boutique, Palm Beach FL, Dallas. Isaac Mizrahi pants. Bergdorf Goodman; Ultimo Ltd., Chicago. THIS PAGE: Giorgio di Sant'Angelo's sexy silk gauze dress, about $500. Martha; Romanoff Boutique, Bal Harbour FL; Fred Hayman, Beverly Hills. Bringing soft color to lips, Stendhal's Lip Gloss B112, Sheer Heather, also guards against damaging rays. Details, more stores, last pages.

Shipshape: fitness at sea

Getting away from it all doesn't mean what it used to mean. Escape routes may still lead to distant places and wide-open spaces far from city tension and traffic jams, but once the escape is made, vacationers in general, and Americans in particular, are opting to use their muscles while they try to relax their minds. "Prone" is out; "active" is in: the universal objective of the great getaway is to improve, or at the very least maintain, fitness levels.

Since the early seventies when the legendary SS *France* introduced the first spa-at-sea program on a tryout cruise to the Caribbean, staying fit afloat has become as much of a cruise attraction as onboard gambling and celebrity lectures. Forget ten laps around the deck. How about a morning spent working out with a Universal freestanding hip flexor or a rowing ergometer, a refreshing eucalyptus steam therapy session, and just before lunch in the Windows on the Sea health bar, an aromatherapy facial and loofah massage. . . all part of the service at the twelve-thousand-square-foot glass-walled Nautica Spa aboard Carnival Cruise Lines' new Fantasy liner. While Fantasy is not yet typical of the over 190 cruise ships now on the high seas, the CLIA, a trade organization representing 97 percent of the cruise lines out of North America, reports that nearly every ship offers some special fitness facility. Some have full-scale gyms and jogging tracks; others offer Universal, Kaiser, or Nautilus equipment and Jacuzzi whirlpools and sauna baths. Sign of the times: cruise lines are becoming affiliated with onshore spas. Cunard began the trend eight years ago when it approached California's Golden Door to create and direct a seagoing spa for the QE2. Now there are Golden Doors on all five Cunard ships; Sunline Cruises has just signed a contract with Canyon Ranch; the Holland America Line has an affiliation with Florida's Bonaventure (with a menu approved by the American Heart Association); and Sheila Cluff, the well-known West Coast fitness expert and owner of The Palms at Palm Springs and The Oaks at Ojai, has recently formed Health Holiday Tours especially to organize and oversee fitness cruises for shipping lines worldwide.

For those who like to charter their own yachts, Nicholson Yacht Charters—one of the biggest and most respected charter companies in the world—receives a steady stream of requests for boats with weight rooms, saunas, and on-deck Jacuzzis. Then there are those lucky enough to have their own sizable craft on which to keep fit, Mrs. Donald Trump and Mrs. John Kluge among them, for whom a multifunction gym amidships isn't a luxury but a necessity. So is the personal trainer to go with it, someone like Curtis Schwab, who kept everyone shipshape on Vogue's cruise through the Greek Isles photographed for these pages.

Working out with clients three to five times a week, Schwab knows from experience that today the last thing they want to do is break their exercise routine on vacation. Although he works in some of the best-equipped at-home gyms, Schwab believes anyone can exercise on land or at sea with a minimum of equipment—"dumbbells and a bench, the first so versatile they can be used to work almost every muscle group; the second for exercises to strengthen the upper body with push-ups, or, used as a step, to work the lower body." When he knows a client's goals (weight loss, toning, increased stamina, or muscle building), Schwab puts him or her through a simple workout to assess fitness level, then tailors a program from there.

"Above all, whether a person goes to a spa, takes a fitness cruise, or has a personal trainer, the most important thing is not to concentrate on exercising a certain number of hours each day, but to learn how to change one's lifestyle forever," he says. "I mean in everyday habits—walking instead of driving, taking stairs instead of the elevator, eating much more slowly, which always helps to cut down appetite. And for a fit skin, it's essential to use lots of sun protection, especially out at sea."—**SHIRLEY LORD**

In Gear

The one-piece solution for workout dressing: Norma Kamali's nylon and matte Lycra jumpsuit, about $70. OMO Norma Kamali, NYC. Details, last[illegible]ages.

Marine Life

How designers improve on a classic color combination.

OPPOSITE PAGE: Bill Blass turns it out in piqué and sequins. Polo shirt at Saks Fifth Avenue; Nan Duskin, Philadelphia; I. Magnin, Beverly Hills. Jeans by Calvin Klein Sport, about $59. Bloomingdale's; Calvin Klein Boutique, Palm Beach FL, Dallas.

THIS PAGE: Claude Montana lengthens the T-shirt and crops the pants. Shirt, about $265; pants, about $240. Betsey Bunky Nini, NYC; Claude Montana Boutique, [illegible]

[illegible] page

on a blue streak

on a blue streak

Less Is More

True sailors learn to pack light: the navy allows only one duffel per person. Smart vacationers know to do the same. OPPOSITE PAGE: One piece to wear a dozen ways—Mary Ann Restivo's jumpsuit, about $365. Darryl's, NYC; Octavia, Baltimore; Neiman Marcus. Belt, Elsa Peretti for Tiffany & Co. Double-duty moisturizer: Liz Claiborne's Body Lotion, with fragrance. THIS PAGE: Two pieces with equal versatility. Cropped leggings, Butterick Pattern #3507. T-shirt, Butterick Pattern #3198. Both fabrics by Lida. Details, more stores, last pages.

Liza Bruce looks to the sixties for inspiration for her suit shape, and to modern technology for her fabric. About $98. Bergdorf Goodman; L'Animale, Englewood NJ. In this story: hair, Sam McKnight; makeup, Laura Mercier. Details, last pages.

Fashion Editor: Carlyne Cerf de Dudzeele
Photographer: Penn

STRONG SUITS

Explosive patterns—from Pop Art to Op Art—and graphic shapes—from modern cutouts to traditional maillots—redefine the swimsuit. The best designs: in solid black or in a vivid mix of colors

strong suits

One of the big revolutions happening in swimwear: new fabrications. THIS PAGE: Liza Bruce pioneered double-density jerseys that let a swimsuit gently hug the body (like sportswear) instead of clinging (like activewear). Here, one version in nylon and Lycra, about $130. Barneys New York. OPPOSITE PAGE: Keiko works in a Lycra knit with a matte finish that brings swimwear closer to real clothing. Bathing suit (about $76) and matching tube "skirt" (about $80) in Antron and Lycra. Barneys New York; Neiman Marcus. For after a swim—Guerlain's Evolution: Optimum Body Care Emulsion. Details, last pages.

Swimsuits in wishy-washy colors and patterns get lost on the beach," says Liza Bruce. Her solution, THIS PAGE: Color-blocked suit, about $112. Bloomingdale's; California Sunshine, Paramus, NJ; I. Magnin.

OPPOSITE PAGE: Just as graphic—a thigh-length nylon and Lycra tube and a matching bikini bottom from Randolph Duke by Petticord, about $92. Saks Fifth Avenue; Everything But Water, Orlando, FL, Los Angeles. A strong skin treatment: Prescriptives 24-Hour Body Moisturizer. Details, more stores, last pages.

Knockout artists Naomi Campbell and Mike Tyson. She wears Azzed… Alaia, he wears Gianni Versa… In this story: hair, Didier Ma… for Jean Louis David; make… François Nars. Details, st… last pages.

Fashion Editor: Grace Co…

fight knight

Mike Tyson's dazzling victories in the ring have sometimes been upstaged by his turbulent personal life. Bruce Weber photographs him in an intimate moment with model Naomi Campbell; Vicki Woods talks to the lady and the champ

When Mike Tyson rolled slowly through the glittering lobby of the Las Vegas Hilton on his way to Don King's house, women screamed. It was sunset on the Strip, cocktail time, sequin time, high-heeled, high-rolling, silver-lamé, piña-colada-and-blackjack time. Nearly everyone in the lobby was white, overdressed, overexcited, and wearing dollar signs for eyes. Tyson looked snub-nosed, thick-set, monochrome, and menacing. He put his head down and steamed through the Hilton like a gun carriage rolling through a debutante ball. He had on khaki shorts and a kid's T-shirt he was bursting out of, sneakers, no socks, and a blank smile. Three fat men on vacation from the garment business begged to shake his hand. He made their day, jumped into a Lincoln Town Car, and rolled away to a small spatter of applause.

I didn't really mind watching him leave the hotel where I'd been hanging out for a day and a half waiting for his call. I knew he'd get to me. And lo, the call came. "Don King sent me to pick you up," said his trainer Aaron Snowell laconically. We rolled off in silence in another Lincoln to the house that Team Tyson uses while Mike trains at Johnny Tocco's Ringside Gym. It's a modern house in the Las Vegas Country Club estate. I walked into the sitting room and there he was: a looming physical presence sitting on a couch, the undefeated heavyweight boxing champion of the world.

Also there was Don King, who stood, sat, screamed, and jumped about in front of a bank of telephones, all of which rang continuously and into all of which he was yelling transcontinentally; a Don King look-alike who rumbled into a phone now and then; a Chinese guy who neither spoke nor moved; two or three spare limo drivers; a man who weighed about 300 pounds and dressed like a lunatic asylum houseman, who was weaving around the room with plates of spaghetti; two guys who sat on the couch with Mike; and a few other people I couldn't take in all at once. Also there was the world's biggest television (six feet across by five high) booming out an interview with Spike Lee at maximum volume.

From where I stood, Spike Lee was nearly as big as Mike Tyson and certainly noisier; every downstairs room in the house had a wall-size TV and all of them had a life-size Spike giving out deep stuff about the nature of success and the black experience in America. Except the kitchen, which had a ball game on as well. I heard Don King yelling, "Here's the writer! Get me that stuff from the *Post*! Get me that other article I wanted! And get me the racist conspiracy piece from *The Amsterdam News*!" Minions flew in all directions. Nobody else looked up. Then across the room, Mike asked, "What's your name?" Well, actually, he mouthed it. And I lipread. I took in a lungful of air and bellowed, "VICKI!" Mike turned Spike down a smidgen, lay full-length on the couch, and said in a voice heavy with irony: "Well, Vicki, you gonna ask me questions about girls and partying and hanging out and women and (in very heavy italics) *lo-oovemaking*?" Then he saw my face and burst out laughing.

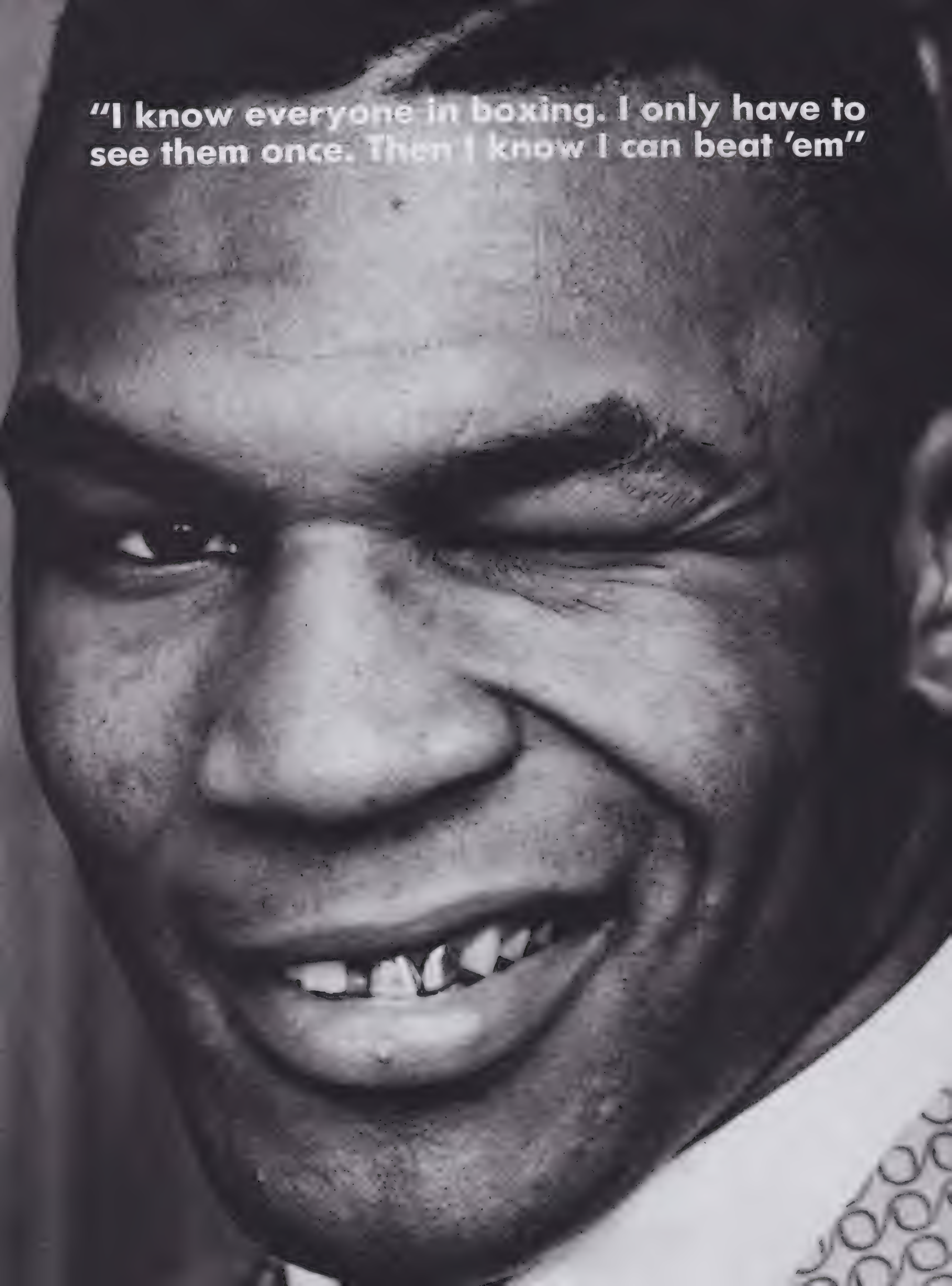
He wouldn't answer, as it turned out, questions about girls and women and partying and lovemaking. "I don't like to talk about that," he kept saying. Until I pulled out the proofs of Bruce Weber's Atlantic City photo session with Mike and Naomi Campbell. Then he sat up. "Wow," he said, staring at Naomi's stunning legs. "Great pictures." He carefully went through all the proofs: Mike and Naomi on the boardwalk, Mike and Naomi on the sand. Nearly everyone in the room (except Don King, who was stuck fast to his umbilical phone bank) crowded around to look at the pictures. "Uh, when do these come out, exactly?" asked Mike. Everybody snickered when I said December. "Uh, there's gonna be trouble in December," he said wryly, to a chorus of "Uh-huh! Trouble! WHOO! You said it, man!" from the crowd. Naomi is a sunny nineteen-year-old Londoner whose relationship to Tyson causes a paparazzi riot every time she tries to fly quietly into Heathrow Airport to visit her mother. "She has a great body," said Mike. "And she's scared of nothing. That's why I like her." He began to sort the pictures into two piles. Don King (inevitably) was in Atlantic City the day of the shoot, and had clearly been unable to pass up the opportunity of having his fright-wig hairdo immortalized by Bruce Weber. "These I really like," said Mike finally, slapping the pile that showed just him and Naomi. "These aren't so good," he said, tossing aside the ones with King. He turned up the TV.

For the next hour, he and his couch-potato cohorts watched TV, yelling encouragement first to Spike Lee ("Wow, he's deep!"), then to Stephanie Mills ("Good singer! Nice ▶ 382

fight knight

Naomi is a sunny nineteen-year-old Londoner whose relationship to Mike causes a paparazzi riot every time she flies in to visit her mother

THIS PAGE: Mike [illegible] punches of pub[illegible] with Naomi. Don [illegible] looks on. She wears [illegible] di Sant'Angel[illegible] Det[illegible], stores, last pag[illegible] OPPOSITE: The golden smile [illegible] boxing's golden boy.


"I know everyone in boxing. I only have to
see them once. Then I know I can beat 'em"

fight knight

THIS PAGE: Naomi under her hat. OPPOSITE PAGE: Big man and little boy.

To Peggy

Date 6/26/89 Time 1:50 pm

WHILE YOU WERE OUT

M The President

of

Phone

Area Code Number Extension

TELEPHONED		PLEASE CALL	
CALLED TO SEE YOU		WILL CALL AGAIN	
WANTS TO SEE YOU		URGENT	
RETURNED YOUR CALL			

Message

highnoonan

Presidential speech writer Peggy Noonan has turned her back on Washington and her pen on the Reagan White House. MAUREEN DOWD finds out what it was really like to work on "Macho Mountain"

Operator

EFFICIENCY®

It hasn't been a great weekend for Peggy Noonan.

She has left Washington and the White House and a marriage behind and arrived in Manhattan with a Ryder truck full of possessions to find her new Upper East Side apartment flooded. The wood-plank floor has buckled into ugly waves and the rooms smell moldy.

She flips on the television for some distraction and sees her estranged husband, a conservative economist, being interviewed about the economy on CNN. Noonan has been unpacking pictures of her two-and-a-half-year-old son, Will, who is spending a few days with his father in Washington, and gazing at them a bit forlornly.

There is, however, one consoling note. The doorman hands Noonan an envelope from the White House. The president, having his own "misty Saturday" at Camp David, has sent a letter to make sure Noonan knows she is missed. They were an odd couple, a generation and a world apart: the proper and inarticulate politician from an aristocratic Anglo-Saxon clan and the passionate and poetic writer from a working-class Irish family in New Jersey. But they had toiled together to create the two most important speeches of George Bush's career—his acceptance remarks at the Republican National Convention and his inaugural address.

She had written him before she left Washington to say goodbye, to offer assistance if he ever needed her for a special speech, and to tease him that he must "put Gorbachev on hold, forget congressional relations, and find me a husband."

The president took the last request to heart. "Single men, I'm thinking," he mused in his note. "Most of 'em aren't good enough for you!" In his engagingly loopy way, he signed off in Spanish, "*Con afecto,* George Bush."

As she rearranges her life, Noonan is gearing up to promote her new book, *What I Saw at the Revolution: A Political Life in the Reagan Era,* an ambitious four-hundred-page account of her Washington years that will be published in February by Random House. She wanted it to be unlike any other White House memoir, literate and highly personal.

Other such books have been written by former presidents concerned with their historical image, or by puffed-up advisers or hardscrabble handlers, or by secretaries with a worm's-eye view or presidential relatives with a gauzy view. Noonan reminisces from the unique vantage point of being a highly placed woman with an independent power base—her talent. She brings the reader into the White House at an oblique angle. As Edith Wharton wrote about the foibles of New York society, Noonan skewers the pompous manners and mores of Washington's power elite with a quirky prose style that shifts into free verse, short cinematic takes, and luxuriant description. Noonan's favorite review so far has come from her best friend Lisa Schwarzbaum, a columnist for New York's *Daily News Sunday Magazine,* who wrote her: "What I like best about this book is that it was written by a woman, not by someone with breasts in a suit."

The thirty-nine-year-old author is a cool-looking blond with golden skin and blue eyes that are, by turns, appraising and amused—the sort of woman Alfred Hitchcock would have loved. The daughter of a furniture salesman, she started at CBS News in Boston and worked her way up to writing radio commentaries for Dan Rather in New York. But in 1984, drawn to politics, she nabbed a spot on the White House speech-writing team. Her hot conservative rhetoric, denouncing communists and praising contras, soon made her the glamour girl of the right wing and earned her the nickname "La Pasionara," after Dolores Ibarruri, whose fiery speeches during the Spanish Civil War rallied communists against Franco. Noonan provided Reagan with some of his most moving moments, including his speech in Normandy in 1984 to mark the fortieth anniversary of the D-day invasion, and his remarks in 1986 after the explosion of the space shuttle *Challenger*. She left the job in June of that year, after losing out on the chance to be chief speech writer because Donald Regan, the imperious chief of staff, felt she was too militant in her conservatism.

She went home to write her book and have a baby. But when the Bush campaign was floundering in the summer of 1988, with the candidate frustrated that he could not project himself properly to the American public, Noonan put aside her book and left the baby in her mother's care to fly to New Hampshire. Bush was coming across as goofy, ruthless, insincere, a man out of touch with the common people. Noonan interviewed him like a reporter, wrote down his personal musings, and cast him as Gary Cooper in *High Noon,* "a quiet man" who wanted a "kinder, gentler nation." She did so well at interpreting Bush that people assumed he confided feelings to her that he had never told anyone else. One congressman's wife asked Noonan if she went into a trance when she wrote. But it was not mysticism. It was listening well and writing well that allowed her to help Bush find his voice and win the Oval Office.

"Bush was surrounded by the hard men who do politics as a business in America," recalls Noonan, clad in jeans, a blue polo shirt, and sneakers on this Saturday morning as she unpacks boxes in her sublet. "These hard power guys in their blue suits were talking polls and data and policy and commercials. And I would just sit there and ask Bush questions about his life and what he thought about things, how he felt when he first moved with Barbara to Texas. I had only one agenda, transmuting his thoughts, his desires, and his convictions into the literature of politics, which is a speech." The other Bush aides paid no attention to Noonan's high-flown references to literature; to them, speeches were known simply as "rah, rah."

After the election, she came to the White House once more to engage in an unorthodox time-sharing scheme with the departing and incoming presidents. She worked with Reagan on his partisan musings as he left the office and Bush with his bipartisan dreams as he entered it. But as she stood in the inaugural reviewing stand and watched President Bush offer her image of "a new breeze blowing," she knew she did not want to go back inside to write speeches again. "Moss Hart said that just about every seven years you ought to shake up your life and do something different. I was afraid I would become stale and repeat myself. The only way you do really great work is if you are excited and thrilled and scared."

So she finished her book, keeping in mind as an audience all the young women who had written her letters when she was at the White House, telling her their dreams of getting on a political staff and working for someone they care about. Her final lesson may be a hard one for those who have yet to live through it: "Don't fall in love with politicians, they're all a disappointment. They can't help it, they just are."

Was she disappointed by Ronald Reagan?

"Yeah, in some ways, yeah," she says, after a long pause.

"It was difficult to work with him when you are someone who craves connection as I do with people I work with and care about. His disconnect in that area was at first disconcerting and later somewhat painful, I must admit.

"There was also the poignant fact of his age. He was an old-style conservative in his seventies who had been shot, and by the time I met him, what I met was a man with a lack of intellectual vigor and a lack of love for ideas as FDR loved ideas."

He was a great leader, she believes. But up close, he reminded her of the giant balloons that fly down Fifth Avenue in the Macy's Thanksgiving Day Parade, a majestic, distant presence expertly tugged along by small men on the ground. People saw in him what they wanted to see, not always what was there. "We brought him our yearning to break through, and thought he was like us when he wasn't," she writes. "We wanted him to be young, to be a new-style conservative engaged by the poor and moved by those trying to belong. But he was not young. He believed in old-style ideas."

She relates an uncomfortable encounter with the high-fashion First Lady, soon after she refused to write Nancy Reagan's speeches. "She looked down at what I was wearing, which was, unfortunately, a wrinkled khaki skirt and a blue work shirt and heavy walking shoes with white woolen socks. Not exactly White House issue, but I was going walking. She looked me up and down and I swear her mouth curled. She looked away and said something to an aide. The next time I saw her I hid behind a pillar."

There was the time she had to fight to keep the word *gentler* in Bush's acceptance speech because some of his aides feared it would renew suggestions that he was a wimp

Noonan saves her sharpest pen for the power-mad political operatives who sprout in the nation's capital like kudzu, "frogs on a log" who thrive in an atmosphere of intrigue and betrayal. She writes of young White House aides with "thick-thighed legs firmly planted in the moment." She mocks the know-it-all "Harvardheads" at the State Department who came to insert stilted policy statements into her speeches. "They all had thick, neat, straight-back hair and little bitty wire-rim glasses and wives named Sydney, and there was only one way to handle them in my view and that was to out-Sydney them." She talked to them about Ezra Pound until they were intimidated enough to stop patronizing her.

She has some surprising judgments about the men who ran the country. Despite the fact that he didn't give her the chief speech-writing job, she was drawn to Donald Regan because he was a tough-talking Irishman who reminded her of George Raft. Richard Darman, often portrayed as arrogant in press accounts, comes off here as sensitive and sexy. If she was disappointed in Reagan, she was pleasantly surprised by Bush, whom she once described as "a comma in an easy chair."

She talks about men she had crushes on, and she talks about men she got so angry at that she snapped at them like "Ethel Barrymore with a baseball bat." Sometimes they were the same men. She talks about the White House malady called "testosterone poisoning," which occurs when ordinarily sensitive, intelligent men get together in a group and succumb to coarse, crude behavior.

There was the time she had to fight to keep the word *gentler* in Bush's acceptance speech because some of his aides feared it would renew suggestions that he was a wimp. There was the male colleague who suggested that she shouldn't do the Normandy speech because she did not know about fighting for her country. And there were the notes sent after arguments with aides that began: "You're cute when you're angry."

"Frankly, it's still difficult," she says. "I can't help but think Washington will always be male-dominated, because it is a place about power." She suggests that the male power culture, the relentless sycophantic behavior on "Macho Mountain," inevitably turns presidents into "monsters" and "king babies."

Noonan was the first celebrity speech writer, and her deliberately high profile generated controversy, jealousy, and resentment in political circles among those who felt speech writers should be heard and not seen.

"Whenever she wrote a good line, she got up and held a press conference," grumbles one former White House colleague of Noonan's. "She was the most self-promoting speech writer I've ever seen in my life."

Looking back now, Noonan concedes that "there is some justice to that knock." She explains that she thought that if she cultivated enough publicity about her good speeches to get a reputation outside the White House, it would be harder for "second-raters" inside the White House to pick apart her work.

"But the bad side of it is that you leave your principal open to the charge that everything he says is you, the speech writer, not him," she says. "And it enhances the notion of handlers." As a way of making up for the fact that she became a magnet for any compliments about good lines in Bush speeches, she tries to detail in the book how much of Bush's acceptance speech was really his own.

As she continues to unwrap pictures—one of her meeting Mikhail Gorbachev in Geneva and wearing a gold cross just to annoy him; one of her sitting with Reagan in the Oval Office; one of a favorite actress, Tallulah Bankhead—she says that she is uncertain what she will do next. Maybe an eclectic sort of newspaper column "full of things you saw or overheard or what your mother said last night." Maybe another book, maybe commentary on radio or television. "It would be a lot of fun just to sit around and bloviate and get paid for it," she says, grinning. The future, she feels, will reveal itself. Meanwhile, as a famous speech writer once said, a new breeze is blowing. And Peggy Noonan, safely home from her trek up Macho Mountain, is enjoying the fresh air.

Isabelle Adjani, photographed at one of her favorite restaurants, Lucas Carton, in a black velvet bustier dress by Yves Saint Laurent Couture, with bracelets from Alberto Repossi for Repossi Paris, and diamond earrings by Garland Paris. In this story: hair, Julien d'Is, Paris; makeup, Thibault Vabre for Lancôme. OPPOSITE: Her country house in Normandy, which she purchased twenty months ago.

Editor:
Andre Leon Talley
Photographer:
Brigitte Lacombe

adjani anew

She has a new movie, a new country house, a new happiness. Nonetheless, Isabelle Adjani still looks best in black, says **Georgina Howell**

In the cab from London's Heathrow Airport, the girl with messy hair, sunglasses, and a crumpled mackintosh is relentlessly chatted up by the taxi driver. By Chiswick he has discovered her ambition: to be a good actress.

"You've got lips like Bardot," he tells her as he pulls up outside the Hyde Park Hotel. "I hope one day you'll be as famous as she is."

She's still laughing as she drops her coat on the carpet, removes her dark shades, shakes out her hair, and becomes the ravishing Isabelle Adjani, the most beautiful, the most famous, the most respected actress in France.

Beneath the raincoat she's conducting an experiment in bourgeois chic: a maroon suit by Irié, a silk shirt jazzily printed with the knave of hearts,

a huge and noisy charm bracelet—and a pale two-inch stretch of ankle between her white socks and the hem of her trousers.

She throws herself on the sofa, holds her bracelet over her head, and rings it like a bell.

"This morning I tried, I really tried! And on the plane I thought no, the socks are too short and all wrong with the shoes. How I *hate* this thing!"

A frivolous spirit, all sunshine and comedy. That's one aspect, but there is a bigger plot. For the real story of the half-Algerian, totally Parisienne star is a contemporary fable. It is a story as poignant and revealing of the times as any of the great lurid tales of the old Hollywood victims, except that Isabelle Adjani declined to be a victim. She had a brush with Nemesis, but she came back. And now she can laugh again.

She has been the center of attention and thoroughly spoiled since she made her first film when she was fourteen. At seventeen, without so much as an audition, she was the pet prodigy and rising star of the Comédie-Française. François Truffaut plucked her, protesting, from a great classical stage career and handed her his finest bouquet, *The Story of Adèle H*. At twenty she was recognized as the latest, the greatest, the prettiest. . . and far more important, the kind of actress who can be used to make a masterpiece. She already had at her fingertips the power of summoning spirits, invoking emotional storms, pulling an audience down with her into passion and paranoia.

In private, she's all entertainment. She arrives unannounced on your doorstep every fortnight, rummaging in a chaotic bag. She makes herself very cozy and stays for two nights.

"She's droll," says the decorator Jacques Grange. "She's a stray cat who runs from house to house and makes a nest everywhere. She has a room in my flat. No one else can use it because she has written 'Isabelle Isabelle Isabelle' on pieces of paper and left them all over the room."

Wherever she goes she leaves a trail of clothes, books, and presents. She's a demanding friend who, if you don't call, sends an empty flowerpot with a black velvet bow and the message "Our friendship doesn't blossom anymore." She has her own apartment where she's based with her ten-year-old son, Barnabé, but in the entrance she has chalked up "This is not a home, it's a hotel." She hurries to minimize the importance of her country house in Normandy, built in the seventeenth century.

"Well, yes, I bought it, but I rent it to Barnabé's father, Bruno, and it's to Bruno the housekeeper answers. You can't call it decorated. I just put in a few pieces of furniture. . . ." She's been on location and in hotels since she was a child. Now, she says, she has no choice. She has to keep moving. Her friends are the wallpaper of her life: owner of the Hemisphères shop Kim d'Estainville; Nicole Wisniak, editor of *l'Egoïste;* Paloma Picasso; Michèle Halberstadt, editor of *Première;* the classical musicians Katia and Marielle Labèque; screenwriters Marilyn Goldin and Danielle Thompson.

"I love houses, but I can't belong to them. It's funny about actors. At a certain point we start collecting antiques, investing in castles, becoming chatelaines or gentlemen farmers. We buy ourselves these expensive teddy bears for reassurance. But we aren't aristocrats, we are gypsies! We are poor excluded people!

"I want to be a housewife so badly!" she cries pathetically, with a sly glance. "I want to hide behind my husband. It would be so nice, so practical. I am going to put an ad in the paper: 'Lonely Parisienne seeks quick marriage'!"

adjani anew

The living room of her country house,

The only labels she will admit to are Actor and Parisienne. She has a little trouble with Mother and, whatever she may say, with Wife. She likes to hedge herself with negatives.

"I don't wear fur. I can't drive. I don't cook—isn't this thrilling? I don't wear any makeup that's been tested on animals." She bought herself a gray BMW with tinted windows, hired a chauffeur, and has traveled by cab ever since. She sacked seven agents and gave the job to her lawyer. She said no to *Fatal Attraction*, no to Philip Kaufman over the Anaïs Nin role in *Henry and June*, no to Michael Cimino's *Desperate Hours* and Leon Schrader's *Naked Tango*, no to Warren Beatty over the part, now Madonna's, in *Dick Tracy*.

In *Camille Claudel*, her new film released this month, she plays the great nineteenth-century French sculptress who was manipulated and ruined by her love for Auguste Rodin, played by Gérard Depardieu. It is one film to which she said a resounding yes, and the first of her movies that she has instigated, researched, and coproduced. Her performance lifts a faulty film into the category of the nearly great as she transforms herself from a fragrant beauty into a noxious creature considered too mad for anything but thirty years of incarceration in a mental institution. In the four years leading up to the film's completion, the project became far more than a role to Adjani. She has called Camille Claudel a soul sister.

Halfway through, there is a scene in which a sympathetic art dealer tries to pull Camille back from the brink of mad-

adjani anew

In the park surrounding her house, Adjani relaxes with her son, Barnabé, both wearing pullover sweaters from Hemispheres in Paris, a favorite shop. Adjani's velvet stretch leggings are by Chantal Thomass. OPPOSITE: In the entrance hall, a bleached pine sideboard holds a collection of hats and a rare vase by artist Kees van Dongen from Pierre Passebon.

ness. Shivering, teeth chattering, she finally whispers, "I'm scared."

"Well," says the dealer, "everyone's scared."

She bursts into great, wrenching sobs and cries out, "But *I'm* scared *all* the time."

It was a scarcely premeditated line that arrived out of the real-life drama that had been traumatizing her for a year. The nightmare began one sunny morning in January 1987, when she poured herself some coffee and opened the daily papers to read that she had died of AIDS.

With that, she entered a surreal world in which nothing she could do made the slightest difference to the national conviction that, if not dead, she was at death's door. She posed for twenty pages of pictures in *Figaro Madame*, and the editor was inundated with letters accusing the newspaper of concealing the truth. Friends of hers would go out to dinner parties and meet doctors who told them they had seen her medical file, and that the rumors were all true. The set designer she had signed for *Camille Claudel* was assured that the film would never be made, because Adjani would be dead within a few weeks. Nurses related how she had caught the disease from a friend she had visited several times in the AIDS ward of the American Hospital in Paris. "Witnesses" would inform the press that she had skin problems, that she had lost all her hair.

Adjani went on national television news to scotch the ru-

mors and to say, "I feel just like Camille accused of madness: we have both suffered in the same way." She brought with her the president of L'Ordre des Médecins; it was a disaster. The president's extreme distaste for the whole business manifested itself in an inconclusive half-denial.

She had begun to visit her doctor obsessively for tests but could not bring herself to publish the HIV negative results. "What I find so terrible," she told the audience that evening, "is to have to say 'I am not sick' as if I were saying 'I am not guilty.' Because to be ill has become a crime."

"I finally brought the rumors to an end by making *Camille Claudel*," she says now. "She exorcised that for me, and I hope I did it for her."

It became terribly important to her to understand what had happened, to explain the year's events to herself as she would have thought out the predicaments of a difficult role she ▶ 384

In Adjani's bedroom, ABOVE, the beams are painted, and her bed is covered with a 19th-century needlepoint throw found at Hubert des Forges in New York. The plaster mirror and lamp are from Passebon. At the Hôtel Crillon, RIGHT, Adjani wears a man's piqué shirt from Charvet and a silk organza dinner skirt by Christian Dior Haute Couture. Shoes by Manolo Blahnik. Details, last pages.

adjani anew

LA DOLCE VITA

Setting off some of the most spectacular and the most extravagant diamonds: the glamorous movie-star style of model Christy Turlington

Reminiscent of a young, sophisticated Sophia Loren, Christy Turlington is dripping in diamonds and wrapped in a boa. Other props: lips heightened with shine, eyes lined with pencil and fake eyelashes, THIS PAGE. White fox boa, Adolfo for Louis Milona. The Fur Vault, NYC; Marshall Field's; Macy's, San Francisco. OPPOSITE PAGE: More glamour—from crazy cat's-eye glasses. Boa, Dasa Furs. Both pages, jewelry by Fred Leighton. Fred Leighton, NYC. In this story: hair, Oribe for Oribe at Parachute; makeup, François Nars. Details, last pages.

Fashion Editor: Carlyne Cerf de Dudzeele
Photographer: Steven Meisel

The classic formula for a film star: diamonds piled on wrists and on ears. Jewelry, Fred Leighton. Fred Leighton, NYC. Dress by Pamela Dennis. Elizabeth Arden The Salon, NYC; Andria, Bal Harbour FL; Stanley Korshak, Dallas. Fox boa, Adolfo for Louis Milona. The Fur Vault, NYC; Marshall Field's; Macy's, San Francisco. The movie-star fragrance—Elizabeth Arden's Red Door

la dolce vita

Real glamour means never having to take off your diamonds. Earrings by Bulgari—the Hotel Pierre. Necklace by Van Cleef & Arpels. Details, more stores, last pages.

The way cashmere is worn can change its image. Here, a classic cable crewneck in an enormous size is worn over thigh-high stockings. On these pages—model/actress Paulina Porizkova, last seen in *Her Alibi*. Cashmere sweater by Cashmere & Company, about $1,150. Bergdorf Goodman; I. Magnin. Thigh-high socks by Hue Legwear, about $11. Bloomingdale's; Dayton; Hudson. In this story: hair by Christiaan; makeup by Sonia Kashuk. Details, more stores, last pages.

Fashion Editor: Polly Mellen
Photographer: Arthur Elgort

soft focus

Designers are turning a classic status symbol into a fashion item. Cashmere, long the coveted choice for prim sweater sets, is now the prime candidate for chic polo shirts, tunics, dressing gowns. Also new: the palest tones, from cream to sage. The perfect match: makeup in soft, natural shades

Paulina, five feet ten and a half inches tall, walks into the studio with her three-foot length of perfectly beautiful, totally straight hair tucked through the belt at the back of her jeans. Today is going to be fun, she says, like being off duty, wearing clothes she can really relate to: easy, curl-up-by-the-fire 100 percent cashmere.

And the makeup feels and looks right, too—pale, soft colors, totally different from the often wishy-washy pastels of the past. How so? In one word, *texture*. There's enough strength in each shade, however pale, to define and bring into focus a feature—like alabaster and mushroom on the eyes, a real shell pink for cheeks and lips, applied over a nothing-there kind of base (Estée Lauder's More Than Powder).

What's the secret? Although all these soft-focus colors feel like cream to the touch and slip on the skin as smoothly as silk, they are all made with powders as finely spun as cashmere itself.

The hairstyles are the easy, slip-on kind, too. Christiaan used hairpieces and wigs that, after arranging Paulina's heavy length of hair into a low braid at the nape, he cut directly on her head to give her some different, much shorter looks. "I like to use wigs and hairpieces to make changes that women aren't yet sure they want to make," he says. "The objective is, of course, to give the look of a real haircut that I hope will inspire them." . . . Even Paulina.—**SHIRLEY LORD**

The minute the design gets a little tricky—bows on the collars, scalloped edging—cashmere looks old-fashioned. The key is keeping it simple. THIS PAGE: A sporty polo shirt gets sexy when it's sleeveless and cut close to the body. By Calvin Klein. With simple clothing, understated blush looks best: Estée Lauder Signature Powder Blush in soft Cranberry Mist. OPPOSITE PAGE: Wearing more than one piece of cashmere is heavy-handed; mixing it with other fabrics makes the difference. Cashmere hooded tunic (about $1,300) and silk drawstring pants (about $345) by Donna Karan New York. Bergdorf Goodman; Neiman Marcus. Details, more stores, last pages.

One would expect to find a palette of pale blond tones in lingerie, but they also lighten up cashmere sweaters. (For spring, practically everything else—from coats to bathing suits—gets the treatment.) THIS PAGE: A chamois-colored cashmere dressing gown that's refined enough to cinch over leggings and a shirt for entertaining at home. By Cashmere & Company, about $1,900. Bergdorf Goodman. Cotton shirt by Paul Smith, about $135. Paul Smith, NYC. Wool and cotton leggings by Ripcosa, about $32. AM/PM, NYC. Cross necklace, Tiffany & Co. OPPOSITE PAGE: Easier and more comfortable than a blouse—a sleeveless cashmere and silk T-shirt. By Calvin Klein, about $350. Bergdorf Goodman; The Twenty-Four Collection, Bal Harbour FL; Ruth Kishline, Evansville IN. Equally soft: Estée Lauder's Perfect Lipstick in Perfect City Rose. The two top bracelets here by Tiffany & Co. Details, more stores, last pages.

$500

The little sheath turns up in almost every collection. Here, it's in silver sequins. Dress by Tom and Linda Platt, about $500. Saks Fifth Avenue. Earrings, John Iversen. To balance the high shine of silver: for pale skin tones—makeup with a slight sheen. Here, Chinchilla Eye Accento Kohl Pencil by Princess Marcella Borghese. In this story: hair, Mark Garrison for Jean Louis David; makeup, Marie-Josée Lafontaine.

Fashion Editor: Polly Mellen
Photographer: Arthur Elgort

$300

A modern way to wear silver—by toning down the shine, playing bright sequins against black. Adrienne Vittadini's tunic, about $300. Saks Fifth Avenue; Neiman Marcus; Adrienne Vittadini, Honolulu. Shorts by Isaia NYC. James Arpad earrings. With silver, matte makeup looks best on darker skin tones. Here, The Smokies Eyeshadow Prisms by Revlon. Details, more stores, last pages.

A fun, young, less expensive way to look at night: in silver

dress for less

dress for less: in silver

$368

Sportswear moves into evening when it's drenched in silver. Skintight snakeskin jeans by Trash and Vaudeville, about $48. Trash and Vaudeville, NYC and Philadelphia. Crewneck sweater in aluminum-covered Lurex by Mary Jane Marcasiano, about $320. Entre-Nous, Albany NY; Weinstein's, New Orleans; Scott Gregory, Southfield MI. Loafers by Maraolo. Earrings by Tacque. Watch, Gucci Timepieces. Details, more stores, last pages.

$440

Silver comes in different levels of shine, in a range of textures. The hard flash of metal in a medieval-inspired top by Joan Vass, about $390. Joan Vass stores, New Orleans, Los Angeles, and Newport Beach CA. The soft shimmer of lamé shorts by Betsey Johnson, about $50. Betsey Johnson stores, NYC, Boston, Chicago.

$385

The best all-around silver piece: a trench coat with a satiny finish; it's not too bright to wear during the day. Raincoat by Drizzle, about $385. Bergdorf Goodman; I. Magnin. Rings from Designs by Bayanihan. Emphasizing the eyes: Ombre Facettes de Chanel Eyeshadow in Silver, by Chanel. Details, more stores, last pages.

family: a study in contrast

opposites and yet, very much alike

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talking fashion

Editor: Gabé Doppelt

From left to right, top to bottom Lauder RON GALELLA, Kempner RON GALELLA; Rayner; Peabody MARY HILLIARD; Dudley RON GALELLA; Carter RON GALELLA, Reagan Wide World; Lambert; MARY HILLIARD; Herrera RON GALELLA, Roehm RON GALELLA, Ivana Trump RON GALELLA, Blaine RON GALELLA, Zipkin RON GALELLA, Abascal RON GALELLA, Walters RON GALELLA

This month, social swell **Jerome Zipkin** celebrates his seventy-fifth birthday. MICHAEL THOMAS analyzes the enduring charm of the mascot of Manhattan's smart set

SOME YEARS AGO, IN THE COURSE OF LIFE'S JOURNEY, I found myself in the Great North Woods as part of a house-party weekend at as sumptuous a fishing "camp" as has ever existed. We were, on the whole, an unlikely, indeed epicene, lot to be pitted against the challenges of field and stream, and in fact most of the company stayed indoors. In the course of a long, drizzly afternoon, one of our number, evidently thirsty for diversion, proposed a dainty jeu d'esprit.

"Let's pretend we're giving a party," said he, ▶370

talking fashion

"to which we will invite only the absolutely worst people we know!"

Then, in the next breath, over the attentive, intrigued murmurs of his audience, he said, "No, we can't!"

He looked round, little eyes glittering happily at our bemusement, and added, in a low voice that could only be taken as sincere: "Obviously, you see, any such list would have to begin with..." And he named the mother of the only one of our party not then in the room.

The speaker was Jerome Zipkin, who is shortly to celebrate his seventy-fifth birthday. In those days, he was not the celebrity he has become, but simply the most waspish-tongued member of a bright-youngish-things crowd that hung around together all the time.

The vignette above illustrates quite well, I think, his ability to—well—see all sides of the picture at once, and to phrase his observations in a rhetoric in which the line between what is clever and sardonic and what is downright rude has on most occasions been—let us say—indistinct.

His has certainly been one of the extraordinary social careers of our time, and this anniversary seems a suitable occasion for considering it, both in terms of the individual who made it and for its institutional character: what it may imply about the way we live now.

Wary walker: Jerry bags it at Forbes's Moroccan bash.

First the man himself: having been spared gainful employment by the income from his family's real estate holdings, Zipkin chose early on to make partygoing his métier. He left Princeton in his senior year and during his subsequent travels became a great friend and bridge partner of Somerset Maugham's, whose papers he later sold to the University of Texas. Now he lives by himself in the same fourteen-room Park Avenue apartment in which he grew up and that he shared with his mother until her death several years ago. Though it contains a Giacometti head, several Henry Moores, and dozens of lithographs and paintings of snakes, it is his cuff-link collection that is most renowned.

Through a combination of circumstance and intention, I've not seen as much of the Zip as I might have these last decades, but he's not been hard to keep track of, being all but inescapable (though subject at times to John Fairchild's censorious airbrush in *WWD*) in the glitz press of the Reagan years. This ubiquity alone would compel awe for the sheer energy and patience it has required of the man himself, let alone those who have come under his guns. Fortunately, the ammunition he fires tends to be small caliber, the rhetorical equivalent of an air-gun pellet; it may sting, but it almost never draws blood. His friends are silent as to whether this is by design or, as Zipkin's detractors would claim, simply a lack of anything more penetrating.

Zipkin did not rise thanks to his good manners. He is famously rude to the sort of people better-bred types are educated to be nice to: waiters, airline staff, cab drivers. Indeed, on at least one occasion, one of life's little people, in this case a taxi driver, left the great man stretched full-length in a streaming gutter following a fusillade of Zipkinesque bons mots that failed to find an appreciative audience in the front seat.

While his male friends include Bill Blass and Mortimer's proprietor Glenn Bernbaum, it is the ladies who lunch who love him best, and it is they who have propelled him to his present eminence. He may be famous as a "walker," a companion on virtual call to women sentenced to solitary lives while their husbands are off spinning money or whatever, but there is more to the Zipkinian symbiosis than mere availability. He has excellent and original taste, is well read up to a point, dishes out the trinkets, possesses eccentricities that seem nontoxic, and is up to his ample hocks in the latest and bitchiest gossip. Up most mornings at eleven, he's on the phone almost all day. Upon arrival in New York, members of his wide circle dial his number first. Like all great courtiers, he has a nose for the merest zephyr of change in personal social fortune, and he calibrates his loyalties with a care and precision that would do credit to a pharmacist. Above all, he keeps his ladies entertained or, more exactly, diverted.

Great wealth produces a distillate of uneasiness and insecurity. Only the rich, because they have the money, have the power to imagine themselves stripped bare of their lucre, and I would guess that it's a less than agreeable sight. Then, of course, age takes its toll on the self-esteem. But against these, a Zipkin, with his busy, informed patter, his insults carefully aimed at the person under the next dryer, his endless stream of little parcels, and his implication of glorious "in-ness," can make a wondrous difference.

"He is one of the greatest aficionados of ladyhood," says one seasoned chronicler of his milieu. "A lot of men, regardless of sexual orientation, don't like women. He likes women—that's key."

He takes them to the benefits, the fashion shows their husbands decline to attend. "He's willing to go into uncharted territory," says our chronicler, referring to the recent Romeo Gigli show at Bergdorf Goodman to which he escorted Ivana Trump. Many in the au- ▶372

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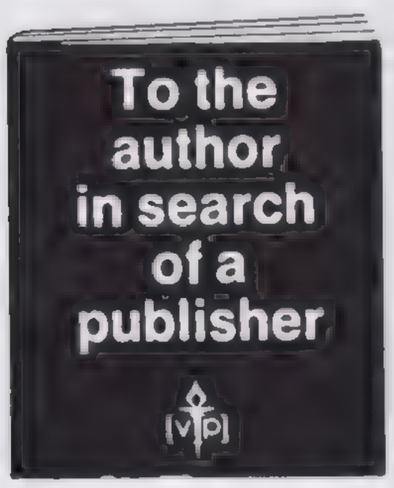

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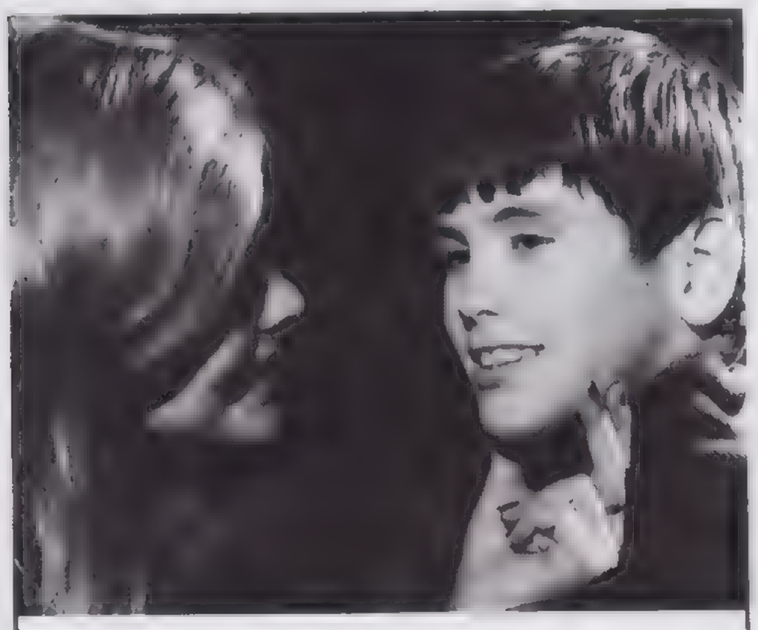

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talking fashion

dience were left reeling by the unfamiliar, costumey clothes, but there was Jerry, "trying to help the women understand this foreign experience."

He counsels his ladies against artificial flowers and Gucci buckles. And he is never actually rude, they insist, merely helpful. "It's just that Jerry wants his friends to be as super as he is," Nan Kempner once explained. "He wouldn't just tell you about something trivial, like a run in your stocking. He'd tell you, 'You ought to change the color of your hair.' "

He never ever repeats confidences, only hints that he has garnered them. (When social columnist Billy Norwich asked him if he'd ever write his memoirs, he replied, "If I did, I'd have to move to Reykjavík.") Betsy Bloomingdale admires his eye for detail. "When he says something to Nancy or Nan or me—you know, your skirt's too long, something like that—you say, 'Stop! Stop!' Then you think about it and say, 'Well, maybe he's right.' "

"He'd tell you, 'You ought to change the color of your hair' "

Perhaps even more important than his loyalty and his devoted attention to their comportment, he rarely talks about himself. No childhood stories, no pressing problems, only the hottest news, the most sage advice, and the fact that, as more than one of his ladies has commented, "he asks for nothing."

Obviously, he owes a fair measure of his celebrity to Nancy Reagan, a connection envied by many, to others the source of much amused speculation. In Mrs. Reagan's case the Zip's function was pedagogical as well as social, and in one instance Zipkin's influence on the former chatelaine of 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue seems to me to have verged on the transcendent. I have always felt that his was the fine, if pudgy, Venetian hand that lay behind the speedy jettisoning of the Reagans' old Los Angeles crowd in favor of a snazzier bunch of new New York friends. And even though the Reagans have returned, however reluctantly, to that original crowd, or the relics thereof, Zipkin is still very much in evidence. Indeed, he attended the couple's only Bel Air dinner party to date.

While Mrs. Reagan was surely the most singular underwriter of Zipkin's rise, there was another important contributor, a patron by default, you might say, who seems to have escaped analytical notice. This was his old enemy Truman Capote, who once described the Zip's face as being shaped like a bidet.

I have often wondered how things might have turned out for the Zipper if Capote hadn't written himself out of the social picture. True, we are living in a different era, with a different zeitgeist; a society culture dominated by a Nancy Reagan is as different from one dominated by Babe Paley as the Flintstones are from Chatsworth. Still, would there have been room for two at the top? I rather think not.

In any event, here he is, after seventy-five years on the job, and seemingly still loving it. He has engendered the adoration of those he solicits and the rage of those about whom he cares not a whit, which must give him almost equal satisfaction. Is he happy? Well, horses for courses, and so let's give him the benefit of the doubt. I'd toast him, except he'd just tell me that my champagne was fit only for shampooing, so I'll simply say "Happy Birthday" and sound like I mean it.

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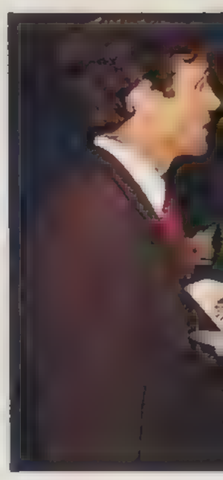
model witness

Aerobicize!
1985

In the eighties, nothing came between Brooke Shields and history. Lynn Snowden meets the cover girl who bore witness to a decade



EVERY DECADE HAS ITS LUCKY PERSON WHO can count among his or her friends both the famous and infamous, and whose life during those years is a barometer of the national consciousness. The sixties had Truman Capote (who knew everyone from Lee Harvey Oswald to John F. Kennedy), the seventies had Andy Warhol, and the eighties have had Brooke Shields, that world-famous actress/model. Not only has she hobnobbed at the White House with the Reagans and rubbed shoulders in Manila with the Marcoses (''They said, 'Just call us Ferdinand and Imelda' ''), but she has partied with indicted arms dealer Adnan Khashoggi on his yacht. If there was a ground-breaking event, Brooke was there—whether it was the reopening of Studio 54 or the unveiling of a Masai hut in Africa (''[It] smells very good inside,'' she said). Brooke was there too when feminism took a new, less militant turn. Though she lost her brave battle against exploitative child pornography (the court allowed Garry Gross to publish nude photos of her as a child), she won a round against sexism when she became one of the first female members of the Friars Club (Frank Sinatra was her sponsor). If there was an award to win, she won it (except for the Academy Award, which she presented instead in 1981). She landed a USO award for Woman of the Year in 1986, and a Golden Plate Award in 1982 (other recipients that year included Wayne Gretzky, Preston Robert Tisch, and Melvin Belli). The People's Choice Award was hers four years running. And if there was advice to give, Brooke gave it. For the apprehensive freshman she wrote a guide to leaving home, *On Your Own,* even though she herself has yet to do so.

The eighties, the decade that opened with Brooke murmuring, ''If [my Calvins] could talk, I'd be ruined,'' ended with the auctioning of those jeans at Christie's East for almost eight hundred dollars. An 1,800 percent increase in value is a fitting tribute to Brooke, witness to a decade.

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Circus of the Stars, 1983

The Brooke doll, released in 1982

Endless Love, 1981

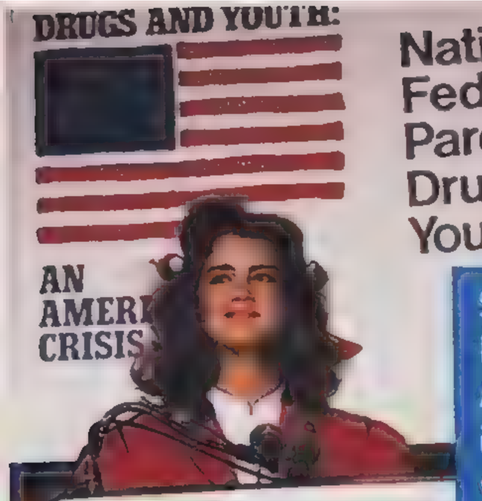
THAT'S ENTERTAINMENT
Brooke's contribution to entertainment went way beyond movies. She trained as an aerialist for two of her five appearances on *Circus of the Stars* and received a pie in the face for a Princeton drama club production, which increased demand for tickets and shows. Brooke enthralled fatties with her exercise routines and bemused kiddies with a line of Brooke Shields dolls.

The Blue Lagoon, 1980

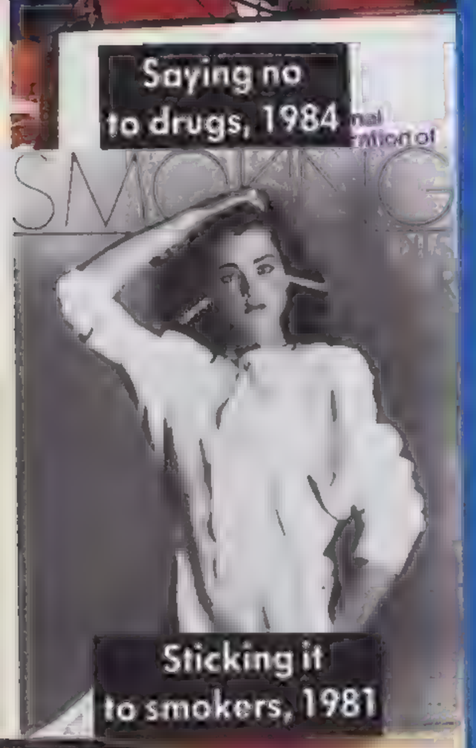
High tragedy at Princeton, 1984

Sahara, 1982

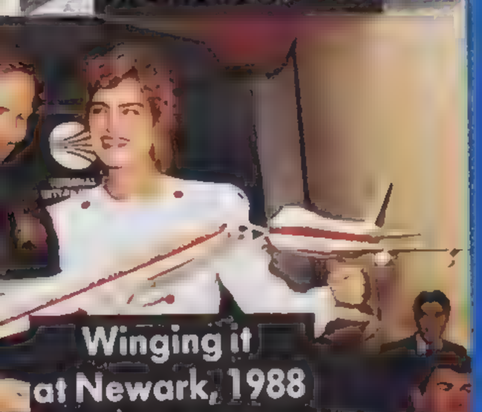
DETAILS LAST PAGES

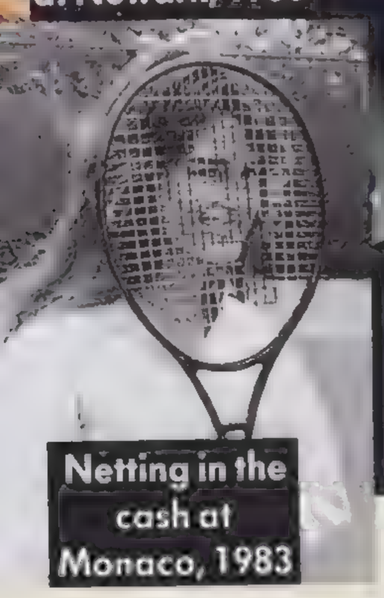


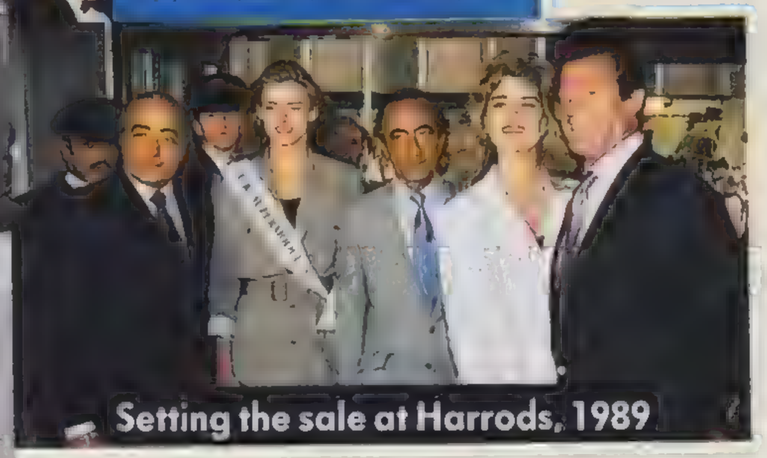
STARS WHO CARE From Farm Aid to Band Aid, stars of the eighties proved no cause was too small, no distance too far to travel to show they cared. As the American Lung Association launched another salvo on the tobacco companies, Brooke testified at a House hearing saying, "Smoking can kill you. And if you've been killed, you've lost a very important part of your life." Brooke made hundreds of public service announcements in her fights against drugs and drunk driving. Brooke attended every important opening as well, from a Harrods sale opening to the dedication of Newark International Airport's Continental terminal.


Saying no to drugs, 1984

Sticking it to smokers, 1981


Winging it at Newark, 1988


Netting in the cash at Monaco, 1983

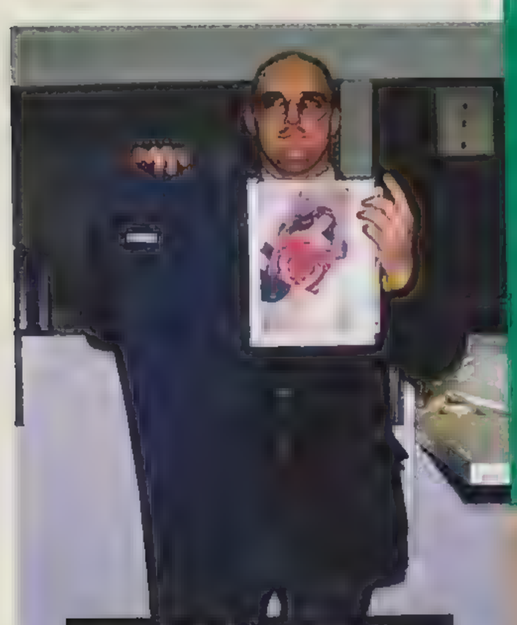

Setting the sale at Harrods, 1989

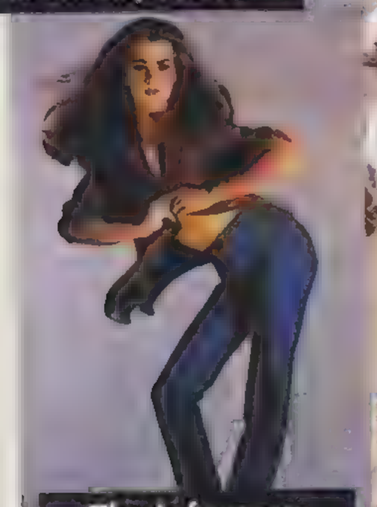
SAFE SEX Brooke was an early advocate of the new celibacy. All of her beaux were either ineligible, unable, or uninterested. George Michael ended their fling at a party for David Lee Roth, "saying he had to go and do his career. I didn't get it at first," says a now-wiser Brooke. "It's all OK now, but then I had to go back to college with a sick, empty feeling in my stomach."

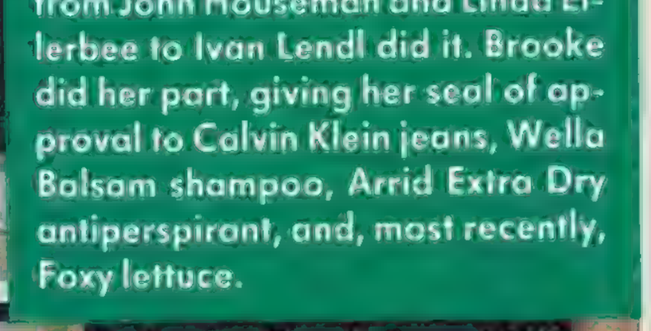
Charming Johnny Carson, 1981

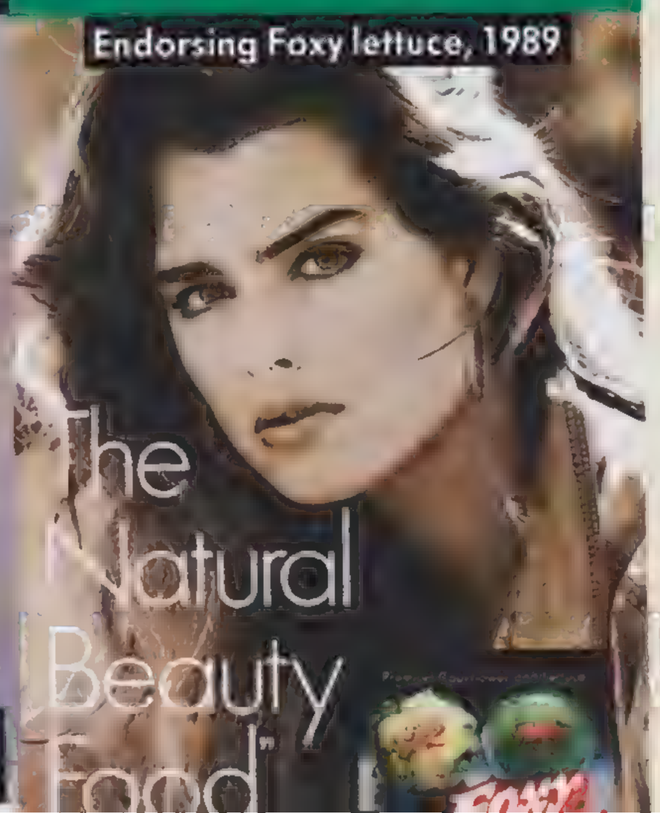
Delighting David Letterman, 1982

THE NAME GAME Formerly referred to as selling out, product endorsement in the eighties was called "cashing in." And everyone from John Houseman and Linda Ellerbee to Ivan Lendl did it. Brooke did her part, giving her seal of approval to Calvin Klein jeans, Wella Balsam shampoo, Arrid Extra Dry antiperspirant, and, most recently, Foxy lettuce.


Brooke's blue jeans hit the block, 1989


The infamous Calvins ad of 1980


Endorsing Foxy lettuce, 1989



TALKING HEADS In the eighties everyone had a talk show. And Brooke was there. She took a pratfall during one of nine *Tonight Show* appearances "just to scare Johnny," appeared with David Letterman twice, and was Arsenio Hall's first guest. In 1985, she [illegible] with renowned big mouth Joan Rivers. "Which man would you most like to meet?" Rivers pried. Brooke parried: "George Michael."

Astounding Arsenio Hall, 1989

talking parties

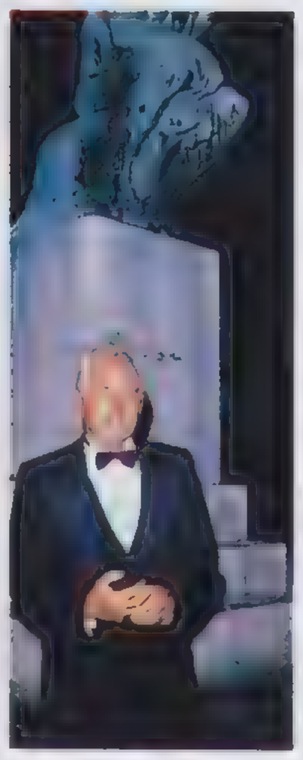
Violaine Owen Jones

Vicomtesse d'Origny

Deeda Blair

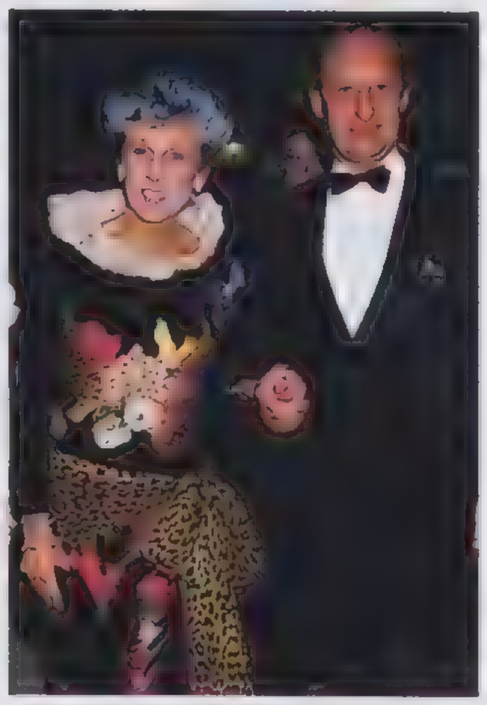
Claudia Cardinale

Italophile Anne Bass



Giorgio Armani

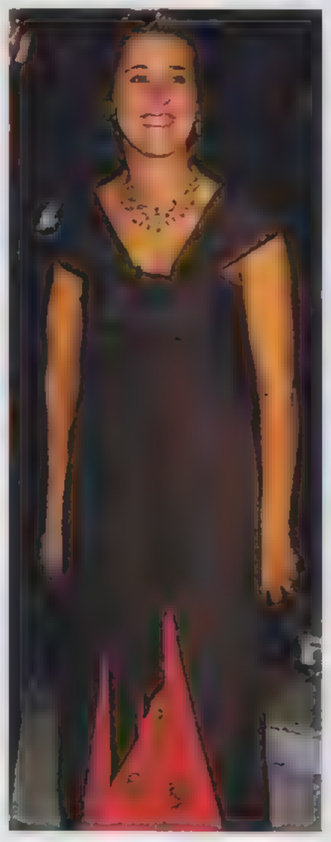
Vanessa van Zuylen with Marisa Berenson



Count and Countess de Mortemart

An Italian in Paris If it's Armani, it must be Italian, as guests at the gala showing of the designer's fall '89 collection in Paris soon discovered. On the designer's orders, fixtures for the event, from curtains to chef, were shipped from Milan. "Even the runway was from Italy," observed one amazed Parisian. Now *that's* Armani.

Countess de Mortemart



Pia Pearson

Carol Dickey

Ballet buffs M. and Mme Thouet

Gilles Tapie and Sylvie Guillem

The dance set awaits the opening pirouette

Balanchine Revue Paris got back to ballet recently with an homage to Balanchine by the New York City Ballet. After the standing ovation, guests and cast repaired to the Hôtel de Ville where, sources say, the dancing continued.

TALKING... ▶ 378

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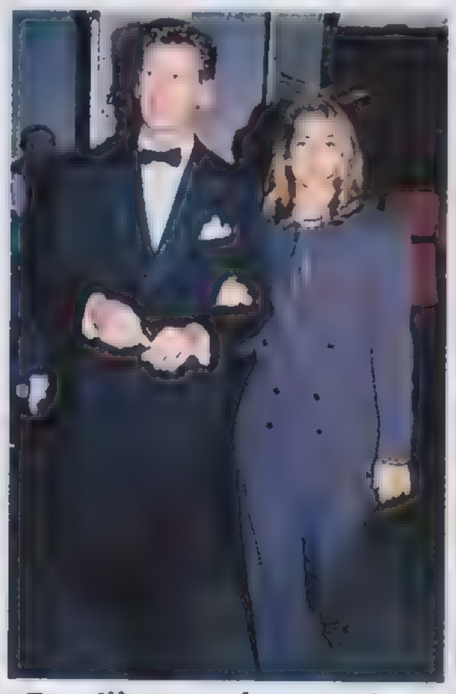
talking parties

The Blass of '89: Pat Buckley, Laura Montalban, and Nancy Dickerson Whitehead

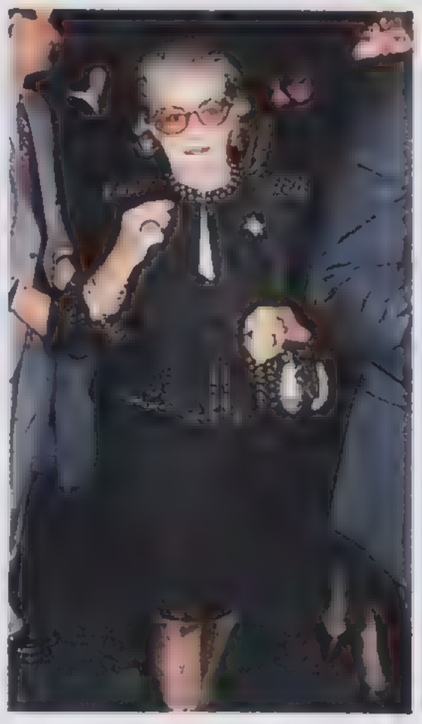
Mary McFadden and husband, Kohle Yohannan

Stephan Weiss and Donna Karan



Famille members Calvin and Kelly Klein

Isaac Mizrahi



Pauline Trigère

Famille Affair Glenn Bernbaum's extended brood just keeps growing. This year, a thousand members attended the restaurateur's Fête de Famille IV benefiting New York Hospital's AIDS Care Center. Happily, gridlock in the massive tent erected outside Mortimer's was disrupted by the timely arrival of prodigal mogul Malcolm Forbes, who zoomed in on his well-revved motorcycle. TALKING... ▶ 380

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Newport Beach Woodland Hills
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talking parties

Sitting pretties: Jane Seymour, Carol Burnett, and Lynn Redgrave

Kirk Douglas and Bob Hope

Dolores Hope and Anne Douglas

Social Overtures The L.A. Music Center's 25th Anniversary gala provided a fitting crescendo to the summer concert season. "I haven't seen so many incredible gowns in one place since the Oscars," swooned one Scaasi-shocked observer.

Lawrence Perovetz and Mai Hallingby

Nan Kempner and Blaine Trump

Nancy Brinker and Philip Hewat-Jaboor

Lee Radziwill Ross and Herbert Ross

Chaired Event They came, they saw, they purchased at the International Antique Dealers Show's gala opening. Even Barbra Streisand snatched up two chairs. "I missed her," said Catie Marron, who was too busy cochairing. **TALKING... ▶ 390**

Music Center: ROXANNE LOWIT; Antique Dealers: MARY HILLIARD

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TYSON

(Continued from page 331)

body, too''), and then to Cheryl Lynn (''BIG voice! Hey, see the weight she's lost! A hundred pounds, oh boy, see how thin she is''). At the same time, he made a dozen phone calls (''I thought I might come to New York soon, hang out for a while. What're you wearing? Uh-huh. You got shoes on? What shoes?''), fielded a dozen more, ducked four-fifths of everything I asked him, and interrogated me about how many children I had and why I was wearing my wedding ring on the wrong finger.

I asked him why, though he lived in New Jersey, he was training in Vegas, building a house in Cleveland, and fighting in Canada. He smiled, and began to talk so quietly I had to bend close to hear his light, lisping voice. ''It's nice weather in Vegas,'' he said. ''When the weather's nice it's easy to train and work out and take the weight off.'' The guy dressed as a mental nurse put a plate of spaghetti down in front of him, and Mike began to eat. He had a pint mug beside him with the spoon still in it. Tea with honey. I asked him whose clothes he liked, and he said ''Gianni Versace's.'' (Try that with a lisp.) Versace's tailor alters the suits for him: he's not the easiest man in the world to fit. He wears Versace shoes too (''When I can fit them''). His feet are size thirteen. He buys new clothes every day. Every *day*? ''Yeah, every day.'' (Naomi Campbell giggled when I checked with her. ''It's true,'' she said. ''Mike buys new clothes every single day.'') The televised image of Spike Lee, who was fighting Don King for decibel domination of the room, bobbed into close-up flashing a gold earring. Does Mike have pierced ears? ''No. I would never do that. I have opinions about that kind of thing. I'm a man, and I know what my opinions are about that kind of thing.'' He wears no rings or other jewelry apart from a big Porsche watch. A porch watch, he said. A little tiger's eye agate dangled from it, which seemed to have some esoteric functional value. He said, apropos, ''I could tighten that up but I like to keep it loose as a conversational topic.'' I asked him if he read Vogue. ''Yeah, always,'' he said, surprisingly. Then: ''I love all the pictures of the pretty women in it.''

I didn't feel, myself, that this interview had exactly gotten off the ground at this point. Neither did Mike, so he took over. ''You married?'' Yes. ''Children?'' Yes. ''How many?'' Two. ''Boy and girl?'' Yes. ''How old?'' Twelve and ten. ''That's nice,'' he said genially. I told him my son had wanted to come along. ''You shoulda brung him,'' said Mike. ''I love kids.'' I shoulda brung him, and that's the truth. Twelve-year-olds are brilliant at watching TV, hanging out on the phone, and not answering a straight question all at the same time. Mike suddenly loomed over me, beaming, and brushed the hair off my face with a giant hand. ''You seem like a very charming lady to me,'' he said. I began to feel a tad uneasy. I don't know why, but there it is.

Mike was very polite about my being English. ''England's my biggest fan club,'' he said. ''England and the Brazilians.'' I said all the cool guys in Brixton were copying his haircut now, with the razor slash to one side. ''My Mike Tyson cut,'' said Mike, smirking. I wanted to know if he worries about his gold teeth when he's hit in the mouth. Not that he's often hit in the mouth. Are gold teeth more vulnerable than real teeth? ''No,'' he said. Then he ventured, ''Did you know that it was an English person who developed the gum-shield?'' No! ''It was. In the thirties. An English person named Ted 'Kid' Lewis.'' I was desperate to keep him on the subject of boxing. Does it hurt? Is he afraid? Who in the world will ever beat him? (Shrug.) ''I know everyone in this outfit,'' said Tyson, suddenly talking fast. ''I know everyone in boxing. Every fighter of my weight in the world, I know. And I only have to see them once. To see if they can beat me. Just once. Then I know I can beat 'em.'' We were really getting somewhere here. He turned away, picked up his phone, and punched numbers into it. I leaned over to listen. He said, ''Listen, I want you to go out now and buy a copy of the *Rolling Stone* magazine. They got my name on the front, so you'll know which issue. Read the piece about me and call me back. Hey, and *People* magazine, too. Read 'em both. I'll call you later.'' Then he slapped back the phone, leaned back across me, yawned, and asked, ''How much . . . do you weigh?''

There's an Irish expression, ''gobsmacked,'' which probably describes my face reasonably accurately at this point. I gurgled, played for time, and gave my weight British-style. Nine stone, I said. ''Is that a hundred and fifty kilos?'' asked Mike, with his eyes wide. No, no! Please! That would be three hundred pounds! Wait a minute—erm . . . Ah, a hundred and thirty! No, a hundred and twenty-seven! Mike measured me up and down and smiled. I began to feel like a chicken leg. Suddenly Don King, who'd been leaping and yelling and taking call after call after call, went into hyperspace. He cackled and yelled and broke through even Cheryl Lynn, who was belting out her finale number. I said, ''Mr. King's going wild over there.'' Mike shrugged and looked away. I said, ''Mr. King is very scary.'' Mike said, ''He's all heart.'' King had a phone in each hand and was hollering into both. He yelled, ''Mike! MIKE! Listen! You gotta listen! I got this German guy on the phone—he's got SO MUCH MONEY—listen! He's got NINETY BILLION! Listen, Mike, he's got two banks—no, THREE banks—hello? Yeah! Three! Three banks, the Deutsche Bank and two others—MIKE!''

Tyson slowly got up off the couch. His face was like a hatchet. He started walking and mumbling, ''Don, you know I don't want to hear about the money . . . I don't want to talk about the money . . . I don't want to hear all that stuff . . . don't talk about the money to me . . . you know I don't care about all that stuff . . . .'' He shambled up the stairs and disappeared. Then he leaned down and yelled, ''Come on up here to my room!'' To me.

Well, I hesitated for half a second. Nobody looked up. Don King kept yelling at his German guy and the couch potatoes looked studiedly at the TV. I scuttled up the stairs and along the passage and into a brightly lit bedroom. There was no TV. There were no phones. There was complete silence. There was a wall of shelving stocked ceiling-high with folded and pressed workout clothes, gray, black, and white. There was a kid's drawing of two boxers on the wall, signed Erich. ''This is where I live,'' said Mike. He draped himself over a daybed at the far end of the room, patted the little space left beside him, and said, ''Let's relax and sit down and hang out a little.''

Well, I don't know what you'd have done, but I know what I did. I asked to see his closet. ''My closet?'' Mike began to giggle. ''You wanna see my closet?'' He jumped up, opened a door, flashed me a look at about three hundred suits and four hundred pairs of shoes, and snapped the door shut again. He was giggling all the way back down the stairs. He said, ''I have to go out now. See somebody. In town. See you around.'' The whole entourage leapt up, put down its telephones, and began to whirl around him. ''Mike! Mike! Hey, Mike! Let's go, my man! C'mon, Mike!'' Everybody went out. The entire house emptied and quieted, except for the TVs. ◆

DIANA VREELAND

(Continued from page 313)

house of Consuelo, the Duchess of Marlborough. I said to Diana, ''Listen, I have never photographed a house. I wouldn't know how to begin.'' But you couldn't say no to Diana. So that's how I began to photograph houses, with a little Roloflex, like a Brownie, with no assistant, no lights. Valentine Lawford wrote the accompanying texts. When Diana saw the photographs, of course she said, ''We need more.''

I would say that Chanel and Diana Vreeland made incredible

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contributions to the world of style and elegance in this century. They both could fabricate anything. It always had to be new with Diana. Like Chanel, Vreeland was a very strong girl, very definite. She was a loyal friend. A week before she died, I suddenly thought, I've got to send her some wonderful flowers. She called up and thanked me. "I can't wait to come and see you, Diana," I told her. She said, "No, no. Don't come and see me. Just call me and give me the news."

Snowdon, Vogue photographer

When I actually met her properly, I went into her office, which was quite frightening at first. And she said, "I want you to do a story on these amazing white whales. They are so aristocratic you wouldn't believe it."

I said, "Mrs. Vreeland, where are they?"

She said, "I don't know where they are. But you will find them. Or I shall get someone to find them for you."

Well, these whales were beautiful, seventeen feet long. They were in a tank on Coney Island. I had to put on a scuba diver's suit and dive into the tank to photograph them. I had an assistant on the outside of the tank, writing the exposures on the side of the tank. And there was some guy at the top of the tank yelling down to me, saying not to get between the whales as they would flip me with a flick of their tails and that would be the end of me. I had thought they were harmless until that moment. But I got the photograph. By chance, they intertwined for the picture. Then Diana asked me to do white horses. I worked for about two months doing white horses, terrible photographs of white horses with daffodils. And they were rejected. In the end I went to Maryland and surrounded a whole paddock of white horses with smoke bombs. I created an entire fog, so when the horses galloped into it, there were just the most extraordinary heads. She liked that.

She had great depth. You see, I don't think she thought frocks were that important. I think she felt elegance, style, and great individuality were important. She was the most unsnobby person I've ever known. Like most grand people, she was mentally humble. As Kenneth Clark said of Leonardo da Vinci, Mrs. Vreeland was great because she was inquisitive. She remained young because she was inquisitive. She was loved because she was inquisitive. She enthused people because of her inquisitiveness. That was her greatest quality.

Susan Train, Paris Bureau Chief

Her whole way of working was quite different. In Paris, when she was there, we took a suite at the Hôtel Crillon and moved the office right into the salon of her suite. She had her bedroom and bathroom. Two secretaries and my assistant, the four of us, would sit in this big room. We ran extra telephone lines into the suite, had our own typewriters. We moved out the furniture we didn't like and had big working tables moved in. She was an early riser. She woke up, had her routine breakfast of tea and porridge, and took calls. One former editor said that Diana Vreeland got more work done from her bed in the morning than anybody else did sitting in an office all day. She always spoke to every photographer who was doing anything that day. She had everybody on the move. Then she would go into her bathroom, where she would spend more time than anybody could possibly conceive. I never knew what she was doing in there. There must have been yoga and meditation and exercises and creams. I could never figure it out because when she came out of the bathroom, she would then sit down and do her makeup at her dressing table. Everywhere we would put little notepads. There had to be at least three in the bathroom and several on her desk, on every available surface. When she had a thought she would write it down immediately. She was always on the job. Even from the bathroom she would keep the flow going. Everything she did and everything she saw, everyone she talked to, every color, every vibration she felt was eventually translated into fashion and into Vogue.

I spent hours with her being fitted for clothes. At that time her favorite house was Balenciaga. She loved Givenchy and she

DIANA VREELAND

(Continued)

went big on Yves Saint Laurent when he came into his own, and, of course, Madame Grès. Mrs. Vreeland incited Madame Grès into creating wonderful clothes. Then these dramatic hemlines and brocades would end up in Vogue.

She was always on time. And she never failed to thank people for the smallest thing. When she viewed the collections, she would sit there in a sort of trance. You could see she was dreaming. She was imagining each thing as it came out and she was imagining it worn, where and how it would be worn.

Of course, she was very theatrical and very exceptional. People who did not know her well can't imagine how human she was. The artificial creature she seemed to some was one of the most tolerant people I have ever known. She never criticized. She took people for what they were and never tried to make them into something else. She concentrated only on the good. If there was a bad part, she ignored it. She never put anybody down. She had humor, she had great courage, she had understanding, kindness, and she had depth. She was a good friend, always loyal. And she appreciated loyalty in others. You could be up, down, in or out—she was always there as a friend.

ADJANI ANEW

(Continued from page 348)

had to play. For behind the astonished navy blue eyes, the candid oval of her expressive face, the sulky curve of her bee-stung lips, there operates a highly cerebral woman who needs to rationalize and be in control of events. "I didn't quite lose touch with reality," she says. "That saved me from a nervous breakdown."

She tracked the source of the rumors from the Cannes Film Festival back to Marseilles, the territory of right-wing politician Jean-Marie le Pen and the origin of most French anti-immigrant propaganda. She researched the literature on fame and jealousy as thoroughly as if she were writing a book on the subject. She applied to academics. Authors and philosophers explained the possessive mechanisms of star worship, the subconscious urge to save the whole by sacrificing the part, the metaphor by which "crossbreeds" become identified with infectious foreign bodies. Then she used the metaphor to her own advantage. If France, which had lavished her with its gifts all her life, now wanted her to pay the price, they would get their sacrifice on the big screen. Partly by calculation, partly by instinct, she made the appropriate move. *Camille Claudel*, a very faulty masterpiece, hit a deep national chord, was called a "lyrical, monumental piece of work," and won five Césars and the Berlin Film Festival's Silver Bear.

She concludes, "The French have a particularly passionate relationship with me. They think they own me. If they can't love me, they hate me."

Adjani looks back on that year as a milestone, something that has changed her forever. Previously she had been a reclusive actress, shunning premieres and threatening the press with invasion-of-privacy lawsuits. Now events had convinced her that on an unconscious level an actress is identified with the kind of role she plays. In the face of mystery, the public will invent. If there is no real-life context, the star is at risk.

The public was treated to a new, up-front Adjani, addressing Algerian students, talking to the press, revealing the identity of her son's father as ex-lover Bruno Nuytten, the cinematographer she had invited to direct *Camille Claudel*. Accepting a César award at the televised ceremony, she read a passage aloud and then told the audience it was by Salman Rushdie. It was an act of courage at a time when bomb attacks and threats made weekly headlines, and a tribute to her Muslim father, whom she has called "the love of my life."

Her father's prolonged, terminal illness began around the time of her sixteenth birthday. Adjani's eyes redden at the memory. These aren't actor's tears. She looks down and concentrates hard on the embroidered tongues of her Charles Kammer shoes.

"If I hadn't started earning a lot of money then, I don't know what would have happened to us. My brother was only fourteen. My father didn't want my mother to work. Everything went wrong, absolutely everything."

Her father never approved of her work. He wanted her to go to university and get a proper job. Certainly no one in her family could have predicted what the first movie would lead to, or just what kind of role she would make her own.

At this moment in the interview the telephone rings in the hotel bedroom.

"This is the Lynx," intones an actorish male voice. "May I speak to Ms. Adjani?"

Ms. Adjani definitely wants to speak to the Lynx. The melancholy cloud rolls back, the sun comes out, she radiates pleasure and snatches up the phone. The voice says six words. She doubles up with laughter, turns bright pink, and drops the phone.

"He said...well, he said...no, I can't. I really can't! He does it to throw me. In every interview!"

Who?

She shakes her head, bursts into schoolgirl giggles again, and counts her films to sober up. Twenty-one movies, nine black roles ending in madness or death.

"It's dangerous," she says. "You can go beyond the borders of reality and really end up in the loony house. That's quite possible. You can't just leave your role behind you at the end of the day. We're talking about ugly emotions, something so painful it's ugly to watch. You have to screw yourself up and still try to be a lovable presence on set. It's something schizophrenic to achieve!"

She readied herself for the demented scenes of *Camille Claudel* by perusing a shelfful of upsetting books, and readjusted later with a battery of protective indulgences such as frivolous videos and days spent at the Ritz Health Club, followed by dinners at La Maison Blanche or Le Duc.

"I'm very, very receptive to what I read. Almost epidermically so." She settles a hand on her forearm, where it vibrates like a large spider. "So I would shut myself into the trailer and look at these scientific and medical books detailing case histories of mental disorders. Dark stuff, full of examples, full of photographs."

Synchronicity is in the air. It is said she will be spending this evening at a birthday party with Daniel Day-Lewis, the brilliant young English actor who collapsed onstage playing Hamlet at London's National Theatre early in September. Afterward he told the press, "This must be the year of my nervous collapse. It's a hard part to live with. It conjures up the demons in you."

Any connection with the Lynx? No comment from Isabelle Adjani. No denial. Much flirtatious laughter.

"Who told you that? You can say how much I admire his acting. My Gott!" she adds, being half-Bavarian. "It's frighteningly pure. The work drops away. You can't see the structure anymore."

She will only admit that Philip Kaufmann broke her heart by giving the role opposite Day-Lewis in *The Unbearable Lightness of Being* to an actress he found "less beautiful" and "less famous."

I check my questions. She churns about in her bag and produces a bigger, inkier notebook full of answers.

"Oh, yes. You can say I am looking for a movie. Modern. Real face. No makeup. No costumes."

Lonely Parisienne seeks film. Comedy or tragedy?

She hesitates for a moment.

"Black is still my favorite color."

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Adjani at Ease

"I always think I look like Cinderella—but wearing the wrong dress," says Isabelle Adjani, over dinner at her favorite restaurant, Lucas Carton, on the Right Bank of Paris. Adjani thinks in terms of stars—as in Hepburn, Dietrich, and Lombard—for her private dressing. She likes relaxed coats, the comfort of a man's sweater, but in the finest cashmere, and just plain old clothes. But her turnout has no hard, masculine edge. Not for her heavy cuffed trousers, jackets with shoulder pads, or a saucy beret. Her only concession to masculine style is a gray fedora by Kenzo that she crushes over her hair that is pulled back into a messy ponytail. And any tough edge to her clothes is undercut by the sexy Chantal Thomass stretch velvet leggings she loves to wear.

She detests the French *près de corps* style, those clothes that fit snugly, following every curve of the anatomy. "I was at a photographic sitting and they passed me some Romeo Gigli clothes. I have a horror of such terror. I think his clothes are totally antifeminine. How do you get in? How do you climb out? It is too difficult. And besides, the fabric pricked the skin. I couldn't believe these mummylike bandages, these bondage clothes, were really to be worn by a woman who wants to be romantic, feminine." She's been known to dress right out of Dietrich's *The Garden of Allah*, in layers of tissue-thin fabrics, draped, swathed, layered, and hooded, her own version of the romantic nomad. Give her a cape, however, and she's in bliss. Remember, at nineteen she spent a great deal of time in a cape, in a rocking boat in Canada, where she filmed her masterpiece, François Truffaut's *The Story of Adèle H.*

The seventeenth-century manor house in Normandy, with its huge park, that she purchased twenty months ago embodies the same kind of eclectic ease as her clothes. Adjani spends little time creating elaborate scenarios of a Normandy-Deauville *manoir*. The house is simply furnished with favorite antiques from her former Paris town house. The remaining interior details she left in the hands of her good friend, decorator Jacques Grange. In the large drawing room with its highly polished tile floor, Grange has arranged comfortable seating areas using his signature pieces: Napoleon III settees, canapés, comfortable sofas, and high-backed armchairs, all upholstered in freshly cleaned antique kilims and Turkish carpets.

Her other good friend, Pierre Passebon, helped fill in the details. It was Passebon who discovered the giant basket-weave *potiche* in the living room, the rare Van Dongen ceramic on the pine sideboard in the entry hall, the African totems that sit on the French country iron table, and the fantastic collapsible mahogany campaign bed that is set up, camp style, in the spare children's guest room. The property, with its two huge caretaker residences and a separate guest house, is surrounded by low stone walls and a moat. The garden is full of roses, giant zinnias, a huge topiary obelisk, and Adjani's passion—gardenias. "They are my favorite flower. I've tried my hand at every other type of flower, but they died. But I have such great luck with gardenias."

Back in Paris, Grange is decorating a new flat for Adjani, and she often appears on his arm for gala evenings. She will borrow a Dior or Saint Laurent couture outfit for such events, but even these she modifies slightly to make them her own. These days she's looking at Dietrich not only as a style idol but as a possible source for future projects. She's considering a remake of *Blonde Venus* and has a fantasy of making a recording, in her flawless English, of one of Dietrich's signature songs, "I'm the Laziest Gal in Town." She is so in control of her destiny that she even lays down rules about the paparazzi. If someone tries to sneak a quick snap, men rush forward to tear the camera from the offender. Like Dietrich, Adjani wants absolute control over the very arch of her brow, the line of every gesture. "I refuse to leave documents of me for infinity that are not desirable. Why bother if one can't aspire to perfection?"—**ANDRÉ LEON TALLEY**

IN THIS ISSUE

Details, prices, more stores, more . . .on this month's looks

Page 4: Dress, $1,550. Saks Fifth Avenue; Amen Wardy, Newport Beach CA. Boa by Adrienne Landau Designs, $410. Elizabeth Arden The Salon, NYC; I. Magnin. Earrings by Sculptress Maria Snyder. Bag by Renaud Pellegrino. Shoes, Stuart Weitzman. Hair by Julien d'Is, Paris; makeup by Marie-Josée Lafontaine. **6 (cover):** Blouse, $660. Bergdorf Goodman; Ultimo Ltd., Chicago; Bullock's. Earrings, $150. Martha; Neiman Marcus; Tabandeh, Washington DC. **88:** 1) Silk georgette blouse, $320. Pants, $70. Martha; Neiman Marcus. 3) Sunglasses, Christian Roth for Optical Affairs. Optica, NYC, Chicago. Earrings, Roxanne Assoulin. 4) Silk charmeuse top, $264. Gabardine pants, $275. Macy's Herald Square; Lou Lattimore, Dallas. **94:** 1) Silk charmeuse top, $165. Silk georgette skirt, $550. Charivari, NYC; Marissa Collections, Naples FL. 2) Unitard, $120. Charivari, NYC; Nordstrom, Costa Mesa CA. Sunglasses, Christian Lacroix. Bracelets, Roxanne Assoulin. Sneakers, Sperry Top-Sider. **106:** 1) Dress left, $135; right, $105. Both at Bergdorf Goodman. Dress on right at Neiman Marcus. 4) Bodysuit and skirt, silk stretch gauze. Bodysuit, $480; skirt, $350. Both at Martha; Gallay, West Hollywood CA. **107:** 6) Silk crepe dress, $1,150. Saks Fifth Avenue; Ultimo Ltd., Chicago. 7) Washed silk dress, $540. Saks Fifth Avenue; Neiman Marcus. **112:** 1) Silk dress, $2,800. Bergdorf Goodman; I. Magnin. 2) Silk dress, $2,450. Martha, NYC, Palm Beach FL. 4) Silk dress, $1,180. Bergdorf Goodman; Jamie, Nashville. Black dyed Russian broadtail lamb jacket, $12,500 by Isaac Mizrahi Furs. Revillon at Saks Fifth Avenue; The Carol and Irwin Ware Fur Salon at I. Magnin, Chicago. **116:** 2) Silk taffeta jacket, $860; cotton blouse, $210; wool sweater, $260; wool crepe skirt, $370. Barneys New York; Savannah, Santa Monica CA. 3) Jacket, $455. Barneys New York; Nan Duskin, Philadelphia, Baltimore. 4) Wool jacket and pants. Jacket, $3,075; pants, $730. Bergdorf Goodman; Neiman Marcus. 5) Silk sweater, $470; silk skirt, $1,900. Bergdorf Goodman; Nan Duskin, Philadelphia, Baltimore. 7) Cashmere sweater set and skirt, $3,990. Martha. To order at I. Magnin. **120:** 2) Silk georgette jumpsuit, $500. Razook's, Palm Beach FL. 4) Cashmere and wool dress, $2,800. Saks Fifth Avenue; Frederick & Nelson, Seattle. **126:** 1) Synchilla pile top, $52. Mesh hat, $12. Nylon and cotton shorts, $25. For information call toll-free 1-800-638-6464. 2) Jacket, $235. Call toll-free 1-800-638-6464. Scarf at Nonesuch Gallery, Santa Monica CA. 3) Jacket, $275. Top and pants, nylon, rayon, spandex, and stretch jersey, $85 each. Call toll-free 1-800-638-6464. Boots by Lejon, $54. At Scandinavian Ski Shop, NYC. 4) Reversible jacket, $85. One side, nylon ripstop, other side, polyester taffeta. Call toll-free 1-800-638-6464. Cotton and Lycra swimsuit, $60. Agnès B. At Agnès B., NYC, Los Angeles. **136:** 1) Bag at Jill Stuart, NYC. 2) Bag, $230. At Bill Loya, Salt Lake City; Troy, Palm Desert CA. To order at Bergdorf Goodman. 3) Bag, $1,370. Chanel Boutique, NYC, Chicago. 4) Bag, $220. Prada, NYC, Los Angeles. Silk shirt, $650; linen jacket, $2,400. Both, Bernard Perris. At Bernard Perris, NYC. Chanel earrings, $740. Chanel Boutique, NYC, Chicago. Chanel bracelet, $235. Bergdorf Goodman; Neiman Marcus. 5) Bag, $495. Bergdorf Goodman; I. Magnin. Silk chiffon dress by John Scher, $500. At Macy's Herald Square. Earrings, $30. Necklace, $298. At Butler & Wilson, Los Angeles. 6) Bag, $1,152. Bloomingdale's. **143:** INSET TOP: Blouse, Giorgio Armani. LARGE PICTURE: Mario Valentino merino wool sweater, $126; pants, $198. Lamb shearling coat, $2,650. Mario Valentino Boutique, NYC; Janet Brown, Port Washington NY. Glasses, Jean Paul Gaultier by Optical Affairs. Optica, NYC, Chicago. **144:** Accessories, Gianfranco Ferre. **179:** 2) Solar alpha jacket, $698. Bogner, NYC, San Francisco.

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IN THIS ISSUE

3) Nylon ripstop jacket, $85. Lycra tights, $85. For information call toll-free 1-800-638-6464. **186:** *Top Gun*, Pictorial Parade; *White Mischief*, Photofest; *Risky Business*, © 1983 Warner Brothers, Inc.; *Fatal Attraction*, The Kobal Collection/Superstock International, Inc. **187:** *Chariots of Fire*, The Kobal Collection/Superstock International, Inc.; *Desperately Seeking Susan*, Sygma; *Dangerous Liaisons*, Photofest. **250:** ABOVE: Silk blazer, $1,115; silk blouse, $370; wool pants, $375. All by Calvin Klein. At Neiman Marcus. Blazer and blouse at Bloomingdale's. Christian Lacroix sunglasses. Antigona earrings. Accessoires, NYC; Bill Loya, Salt Lake City. LEFT: Shalimar Gloves, $58. Itokin America, NYC; Dayton; Hudson. Prada key ring. Portafax System by Portafax Corp. NEC M4700 Mobile Cellular Telephones. BMW 325i Convertible by BMW of North America, Inc. **279:** © 1989, The Estate and Foundation of Andy Warhol/ARS, NY. **280:** The Pierpont Morgan Library. **282:** Private Collection. Courtesy, Marlborough Gallery. **284:** FROM TOP TO BOTTOM: National Gallery, London; Tate Gallery/Art Resource; British Museum; Musée Gustave Moreau, Paris; Uffizi Gallery/Art Resource; Scala/Art Resource; The Metropolitan Museum of Art, bequest of Mrs. H.O. Havemeyer collection. **286:** Nimatallah/Art Resource.

Star turns

288: For coat stores, see page 294. Glasses at Richard Gould, NYC; Snooty-Hooty, Atlanta. Earrings and ring, Isaac Manevitz for Ben-Amun. Le Bijou, Englewood Cliffs NJ; Jest Jewels, San Francisco. **289:** Carmelo Pomodoro silk dress at Macy's Herald Square; The Kittie Kyle Collection, Memphis; Neiman Marcus; I. Magnin. Calvin Klein Footwear. Pamela Dennis silk dress at Macy's Herald Square; Harriet Kassman, Washington DC; The Gazebo, Dallas. Shoes, Manolo Blahnik, NYC. Esther Williams Collection by Excelsior, tricot Lycra swimsuit at Macy's Herald Square; Macy's, San Francisco. Shoes, Stuart Weitzman. All models are wearing earrings by Isaac Manevitz for Ben-Amun. See stores on information page 288. **290:** Dress, $2,450. Sunglasses, Alain Mikli. **291:** Abraham satin "slip," $11,090. Earrings at Le Bijou, Englewood Cliffs NJ; Jest Jewels, San Francisco. **292:** Sunglasses, James Arpad. Richard Gould, NYC; Snooty-Hooty, Atlanta. Earrings, Sculptress Maria Snyder. Bloomingdale's. Necklaces, Carolee Designs. Bracelets, wrist to cuff: Roxanne Assoulin, José & María Barrera. Shoes, Stuart Weitzman. **293:** Dyed fox boa, $825. Jimmy's, Brooklyn NY; Marshall Field's; Peps of Aspen, Aspen CO; I. Magnin. Silk dress, $1,190. Martha. **294:** Fox coat, $8,000. Earrings, Isaac Manevitz for Ben-Amun. Le Bijou, Englewood Cliffs NJ; Jest Jewels, San Francisco. Shoes, Manolo Blahnik, NYC. **296:** Antron and spandex bathing suit also at Filene's. Earrings and bracelets, Jay Feinberg. Saks Fifth Avenue; Neiman Marcus. **297:** Coat, $3,600. Sara Fredericks, Boston; Sara Fredericks, Palm Beach FL; The Twenty-Four Collection, Bal Harbour FL; Amen Wardy, Newport Beach CA. Earrings, Isaac Manevitz for Ben-Amun. Le Bijou, Englewood Cliffs NJ; Jest Jewels, San Francisco. **298:** Jacket also at Peps of Aspen, Aspen CO. **299:** LEFT: Dress, $2,180. Earrings, Isaac Manevitz for Ben-Amun. Le Bijou, Englewood Cliffs NJ; Jest Jewels, San Francisco. Gianni Versace bag. Macy's Herald Square; Neiman Marcus. RIGHT: Coat, $14,000. Also at E.C. Dittrich Furs, Detroit; Alaskan Fur Company, Kansas City MO, Overland Park KS. Earrings and bracelet, Isaac Manevitz for Ben-Amun. Le Bijou, Englewood Cliffs NJ; Jest Jewels, San Francisco.

Rare finds

300–301: Tissue lamé dress, $3,830. Winged vase: Jean Dunand lacquer. Circa 1920. Chair: Jean Dunand chair lacquer with gold leaf. Circa 1920. Both from De Lorenzo. **302:** Saville glass, hand blown by Louis Comfort for Tiffany. From Macklowe Gallery & Modernism, NYC. **303:** Silk bodysuit; silk chiffon jacket, $2,000. Both also at Tootsies, Houston; Capriccio, Scottsdale AZ, La Jolla CA; Neiman Marcus, Beverly Hills; Amen Wardy, Newport Beach CA; I. Magnin. **305:** Brass coupe, Josef Hoffmann. Circa 1920. From Barry Friedman Gallery, NYC.

On a blue streak

314: Rayon dress. Eric Javits hat. Optic Studio sunglasses. Earrings, Isaac Manevitz for Ben-Amun. Le Bijou, Englewood Cliffs NJ; Jest Jewels, San Francisco. Shoes, Manolo Blahnik, NYC. **316:** Silk and nylon dress also at Romanoff Boutique, Coconut Grove FL. Necklace, José & María Barrera. Martha; Neiman Marcus. Necklace by Takashi Wada. Artwear, NYC. **317:** Cotton sweater also at Calvin Klein Boutique, Chestnut Hill MA. Sweater worn around neck at Cashmere-Cashmere, NYC, Chicago. Silk chiffon pants, $2,350. Sunglasses, Cutler & Gross, London at the Aubrey Co. Maria Snyder bracelet. Shoes, Manolo Blahnik, NYC. **320:** Cotton shirt and pants also at Jimmy's, Brooklyn NY; Panache, Millburn NJ; The Twenty-Four Collection, Bal Harbour FL; Scarboro Fair, Glencoe IL; B. Barnett, Little Rock; Femina, Phoenix; Les Créateurs, Montreal. **321:** Cotton piqué shirt, $2,550. Also at Nan Duskin, Baltimore; Marshall Field's; Neiman Marcus. Cotton denim jeans also at Calvin Klein Boutique, Chestnut Hill MA. Belt, Maria Snyder. Shoes, Manolo Blahnik, NYC. **322:** Satin-back crepe jumpsuit also at Edward Dorian, Birmingham MI; McRae's, Jackson MS. **323:** Cotton and Lycra T-shirt and leggings.

VOGUE PATTERNS

Back view, yardage, details, page 323.

Page 323. Top: Butterick Pattern #3198, View A. Sizes XS-XL. Size M: 1⅛ yards 60" fabric. $5.25. Canada, $7.95. **Leggings:** Butterick Pattern #3507, View B. Sizes XS-XL. Size M: 1 yard 60" fabric. $6.95. Canada, $9.50.

3198 3507

To photograph "On a Blue Streak," Vogue's fashion team flew to Athens and back on Olympic Airways. Providing the only year-round nonstop Boeing 747 service from the U.S. to Greece, Olympic has daily flights to Athens from New York during peak season (June–September) and flies twice a week from Montreal and Toronto. With thirty days' advance purchase, Olympic offers the off-season traveler a bargain midweek fare of $605 round-trip (except for December 10–24). The only airline operating within Greece, Olympic flies to thirty-three destinations, including the islands of Corfu, Crete, Mykonos, Rhodes, and Santoríni. Olympic also coordinates a number of intriguing tour packages and cruises. For flight and tour information, call (800) 223-1226 nationwide, or Olympic's New York office at (212) 838-3600.

Strong suits

324: Nylon and Lycra suit. **328:** Nylon and Lycra suit.

Fight knight

330: Rayon and polyester dress, $700. Barneys New York, Chestnut Hill MA; Caron Cherry, Coconut Grove FL. **332:** His pants, Gianni Versace. Her rayon and polyester dress, Azzedine Alaïa, $970. Barneys New York, Chestnut Hill MA; Caron Cherry, Coconut Grove FL; Alaïa Chez Gallay, Beverly Hills. **334:** Rayon and silk skirt, $1,100. Charivari, NYC. **338:** Calvin Klein jacket, $735; silk georgette blouse, $370; wool crepe pants, $395. Saks Fifth Avenue; Calvin Klein Boutique, Chestnut Hill MA, Palm Beach

FL, Dallas. Calvin Klein Footwear. Hair and makeup by Cris Galjour for Oribe at Parachute. Photographed at the Frank Lloyd Wright suite in the Plaza Hotel, NYC. **339:** Message from the president courtesy of Peggy Noonan. **349:** Bracelets by Alberto Repossi for Repossi, Paris. Shoes at Manolo Blahnik, NYC.

La dolce vita

350: Sunglasses, Dennis Pollicino of Leathers and Treasures, Los Angeles. **351:** Boa, $2,500. **352:** Silk dress, $2,320. Boa, $2,500. Boa also at Macy's, Atlanta; E. C. Dittrich Furs, Detroit; Bullock's. Shoes, Manolo Blahnik, NYC.

Soft focus

354–355: Earrings, Murray M. Braunstein. Bloomingdale's. Gruen Curvex antique watch at Aaron Faber Gallery, NYC. Hue Legwear also at Sock Market, Washington DC, Chicago. Shoes by J. P. Tod's for Diego Della Valle. Saks Fifth Avenue. **356:** Earrings, Murray M. Braunstein. Bloomingdale's. Bracelet with loop, Joha Koskela for Michael Good Designs. Swirled bracelet,

Michael Good Designs. Both at The Niessing Collection, NYC; Hamilton's, Lawrenceville NJ; Old Gold, Mendocino CA. **357:** Earrings, Murray M. Braunstein. Bloomingdale's. Sage cashmere blanket, Cashmere-Cashmere, NYC. Vanilla cashmere blanket, Cashmeres of Scotland. Donna Karan Footwear. **358:** Chain with ball necklace, Roxanne Assoulin. Fonda's, NYC. Long chain necklace, Citra Trading Corp. Fortunoff, NYC, Woodbridge NJ. Bracelets, Verdura, NYC. Shoes, Manolo Blahnik for Isaac Mizrahi. Manolo Blahnik, NYC. **359:** Third, fourth, fifth, sixth, and eighth bracelets, Northwest Import & Export. Seventh bracelet, Citra Trading Corp. Fortunoff, NYC, Woodbridge NJ.

Dress for less

360: Earrings at Artwear, NYC. **361:** Cotton interlock dress. Earrings at Bergdorf Goodman; Nan Duskin, Philadelphia, Baltimore; Sakowitz. **362–363:** Sweater also at Scott Gregory, Dearborn MI; Tootsies, Houston; Champagne Taste, Sonoma CA; Susan, Burlingame and San Francisco. Cotton denim with printed foil jeans. Earrings at Accessory Place, Paramus NJ; Xtras, Princeton NJ; Madigans, Chicago. Watch available at select Gucci shops. Shoes at Maraolo stores, NYC,

Palm Beach and Boca Raton FL, Los Angeles and San Francisco. **364:** Cotton and plastic top also at Joan Vass Store, Nantucket MA; The Store Ltd., Baltimore; Ruth Kishline, Evansville IN, Naples FL. Rayon, polyester, and metal shorts also at Betsey Johnson Store, Los Angeles. Raincoat, Drizzle. For stores see page 365. **365:** Raincoat, polyurethane with polyester backing. **374–375:** FILMS: *Circus of the Stars*, Sygma; Brooke Doll, Gamma-Liaison; *The Blue Lagoon*, courtesy of Columbia Pictures; *Endless Love*, Sygma; Princeton Theater, courtesy of Triangle Club; *Sahara*, Sygma. CAUSES: Drug Free Youth, Globe; antismoking, Scavullo; Newark International Airport, courtesy of the Port Authority of NY and NJ; tennis, UPI/Bettmann; Harrods, Mary Hilliard. PRODUCTS: Auction, Patrick McMullan. DATES: Bob Hope, Ron Galella; Michael Jackson, Ron Galella; George Michael, Globe; Calvin Klein, Sygma; Malcolm Forbes, Ron Galella; Valentino, Gamma-Liaison; Adnan Khashoggi, Sipa; Keith Haring, Gamma-Liaison; Prince Albert, Globe. TALK SHOWS (LEFT TO RIGHT): Arsenio Hall, courtesy of Paramount Pictures Corporation; David Letterman, courtesy of NBC; Johnny Carson, courtesy of Carson Productions. ALL PRICES APPROXIMATE.

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Vogue ISSN 0042-8000 is published monthly by The Condé Nast Publications Inc., 9100 Wilshire Boulevard, Beverly Hills, CA 90212. PRINCIPAL OFFICE: 350 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10017. Bernard H. Leser, President; Eric C. Anderson, Treasurer; Pamela M. van Zandt, Secretary. Second-Class postage paid at Beverly Hills, CA, and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as Second Class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, and for payment of postage in cash. Magazine Registration File No. 9013. Subscriptions in U.S. and possessions, $28 for one year; $54 for two years. In Canada, $47 for one year, $92 for two years. Elsewhere, $50 for one year, payable in advance. Single copies in U.S., $3; in Canada, $3.50. For subscriptions, address changes, and adjustments, write to VOGUE, Box 55980, Boulder, CO 80322. Eight weeks are required for change of address. Please give both new and old address as printed on last label. First copy of new subscription will be mailed within eight weeks after receipt of order. VOL. 179, NO. 12, WHOLE NO. 3293. Manuscripts, drawings, and other material submitted must be accompanied by a stamped self-addressed envelope. Vogue is not responsible for loss, damage, or any other injury as to unsolicited manuscripts, unsolicited artwork (including but not limited to drawings, photographs, or transparencies) or any other unsolicited material. **POSTMASTER: Send address changes to VOGUE, Box 55980, Boulder CO 80322. SUBSCRIPTION INQUIRIES: Please write to VOGUE, Box 55980, Boulder, CO 80322 or call (800) 234-2347.** Address all editorial, business, and production correspondence to Vogue Magazine, 350 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10017.

VOGUE

Statement Required by 39 U.S.C. 3685 showing the Ownership, Management and Circulation of VOGUE, published monthly (12 issues) for October 1, 1989. Publication No. 00428000. Annual subscription price $28.00.

1. Location of known office of Publication is 9100 Wilshire Blvd., Beverly Hills, CA 90212.

2. Location of the Headquarters or General Business Offices of the Publisher is 350 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10017.

3. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, and managing editor are: Publisher, Verne Westerberg, Advance Magazine Publishers Inc. published through its division, The Condé Nast Publications Inc., 350 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017. Editor, Anna Wintour, 350 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017. Managing Editor, Priscilla Flood, 350 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017.

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5. Known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities are: None.

6. Extent and nature of circulation

	Average No. Copies each issue during preceding 12 months	Single issue nearest to filing date
A. Total No. Copies printed	1,766,996	1,901,585
B. Paid and/or requested circulation		
1. Sales through dealers and carriers, street vendors and counter sales	791,370	950,000
2. Mail subscriptions	455,954	474,175
C. Total Paid and/or requested circulation	1,247,324	1,424,175
D. Free Distribution by mail, carrier or other means, samples, complimentary, and other free copies	24,018	24,545
E. Total Distribution	1,271,342	1,448,720
F. Copies not distributed		
1. Office use, left over, unaccounted, spoiled after printing	20,487	37,865
2. Returns from News Agents	475,167	415,000
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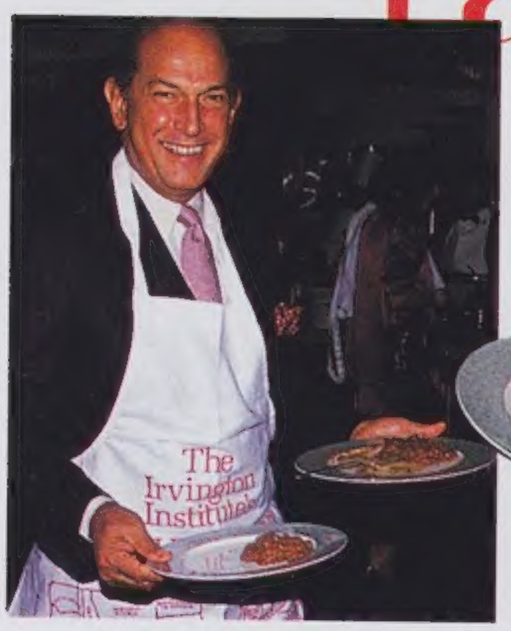
(Signed) Verne Westerberg, Publisher

talking parties



Oscar de la Renta

Henry Kissinger

Patty Raynes and Kelly Klein

No chicken: Nan Kempner digs in.

Sampler: Annette Reed

A mogul-size meal: Saul Steinberg

Carolyne Roehm holds the mayo.

Chefs Leonard Stern and Henry Kravis

Chefs d'oeuvre What were all those heavy hitters cooking up in The Four Seasons' kitchen? They were collecting their dinners, naturally, as part of The Irvington Institute's Kitchen Caper. Although he refused last year, this year even Dr. Kissinger wore his apron.

Brooke Astor

Della Rounick

Nancy Tuck Gardiner with Adnan and Lamia Khashoggi

Basia Johnson

Rosamond Bernier

Night at the Opera *La Traviata* was premiering at the Metropolitan Opera, but the grand theater was on the parterre level. There, Brooke Astor dazzled them with emeralds while Annette Reed awed them with her stylish Oscar. Even real estate artiste Saul Steinberg was at his most charming. "I hate opera," Steinberg shrugged, "but I love my wife."

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